



1745



1745

T H E

Gull-Sing

Being

A choice Collection

OF THE

Best and Most favourite

English Songs

Which have been

Set to Music and Sung at

Public Theatres & Gardens.

Printed by R. Baldwin, at the Theatre, No. 10, Pall Mall.

And sold by J. Johnson, at the Theatre, No. 10, Pall Mall.

THE
Bull-Sinch
Being
A choice Collection
OF THE
Newest and most favourite
English Songs
Which have been
Sett to Music and Sung at
The Public Theatres & Gardens.

Printed for R. Baldwin, in Pater Noster Row,
Horsfield in Ludgate Street, and J. Wilkie, in

THE

OF

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

TO THE
PATRONS
 OF THIS
WORK.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

THE great Candour with which you have received, as well as the uncommon Generosity with which you have encouraged this Work, calls upon the Proprietors, in the most grateful Manner, to return their Thanks for the Obligations they owe you.

It would be Presumption in them to assert, perhaps, that the extraordinary Merit of the Book itself has, in some Measure, occasioned your Attention to it; but in Justice they cannot help boasting however, that no Collection of Songs, under any Denomination whatsoever, has hitherto appeared that could vie with the BULL-FINCH in the Novelty, Variety, Chastity, or Correctness of its Contents.

OF

Of the first, namely, its Novelty, the Edition which we now lay before the Publick, is an uncontrovertible Proof, since it comprehends all the favourite new Songs and Ballads sung at *Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Theatres, Marybone, and Sadler's Wells*; and such others as, for the Beauty of their Words, or the Elegance of their Composition, are sung in every private Company.

As to its Variety, what can be greater, since it is calculated alike to please all Sorts and Conditions of Readers? And as to the Chastity of its Contents, we have been particularly careful to avoid every Thing which could possibly give Offence.

If any Lady or Gentleman will give themselves the Trouble to compare this with any other Song-Book extant, they will find a great Disparity in their Correctness, having employed a Person, at some Expence, to render this Edition correct.

PERMIT us to wish your whole Lives may be a continual Concert of the sweetest and purest Harmony, and give us Leave to subscribe ourselves,

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

Your Obliged Servants,

A The EDITORS

AN
ALPHABETICAL TABLE
OF THE
SONGS.

A.	Page
<i>Dawn of Hope my Soul revives</i> —	325
<i>Adieu, thou lovely Youth</i> —	36
<i>A fond Father's Bliss is to number his Race</i> —	236
<i>Ab! Strephon, what can mean that Joy</i> —	125
<i>Ab! why should Love, with tyrant Sway</i> —	165
<i>All Attendants apart</i> —	341
<i>All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd</i> —	157
<i>All you that would wish to succeed with a Lass</i> —	190
<i>Amphitriton and his Bride, a godlike Pair</i> —	114
<i>Angelic Fair, beneath yon Pine</i> —	386
<i>A Plague of those Wenches! they make such a Pother</i> —	303
<i>As bringing home the other Day</i> —	164
<i>As Chloe came into the Room t'other Day</i> —	291
<i>As Colin rang'd early one Morning in Spring</i> —	216
<i>As Delia, blest with ev'ry Grace</i> —	178
<i>As Jamie gay gang'd blithe his Way</i> —	261
<i>As Jockey and Jenny sat in the cool Shade</i> —	17
<i>As I went to the Wake that is held on the Green</i> —	387
	A/k

	Page
<i>Ask if yon Damask Rose be sweet</i> —	34
<i>As on Tay's Banks I wander'd in search of my Fair</i>	19
<i>Assist me, all ye tuneful Nine</i> —	30
<i>As Thyrsis reclin'd by her Side he lov'd best</i>	33
<i>As tink'ring Tom thro' Streets his Trade did cry</i>	27
<i>At dewy Dawn, as o'er the Lawn</i> —	36
<i>At setting Day and rising Morn</i> —	32
<i>Attend, ye Nymphs, while I impart</i> —	24
<i>At Windsor, where Thames glides so swiftly along</i>	4
<i>A Venus, Queen of soft Delight</i> —	3
<i>Auspicious Spirits, guard my Love</i> —	19
<i>A Wretch long tortur'd with Disdain</i> —	31
<i>A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry Art</i> —	26
<i>A Youth belov'd by all the Plain</i> —	3
<i>A Youth whom the Bounty of Nature had grac'd</i>	39
B.	
<i>Bacchus, Jove's delightful Boy</i> —	6
<i>Balmy Sweetness ever flowing</i> —	22
<i>Behold on Lethe's dismal Strand</i> —	12
<i>Behold the sweet Flowers around</i> —	35
<i>Beneath this sad and silent Gloom</i> —	16
<i>Bid me, when forty Winters more</i> —	6
<i>Blate Jonny faintly told fair Jane his Mind</i>	6
<i>Blow, blow, thou Winter's Wind</i> —	14
<i>Brisk Wine and Women are</i> —	37
<i>Britons, attend, I sing, in merry Lay</i>	22
<i>By my Sighs you may discover</i> —	28
<i>By the Dew-besprinkled Rose</i> —	28
<i>By the gaily-circling Glass</i> —	29
<i>By the Side of a Stream</i> —	48
C.	
<i>Can Love be controul'd by Advice</i> —	35
<i>Cast, my Love, thine Eyes around</i> —	27
<i>Come, cheer up my Lads, 'tis to Glory we steer</i>	12
<i>Come, Colin, Pride of rural Swains</i>	16
Come,	

Page	Of the SONGS.	Page
34		
19		
30	Come, come, my good Shepherds, our Flocks we must shear	195
33		
27	Come give your Attention to what I unfold	336
36	Come haste to the Wedding, ye Friends, and ye Neigh- bours	162
32		
24	Come hither, pretty Maid	369
ong	Come, Laura, and meet your fond Swain	53
	Come listen, and laugh at the Times	351
19	Come, live with me, and be my Love	264
31	Come Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell	320
26	Come, Rosalind, Oh! come and see	347
3	Come, rouse, Brother Sportsmen	212
39	Come, Shepherds, we'll follow the Herse	109
	Come, then, rosy dimpled Boy	101
6	Come, ye Party-jangling Swains	329
22	Contented all Day I will sit at your Side	141
12	Contented I am, and contented I'll be	390
35	Crimson Leaves the Rose adorn	115
16	Cruel Strephon, will you leave me	35
6	Cupid, from his favourite Nation	308
68	Cupid, God of soft Persuasion	355

D.

148		
370	Daughter sweet of Voice and Air	296
221	Dear Chloe, while thus beyond Measure	202
28	Dearest Daphne, turn thine Eyes	265
280	Dear Heart! what a terrible Life am I led	377
290	Dear Phillis, sweet Girl, be now kind to my Pain	253
48		
	Dear Sylvia, no longer my Passion despise	344
352	Declare, my pretty Maid	313
276	Distant fly thee, carping Care	16

E.

165		
1	Ev'ry Bliss that Heav'n can give	107
	Ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd bring	279

F.		Page
<i>Fair Aurora, prithee stay</i>	_____	128
<i>Fair Hebe I left with a cautious Design</i>	_____	342
<i>Fair Kitty, beautiful and young</i>	_____	225
<i>Fair Venus left her blest Abodes, they say</i>	_____	373
<i>Fanny, fairer than a Flower</i>	_____	268
<i>Farewell, Janthe, faithless Maid</i>	_____	258
<i>Farewell the smoaky Town, adieu</i>	_____	260
<i>Farewell, ye green Fields and sweet Groves</i>	_____	137
<i>Far Northward as the Dane extends his Sway</i>	_____	226
<i>Far sweeter than the Hawthorn Bloom</i>	_____	50
<i>Flattering Hopes the Mind deceiving</i>	_____	371
<i>Fly, Care, to the Winds</i>	_____	91
<i>Fly hence, grim Melancholy's Train</i>	_____	337
<i>Fly, soft Ideas, fly</i>	_____	36
<i>Forgive me, if your Looks I thought</i>	_____	104
<i>For various Purpose serves the Fan</i>	_____	84
<i>Freedom is a real Treasure</i>	_____	364
<i>Frolic and free, for Pleasure born</i>	_____	122
<i>From Nymph to Nymph my Heart had rov'd</i>	_____	257
<i>From plowing the Ocean, and threshing Monsieur</i>	_____	194
<i>From the Man whom I love tho' my Heart I disguise</i>	_____	254
G.		
<i>'Gainst the destructive Wiles of Man</i>	_____	76
<i>Genteel is my Damon, engaging his Air</i>	_____	74
<i>Gentle Breezes waft him over</i>	_____	394
<i>Gentle Damon, cease to woo me</i>	_____	301
<i>Gentle Ladies, kindly stay</i>	_____	368
<i>Gentle Shepherd, sooth my Sorrow</i>	_____	380
<i>Give me but a Wife, I expect not to find</i>	_____	192
<i>Go, Rose, my Chloe's Bosom grace</i>	_____	356
<i>Go, tell Amanda, gentle Swain</i>	_____	97
<i>Go, tuneful Bird, that glads the Skies</i>	_____	173
H.		
<i>Hapless must the Shepherd prove</i>	_____	94
<i>Happy Day! for ever dear</i>	_____	174
		Happy

Of the SONGS.

vii

	Page
Page Happy Hours, all Hours excelling	294
Happy the Man whose Wish and Care	289
128 Hark! hark! o'er the Plains what glad Tumults we	
341 hear	80
22 Hark! the Birds begin their Lay	250
37 Hark! the Horn calls—away	233
26 Hark! the Horn salutes the Ear	375
258 Hark! 'tis I, your own true Lover	199
260 Haste, haste, Phillis, haste	315
137 Hence with Care, Complaint, and Frowning	193
226 Hither come	13
50 Hope! thou Nurse of young Desire	334
371 Hopeless Lovers, who sue in vain	47
91 How blest has my Time been	340
337 How blithly all the live-long Day	371
36 How blithe was I each Morn to see	339
104 How brimfull of Nothing's the Life of a Beau	317
84 How easy was Colin, how blithe and how gay	98
364 How gentle was my Damon's Air	334
122 How happy were my Days till now	359
257 How heavy the Time rolls along	21
194 How little do the Landmen know	190
254 How much superior Beauty awes	329
How pleas'd within my native Bow'rs	102
76 How pleasing we find the gay Sports of the Field	71
74 How slowly does his gen'rous Heart	110
I.	
394 I am a young Shepherd, the Pride of the Plain	6
301 I am married, and happy	182
368 Jealousy, begone, and leave me	209
380 If I was a Wife	393
192 If Love's a sweet Passion	147
356 If Music can charm, and if Love can invite	386
97 If o'er the cruel Tyrant, Love	122
173 If that Man is happy, whose Life is most free	39
94 If those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r	215
174	If
appy	

	Page
<i>If 'tis Joy to wound a-Lover</i>	34
<i>If Tyrant Love, with cruel Dart</i>	116
<i>Like the Man, whose soaring Soul</i>	60
<i>Love, I doat, I rave with Pain</i>	2
<i>I made Love to Kate</i>	208
<i>I met in our Village a Swain t'other Day</i>	293
<i>I met young Damon t'other Day</i>	69
<i>In all Mankind's promiscuous Race</i>	56
<i>In April when Primroses paint the sweet Plain</i>	295
<i>In a Vale, clos'd with Woodbines</i>	33
<i>In Days of Yore, when on the Plain</i>	301
<i>In Infancy our Hopes and Fears</i>	127
<i>In Love should there meet a fond Pair</i>	78
<i>In pity, Celia, to my Pain</i>	22
<i>In this shady blest Retreat</i>	25
<i>In vain in search of Quiet</i>	34
<i>I rambled about a Twelvemonth, I vow</i>	49
<i>I search'd the Fields of ev'ry kind</i>	269
<i>I see it, Myra, know it well</i>	19
<i>I seek my Shepherd gone astray</i>	228
<i>I seek not at once in a Female to find</i>	354
<i>I told my Nymph, I told her true</i>	187

L.

<i>Last May-Day I rambled the Meadows along</i>	385
<i>Last Midsummer-Eve as I pass'd thro' the Grove</i>	12
<i>Let Ambition fire thy Mind</i>	201
<i>Let Beauty with the Sun arise</i>	402
<i>Let gay Ones and great</i>	140
<i>Let me wander not unseen</i>	299
<i>Let others Damon's Praise rehearse</i>	238
<i>Let Rakes and Libertines, resign'd</i>	188
<i>Let the Nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the Swain</i>	63
<i>Long Time my Heart had row'd</i>	267
<i>Love asserts his pow'rful Reign</i>	386
<i>Lovely Maid, fair Beauty's Pride</i>	400
<i>Lovely, yet ungrateful Swain</i>	163
	Love

Of the SONGS.

ix

Page		Page
34	<i>Love never more shall give me Pain</i>	37
116	<i>Love sounds the Alarm</i>	125
60	<i>Love's a gentle, gen'rous Passion</i>	394
2	<i>Love's a sweet and soft Musician</i>	135
208	<i>Love's the Tyrant of the Heart</i>	173
290	<i>Lucinda once my Soul possess'd</i>	259
69	M.	
56	<i>Maidens, let your Lovers languish</i>	374
295	<i>Marcus the young, the noble, and the brave</i>	181
33	<i>Miss Danae, when fair and young</i>	184
301	<i>My Banks are all furnish'd with Bees</i>	159
127	<i>My Colin leaves fair London Town</i>	365
78	<i>My Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray</i>	156
22	<i>My fond Shepherds of late were so blest</i>	155
25	<i>My Heart's my own, my Will is free</i>	351
34	<i>My Jockey was the blithest Lad</i>	43
49	<i>My Kitty cries, Was Damon wise</i>	263
269	<i>My Laddie is gang'd far away o'er the Plain</i>	363
19	<i>My roving Heart has oft, with Pride</i>	90
228	<i>Myrtilla, demanding the Aid of my Pen</i>	235
354	N.	
187	<i>Near a thick Grove, whose deep embow'ring Shade</i>	349
	<i>Near the Side of a Pond, at the Foot of a Hill</i>	292
385	<i>No longer let whimsical Songsters compare</i>	121
12	<i>No more shall Meads be deckt with Flow'rs</i>	93
201	<i>No more the festive Train I'll join</i>	248
402	<i>No Nymph, that trips the verdant Plains</i>	226
140	<i>Nor on Beds of fading Flow'rs</i>	200
299	<i>Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure</i>	220
238	<i>No Woman her Envy can smother</i>	285
188	<i>Now Phœbus sinketh in the West</i>	283
63	<i>Now Pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the Plains</i>	256
267	<i>Now the happy Knot is ty'd</i>	198
386	<i>Now the Summer advances, and Pleasure removes</i>	59
400	<i>Nymphs and Shepherds, come away</i>	186

O.

Oh Betty! wilt thou gang with me	—	277	Say
O Damon, still you strive in vain	—	52	Say
O'er Moorlands and Mountains, rude, barren, and bare	—	170	Say
O give me that social Delight	—	82	See
Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre	—	88	See,
Oh! how shall I in Language weak	—	355	See
Oh! 'tis Elizium all	—	174	See,
Oh! would'st thou know what sacred Charms	—	166	See,
O Love, thou bitter Foe to Rest	—	129	Sick
Once more I'll tune the vocal Shell	—	143	Sig
Once the Gods of the Greeks	—	70	Sim
One Morning young Roger accosted me thus	—	232	Sin
One Summer Eve, as Fancy fair	—	144	Sin
On ev'ry Tree, in ev'ry Plain	—	373	Sin
On fam'd Arcadia's flow'ry Plain	—	92	Sin
On Pleasure's smooth Wings, how old Time	—	359	Sin
On thy Banks, gentle Stour, when I breath'd the	—	50	Sist
Flute	—	4	Sof
Oons! Neighbour, ne'er blush for a Trifle like this	—	31	Son
O Ranelagh! O Ranelagh!	—	2	Son
O Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn	—	4	Ste
O! what a Change in my Fortune is this	—	37	Sti
Oh! what a Simpleton was I	—	20	Sti

P.

Palemon, in the Hawthorn Bow'r	—	10	Str
Parting to Death we well compare	—	18	Sur
Phœbus meaner Themes disdaining	—	5	Sw
Philira's Charms poor Damon took	—	18	Sw
Pho! Pox o' this Nonsense, I prithee give o'er	—	23	Sw
Pursuing Beauty, Men descry	—	23	Syl
Push about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the Heart	—	36	Ta

R.

Resolv'd, as her Post, of Celia to sing	—	21	Tel
---	---	----	-----

S.

277	Say, hast thou seen the Snow-drop cold	89
52	Say, little foolish, flutt'ring Thing	87
170	Say, why must the Poet's soft Lays	22
82	Says Damon to Phillis, suppose my fond Eyes	206
88	See! from the silent Grove Alexis flies	328
355	See, Nature sheds her Sweets around	213
174	See! see, Aurora 'gins to rise	366
166	See, see, yon' fair Prospect, how lovely it seems	382
129	See, the rosy-finger'd Hours	379
143	Sick of the Town, fair Delia flew	274
70	Sigh not your Hours away	35
232	Simple Strephon, cease complaining	1
144	Sin not, O King, against the Youth	37
373	Since Artists who sue for the Trophies of Fame	14
92	Since every Charm on Earth combine	40
305	Since Hodge proves ungrateful	160
505	Since Pimping is a Science, Sir	369
4	Sisters of the tuneful Strain	403
314	Soft pleasing Pains, unknown before	203
28	Some love to range, so fond of Change	20
4	Sons of Ease, be blithe and gay	391
37	Stern Winter has left us	145
20	Still in Hopes to get the better	155
108	Still you fly me, skittish Creature	11
18	Streams that softly murm'ring flow	380
5	Strephon arose at early Dawn	384
185	Sure Sally is the loveliest Lass	372
23	Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph	177
230	Sweetest of pretty Maids	10
360	Sweet Thrush, that makes the vernal Year	42
	Sylvia, wilt thou waste thy Prime	200

T.

212	Take us in thy rosy Train	396
212	Tell me, Celia, why so coy	105
212	Tell me, lovely Shepherd, where	284

	Page
<i>Tender Virgins, shun Deceivers</i> _____	163
<i>Thanks, Chloe, thy coqueting Art</i> _____	111
<i>That Jenny's my Friend, my Delight, and my Pride</i> _____	252
<i>That I might not be plagu'd</i> _____	183
<i>That May-Day of Life is for Pleasure</i> _____	274
<i>The Birds sweetly carrol, Spring leads up the Year</i> _____	31
<i>The Bird that bears her Nestlings cry</i> _____	278
<i>The blithest Bird that sings in May</i> _____	358
<i>The Card invites, in Crowds we fly</i> _____	389
<i>The echoing Horn calls the Sportsmen abroad</i> _____	150
<i>The faithless Theseus scarce had got on board</i> _____	130
<i>The festive Board was met</i> _____	311
<i>The fragrant Lily of the Vale</i> _____	41
<i>The gaudy Tulip swells with Pride</i> _____	55
<i>The gentle Swan, with graceful Pride</i> _____	288
<i>The glitt'ring Sun begins to rise</i> _____	12
<i>The Goodness of Women, some Men will dispute</i> _____	15
<i>The honest Heart, whose Thoughts are clear</i> _____	15
<i>The kind Appointment Celia made</i> _____	66
<i>The Lads and the Lasses all jocund were seen</i> _____	8
<i>The Lark proclaim'd Return of Morn</i> _____	361
<i>The Month was May, the Birds began to sing</i> _____	29
<i>The Morning fresh, the Sun in East</i> _____	14
<i>The new-flown Birds the Shepherd's sing</i> _____	329
<i>The Nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as Day</i> _____	219
<i>The Prospect clear'd, around is heard</i> _____	59
<i>The Shepherd's plain Life</i> _____	21
<i>The Silver Moon's enamour'd Beam</i> _____	23
<i>The sluggish Morn, as yet undrest</i> _____	3
<i>The smiling Dawn of happy Days</i> _____	3
<i>The Soldier tir'd of Wars Alarms</i> _____	27
<i>The Sun from the East tips the Mountains</i> _____	13
<i>The Sun like any Bridegroom gay</i> _____	7
<i>The Sweets of Peace shall be our own</i> _____	17
<i>The whining, whim'ring purblind Boy</i> _____	21
<i>The Winter its desolate Train</i> _____	2

Of the SONGS.

xiii

	Page
<i>The Women all tell me I'm false to my Lafs</i> —	323
<i>The wanton God, who pierces Hearts</i> —	299
<i>The Wood Lark whistles thro' the Grove</i> —	79
<i>The World, my dear Myra, is full of Deceit</i>	353
<i>This cold flinty Heart it is you who have warm'd</i>	26
<i>Tho' his Passion in Silence the Youth would conceal</i>	171
<i>Tho' my Dress, as my Manners, is simple and plain</i>	119
<i>Tho' Sol had left the Western Skies</i> —	378
<i>Tho' the Winds are whistling round me</i> —	364
<i>Thou soft Invader of the Soul</i> —	87
<i>Thro' yonder Glade and verdant Lawn</i> —	62
<i>The Father! away! I'll renounce the soft Claim</i>	127
<i>'Tis a Twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps they are twain</i>	206
<i>'Tis not Wealth, it is not Birth</i> —	275
<i>To curb the Will with vain Pretence</i> —	167
<i>To dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long</i>	120
<i>To deck her Bosom Chloe chose</i> —	102
<i>To ease his Heart, and own his Flame</i> —	175
<i>Together let us range the Fields</i> —	207
<i>To Handel's pleasing Notes, as Chloe sung</i>	116
<i>To keep my gentle Jesse</i> —	354
<i>Tom loves Mary passing well</i> —	321
<i>To Reason, ye Fair-ones, assert your Pretence</i>	367
<i>To the conscious Groves I bide me</i> —	390
<i>To thee, O gentle Sleep, alone</i> —	91
<i>Under Father Day, as I sat in the Sycamore Shade</i>	300
<i>To yonder Beech's friendly Shade</i> —	129
<i>'Twas at the cool and fragrant Hour</i> —	7
<i>'Twas at the Gate of Calais, Hogarth tells</i>	241
<i>'Twas early on a Holiday</i> —	117
V.	
<i>Vain is Beauty's gaudy Flow'r</i> —	172
<i>Vain is ev'ry fond Endeavour</i> —	142
<i>Vengrateful Love, thus ev'ry Hour</i> —	360
<i>Vows of Love should ever bind</i> —	84
Was	

W.

<i>Was I a Shepherd's Maid, to keep</i>	_____	376
<i>Was I sure a Life to lead</i>	_____	135
<i>Was Nanny but a rural Maid</i>	_____	399
<i>Welcome, vernal Summer, here</i>	_____	398
<i>Well met, pretty Nymph</i>	_____	307
<i>Well, well, say no more</i>	_____	319
<i>What beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight</i>	_____	124
<i>What means that tender Sigh, my Dear</i>	_____	311
<i>What Med'cine can soften the Bosom's keen Smart</i>	_____	151
<i>What Sadness reigns over the Plain</i>	_____	251
<i>What Shepherd, or Nymph of the Grove</i>	_____	77
<i>What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose</i>	_____	132
<i>What tempts you so late, my sweet Maiden, to rove</i>	_____	379
<i>When Bacchus, jolly God, invites</i>	_____	71
<i>When Beauty on the Lover's Soul</i>	_____	171
<i>When Bibb thought fit</i>	_____	119
<i>When Blushes dy'd the Cheek of Morn</i>	_____	125
<i>When Britain first, at Heav'n's Command</i>	_____	151
<i>When Daisies py'd, and Vi'lets blue</i>	_____	191
<i>When Fairies dance round on the Grass</i>	_____	331
<i>When first by fond Damon</i>	_____	341
<i>When first I saw the graceful Maid</i>	_____	401
<i>When forc'd from dear Hebe to go</i>	_____	281
<i>When gentle Harriot first I saw</i>	_____	231
<i>When here, Lucinda, first we came</i>	_____	301
<i>When I beheld you all divine</i>	_____	81
<i>When I drain the rosy Bowl</i>	_____	61
<i>When I enter'd my Teens, and threw Playthings aside</i>	_____	221
<i>When Jessy smil'd, her lovely Look</i>	_____	71
<i>When innocent Pastimes our Pleasure did crown</i>	_____	111
<i>When I survey thee, matchless Fair</i>	_____	211
<i>When I think on your Truth, I doubt you no more</i>	_____	111
<i>When I was a young One</i>	_____	311
<i>When late I wander'd o'er the Plain</i>	_____	181
<i>When lately I offer'd Eunice to kiss</i>	_____	51

Of the SONGS.

xv

	Page
376 When Love at first Approach is seen	59
35 When, lovely Maid, with thee I join'd	107
399 When mighty Roast Beef	160
398 When once I with Phillida stray'd	196
307 When once Love's subtle Poison gains	356
319 When Phœbus the Tops of the Hills does adorn	271
124 When Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's fair	112
311 When real Joy we miss	128
151 When Summer comes, the Swains on Tweed	372
251 When the Nymphs were contending for Beauty	333
71 When the Rose is in the Bud, and the Violets blow	271
132 When the Trees are all bare, not a Leaf to be seen	40
379 When Trees did bud, and Fields were green	169
71 When wintry Blasts and ruffling Storms expire	87
171 When you meet a tender Creature	175
115 Where'er I turn my ravish'd Eyes	383
125 Where shall Delia fly for Shelter	54
151 Where the Jessamine sweetens the Bow'r	305
19 Wherever I'm going, and all the Day long	298
33 Which is best, ye Casuists, say	57
34 While Beaux to please the Ladies write	240
40 While Blossoms deck each verdant Spray	281
28 While on Earth's soft Lap descending	51
23 While others barter Ease for State	179
30 While others strip the new-fall'n Snows	327
8 While Phillis, with ambitious Views	97
6 Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying	33
side 22 Who'd know the Sweets of Liberty	211
7 Who'll buy a Heart	331
Why, Damon, wilt thou strive in vain	293
2 Why heaves my fond Bosom	357
11 Why will Delia thus retire	247
31 Why will Florella, when I gaze	94
18 Why will you my Passion reprove	401
With Horns and with Hounds I waken the Day	210
With Phillis I'll trip o'er the Meads	86
With	

xvi AN ALPHABETICAL TABLE of the SONGS.

	Page
<i>With the Man that I love, I was destin'd to dwell</i>	185
<i>Wish Women and Wine I defy ev'ry Care</i> —	284
<i>Would you taste the Noon-tide Air</i> —	312
<i>Would you wish to gain a Lover</i> —	51
Y.	
<i>Ye Belles, and ye Flirts, and ye pert little Things</i>	343
<i>Ye blithest Lads and Lasses gay</i> —	392
<i>Ye chearful Virgins, have ye seen</i> —	134
<i>Ye fair married Dames, who so often deplore</i>	134
<i>Ye Fair, possess'd of ev'ry Charm</i> —	230
<i>Ye Fair, who shine thro' Britain's Isle</i> —	210
<i>Ye gliding Minutes, fleetly move</i> —	365
<i>Ye Mortals, whom Fancies and Troubles perplex</i>	287
<i>Ye Nymphs, whose softer Souls approve</i> —	27
<i>Ye Nymphs, who to the Theme of Love</i> —	135
<i>Ye Shepherds, give Ear to my Lay</i> —	81
<i>Ye Shepherds, who, blest in your Loves</i> —	209
<i>Yes, Delia, 'tis at length too plain</i> —	21
<i>Yes, I'm in Love, I feel it now</i> —	154
<i>Yes, these are the Scenes where with Iris I stray'd</i>	100
<i>Ye Swains, who reap the ripen'd Corn</i> —	6
<i>Ye true honest Britons, who love your own Land</i>	25
<i>Ye verdant Woods, and crystal Streams</i> —	
<i>Ye Warblers, while Strephon I mourn</i> —	32
<i>Young Colin fishing near the Mill</i> —	24
<i>Young Colin, long a tuneful Swain</i> —	38
<i>Young Damon, with seducing Art</i> —	10
<i>Young Daphne was the prettiest Maid</i> —	20
<i>Young Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair</i>	15
<i>Young Molly, who lives at the Foot of the Hill</i>	18
<i>Young Phillis one Morning a Maying would go</i>	6
<i>Young Strephon long doated on Phœbe the fair</i>	7
<i>Young Strephon, the artful, the dangerous Swain</i>	7
<i>You say, at your Feet that I wept in Despair</i>	14
<i>You spotted Snakes with double Tongues</i> —	20
<i>You tell me I'm handsome (I know not how true)</i>	34

T H E

BULL-FINCH.

S O N G I.

A favourite Song sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Hook.

SIMPLE Strephon, cease complaining,
Talk no more of foolish Love ;
Think not e'er my Heart to reign in,
Think not all you say can move.

Did I take Delight to fetter
Thrice ten thousand Slaves a Day ;
Thrice ten thousand Times your Betters
Gladly would my Rule obey.

Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her who still forbids you,
To some other tell your Moan ;
Chuse where'er your Fancy leads you,
Let Chlorinda but alone.

Simple Strephon, &c.

B

S O N G

SONG II.

SYLVIA.

*A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Mr. Vernon, at
Vauxhall-Gardens.*

Set by Mr. Hook.

I Love, I doat, I rave with Pain,
No Comfort's in my Mind;
There ne'er could be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind.

For when (as long her Chains I've worn)
I seek Relief from Smart,
She only gives me Looks of Scorn;
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

My Rival, rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold;
But surely I a Heaven adore,
Too precious to be sold.

Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize
For Wealth, and not Desert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

When, like some panting hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliss contend,
And plead the Cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.

Ah! *Sylvia*, thus in vain you strive
To act a Healer's Part;
'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
Alas! ——— and break my Heart.

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told.

For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part,
And blame thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

S O N G I I I .

P A T T Y of the H I L L .

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

Set by Mr. Hook.

A *Venus*, Queen of soft Delight,
Accept a Suppliant's Prayer,
Who wishes to attend the Rites
In which thy Vot'ries share :
Inspire his Tongue with gentlest Airs,
Yet void of Art or Skill,
Whilst he his unfeign'd Love declares
For *Patty* of the Hill.

What Strains, O Goddess ! must he find
To melt her frozen Heart,
Since Words can ne'er express his Mind,
Nor e'er his Pain impart ?
Unless thy Son shall aid his Lays,
And Love in her instill,
In vain will prove his artless Praise
Of *Patty* of the Hill.

Her Cheeks with Rose and Lily vies,
 Her Breath with sweet Woodbines,
 Inferior far unto her Eyes,
 The sparkling Diamonds shine ;
 Her Voice excels the Linnet's Notes,
 Exceeds the Thrush's Stile,
 In vain they strive to raise their Notes,
 Like *Patty's* of the Hill.

How shall I paint her tender Mind,
 (The Charms I most adore)
 In her is ev'ry Virtue join'd
 That Passion can inspire.
 Her Soul the Graces all refine,
 She bends to Reason's Will,
 I'd freely all the World resign
 For *Patty* of the Hill.

SONG IV.

The NEW JOCKEY.

*A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Miss Froud,
 Marybone-Gardens.*

YE verdant Woods, and chrystal Streams,
 By whose enamell'd Side
 I shar'd the Sun's refreshing Beams,
 While *Jockey* was my Guide :
 No more their Shades or Murmurs please
 Poor *Sylvia's* love-sick Mind ;
 No rural Streams can give me Ease,
 Since *Jockey* proves unkind.

Come, gloomy *Eve*, and veil the Sky
 With Clouds of darkest Hue ;

With

Wither ye Plants ; ——— ye Flowrets die;
 Unhear'd with balmy Dew.
 Ye wildly warbling Birds, no more
 Your Songs can sooth my Mind,
 My Hours of Joy, alas ! are o'er,
 Since *Jockey* proves unkind.

I'll hie me to some dreary Grove,
 For sighing Sorrow made,
 Where nought but plaintive Strains of Love
 Resound through ev'ry Shade.
 When the sad Turtle's melting Grief
 With *Philomel* is join'd,
 Alone shall yield my Heart Relief,
 Since *Jockey* proves unkind.

Be warn'd by *Sylvia's* Fate, ye Maids,
 And shun the soft Deceit,
 The Love's own Eloquence persuades,
 'Tis all a dang'rous Cheat.
 Fly quickly, fly the faithless Swain,
 His treach'rous Arts despise ;
 So shall you live exempt from Pain,
 While hapless *Sylvia* dies.

S O N G V.

A D V I C E to the L A D I E S.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall-Gardens.**Set by Mr. Potter.*

WOULD you wish to gain a Love,
 You shall all your Hopes conceal ;
 Men inconstant will discover
 What too oft our Sex reveal.

Virtue teaches wise Discretion,
 Fickle Men are full of Arts,
 By a thoughtless fond Confession,
 They seduce and steal our Hearts.
Would you wish, &c.

Shun, O shun, then soft Persuasion,
 Let not Tears your Passion move,
 But embrace the first Occasion,
 When convinc'd they truly love.
Would you wish, &c.

S O N G VI.

The Y O U N G S H E P H E R D.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Potter.

I Am a young Shepherd, the Pride of the Plain,
 The Lasses all strive my Affections to gain;
 I'm teaz'd by young *Phillis*, young *Bridget* and
Sue;

Say what would you have such a young Shepherd do

I cannot be easy wherever I go,
 Nor know I the Reason they follow me so;
 'Tis strange I am sure, you will readily own,
 That tho' I refuse, they won't let me alone.

Last Night at the Wake, when I danc'd on the
 Green,

Such Numbers came round me as never was seen
 To be teaz'd in this Manner no Mortal can bear,
 So I fix'd upon one who is lovely and fair.

Her Ease and Good-nature, I vow and protest,
 Have gain'd my Affection beyond all the rest ;
 She has Wit, Youth, and Beauty, the Passions
 to move,
 And at last I'm afraid I am smitten with Love.

S O N G VII.

The MILK MAID.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Potter.*

'T WAS at the cool and fragrant Hour,
 When the Evening steals upon the
 Sky,

That Susan chose the Woodbine Shade,
 And William taught that Grove to sigh:
 The sweetest Damsel she on all the Plains,
 The softest Lover he of all the Swains.

He took her by the lily Hand,
 Which oft had made the Milk look pale,
 Her Cheeks with modest Blushes glow'd,
 As thus he breath'd his tender Tale ;
 (The list'ning Streams a while forgot to flow,
 The Doves to murmur, and the Breeze to blow.)

" O smile, my Fair, thy dimple Smiles
 " Shall lengthen on the setting Ray :
 " Thus let us melt the Hours in Bliss,
 " Thus sweetly languish Life away ;
 " Thus sigh ourselves into each others Breast,
 " Loving as Turtles, and as Turtles blest."

She sigh'd and blush'd, a sweet Consent,
 He thank'd her on his bended Knee,
 And warmly press'd her Virgin Lip;
 Was ever Youth so blest as he?
 The Moon to light the Lovers homeward rose,
 And *Philomela* lull'd them to Repose.

SONG VIII.

PHILLIS, the SUN'S RIVAL.

Sung by Mr. Dodd.

Set by Mr. Bates.

THE sluggish Morn, as yet undrest,
 My *Phillis* broke from out her East,
 As if she'd make her Choice to run
 With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun:
 The Trees like Yeomen of her Guard,
 And serving more for Pomp than Ward,
 Bank'd on each Side with loyal Duty,
 Wave Branches to inclose her Beauty.

The waken'd Earth in Odours rise,
 To be her Morning Sacrifice;
 The Flowers, call'd out of their Beds,
 Start and raise up their drowsy Heads;
 And he that for their Colour seeks,
 May find it vaulting in her Cheeks,
 Where Roses mix no civil War
 Between her *York* and *Lancaster*.

These Miracles had cramp't the Sun,
 Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
 Powders with Light his frizzl'd Locks,
 To see what Saint his Lustre mocks:

The trembling Leaves through which he play'd
 Dapling the Walk with Light and Shade,
 Like Lattice Windows give the Spy
 Room but to peep with half an Eye.

But what religious Palsy's this,
 Which makes the Boughs divest their Bliss,
 And that they might her Footsteps straw,
 Drop their Leaves with shivering Awe.
Phillis perceives (and left her Stay
 Would wed *December* unto *May*)
 Withdrew her Beams, yet made no Night,
 But left the Sun her Curate Light.

S O N G IX.

J E M M Y and N A N N Y.

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Ranelagh; and Master
 Brown, at Marybone.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN innocent Pastimes our Pleasure did
 crown,

Upon a green Meadow or under a Tree,
 E'er *Nanny* became a fine Lady in Town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she.
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautiful *Nanny*,
 Let no new Whim take thy Fancy from me:
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Favour thy *Jemmy* who doats upon thee.

Can the Death of a Linnet give *Nanny* the Spleen?
 Can losing of Trifles a Heart-aching be?
 Can Lap-dogs or Monkeys draw Tears from
 those E'en,
 That look with Disdain on unfortunate me?

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautiful *Nanny*,
 Scorn to prefer a vile Parrot to me :
 Oh ! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Think on thy *Jemmy* who doats upon thee.

O think, my dear Charmer, on ev'ry sweet Hour,
 That slid away softly between thee and me ;
 E'er Squirrels, and Beaux, and their Fopp'ry had
 Power

To rival my Love and impose upon thee.
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautiful *Nanny*,
 Let thy Desires be all center'd in me :
 Oh ! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
 Love thy own *Jemmy* who doats upon thee.

S O N G X.

TAKE ME, JENNY.

*A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Arne, at Ranelagh,
 and Master Brown, at Marybone.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

Sweetest of pretty Maids, let *Cupid* incline thee
 T'accept of a faithful Heart, which now
 resign thee ;

Scorning all selfish Ends, regardless of Money,
 It yields only to the Girl that's gen'rous and bonny.

Take me, *Jenny*,

Let me win you,

While I'm in the Humour :

I implore you,

I adore you ;

What can Mortal do more ?

Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so slyly ;

There's my Hand, there's my Hand, 'twill never
 beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely Eyes, thy sweet Lips de-
lighting,
Well polish'd thy Iv'ry Neck, thy round Arms
inviting ;

Oft at the milk-white Churn with Rapture I've
seen them ;

But, oh ! how I've sigh'd, and wish'd my own Arms
between them.

Take me, *Jenny*, &c.

I've Store of Sheep, my Love, and Goats on the
Mountain,

And Water to brew good Ale from yon chrystal
Fountain ;

I've too a pretty Cot, with Garden and Land to't,
But all will be doubly sweet when you put a Hand
to't.

Take me, *Jenny*, &c.

SONG XI.

ADVICE TO CHLOE, a new Cantata.

Sung by Master Brown, at Marybone.

Set by Dr. Arne.

STILL you fly me, skittish Creature,

Lovely Maid, than *Flora* sweeter ;

Shifting like a tim'rous Fawn,

Near its Mother on the Lawn,

Starting, panting, void of Rest,

Tho' suspicious all that harms it,

Ev'ry moving Leaf alarms it :

If a Glow-worm chance to lie

Near the Hedge 'tis passing by,

Swift it bounces, with Fear distress'd :

All these foolish Notions fie on,
 I'm no Tyger, Bear, or Lion;
 Grief at Heart shall ne'er oppress thee,
 But fond Love with Ardour press thee;
 Leave (since past thy childish Years)
 Girlish Whims, and needless Fears.

From thy watchful Mother flying,
 With a Lover's Flame complying,
 Gayly pass the fleeting Hours,
 And mature with Female Pow'rs:
 Fondly toying and enjoying,
 Taste the Sweets of constant Love.

SONG XII.

UNDER THE ROSE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Potter.

LAST *Midsummer* Eve, as I pass'd thro' the
 Grove,
 I met with young *Phyllis*, the Goddess of Love;
 My Heart was transported, you well may suppose
 I gave her a Kiss—but 'twas *under the Rose*.

She started and blush'd, and reply'd with a Frown
 "Don't fancy, young Swain, I'll be kiss'd by
 "Clown;

"I'm courted by young *Strephon*—see yonder
 "he goes;"

Still I gave her a Kiss—but 'twas *under the Rose*.

"Come, come, dearest Charmer," I tenderly cry'd
 "I care not for *Strephon*; I'll not be deny'd,

"He

“ He’s false to young *Phillis*; he very well knows,
 “ My Heart is right honest, tho’ *under the Rose*.”

“ If *Strepson* be false, what has *Phillis* to do ?”
 (She answered in Anguish) “ No Men sure are
 true.”

“ O yes, my dear Girl; (I reply’d) don’t sup-
 pose

“ But *Damon* is constant, tho’ *under the Rose*.”

“ If you love me, (she cry’d) here then freely I
 “ give

“ My Heart and Affection as long I live.”

I led her to Church, and she does not suppose
 But *Damon* is constant, tho’ *under the Rose*.

SONG XIII.

The SHEPHERD’S FESTIVAL.

A TRIO, sung at Vauxhall-Gardens, by Mrs. Pinto,
 Mrs. Weichsell, and Mr. Vernon.

Set by Mr. Potter.

CHORUS.

HITHER come,
 To the Sound of the Drum;
 Pleasure courts you out to Joy,
 Let us then the Gift employ.

Mrs. Weichsell.

Under fragrant rosy Bow’rs,
 Lovers pass the fleeting Hours;
 Nymphs and Shepherds now are seen
 Dancing on the chequer’d Green.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hither come, &c.

Mr. Vernon.

By yon Hedge-row's pleasing Shade,
View each jolly toping Blade;
Bacchus lends his Pow'r divine
In a Goblet full of Wine.

CHORUS.

Hither come, &c.

Mrs. Pinto.

All are happy, all are gay,
Such the Blifs of blooming *May*;
Hither haste, ye Sons of Mirth,
Joy and Pleasure here have Birth.

CHORUS.

Hither come, &c.

SONG XIV.

The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

*A favourite Song, sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vaux-
hall-Gardens.*

SINCE Artists who sue for the Trophies of
Fame,
Their Wit, and their Taste, and their Genius
proclaim,
Attend to my Song, where you'll certainly find
A Secret disclos'd for the Good of Mankind;
And deny it who can, sure the Laurel's my Due—
I've found out a Padlock to keep the Wife true.

Should

Should the amorous Goddess preside o'er your
 Dame,

With the Ardours of Youth all her Passions inflame;
 Should her Beauty lead Captive each softer Desire,
 And languishing Lovers still sigh and admire;
 Yet fearless you'd trust her, tho' Thousands may
 sue,

When I tell you my Padlock to keep a Wife true.

Tho' the Husband may think that he wisely re-
 strains,

With his Bars and his Bolts, his Confinement and
 Chains;

How fatally weak must this Artifice prove,
 Can Fetters of Steel bind like Fetters of Love?
 Throw Jealousy hence, bid Suspicion adieu,
 Restraint's not the Padlock to keep a Wife true.

Should her Fancy invite to the *Park* or the Play,
 All complying and kind you must give her her
 Way;

While her Taste and her Judgment you fondly
 approve,

'Tis Reason secures you the Treasures of Love:
 And believe me no Coxcomb Admission can find,
 For the Fair-one is safe, if you padlock her Mind.

Tho' her Virtues with Foibles should frequently
 blend,

Let the Husband be lost in the Lover and Friend;
 Let Doubts and Surmise no longer perplex,

'Tis the Charm of Indulgence that binds the soft
 Sex;

They ne'er can prove false while this Maxim's in
 View,

Good-humour's the Padlock to keep a Wife true.

SONG

SONG XV.

The GOOD FELLOW.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall-Gardens.**Set by Mr. Bates.*

DISTANT fly thee, carping Care,
 From the Spot where I do dwell;
 Rigid Mortals, come not there,
 Frowns, begone to Hermit's Cell;
 But let me live the Life of Souls,
 With Love and Laugh, and flowing Bowls.

Miser, with thy paltry Pelf
 I give 'gainst thee my Hate its Scope;
 Wretch, that liv'st but for thyself,
 With Heart of Rust that cannot ope:
 Fly Bird of Night from Sun and Souls,
 That love and laugh o'er flowing Bowls.

Who can let the Penfive go,
 Or the Eye that drops a Tear,
 And not weed their Minds of Woe,
 May not dare nor peep in here:
 Who can't be Friends, can ne'er be Souls,
 Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing Bowls.

Joys on Joys, O let me taste,
 Health and Mirth dwell in my Gate,
 Whilst with Ease my Sand doth waste,
 Whilst I bless the Book of Fate,
 That lets me live the Life of Souls,
 With Love and Laugh, and flowing Bowls.

SONG XVI.

JOCKEY AND JENNY.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Vauxhall-Gardens.**Set by Mr. Bates.*

AS *Jockey* and *Jenny* sat in the cool Shade,
 Young *Jockey* was happy, and happy the Maid;
 She blush'd, and she cry'd, "Dear *Jockey*, with thee
 "My Life, tho' in Bondage, would seem to be
 "free."

Then *Jockey* to *Jenny* his Passion to prove,
 Her Hand gently kiss'd, his Eyes darting Love,
 Cry'd out in a Transport,—"Was ever a Pair
 "So happy as *Jockey* and *Jenny* the Fair?"

Content with each other, in humble Retreat,
 They court not new Beauties, nor envy the Great;
 He'll not quit his Nymph, nor the Nymph quit
 her Swain,

For Pleasure that's false, or for Riches to gain:
 He breathes the soft Pipe—her Voice tunes the
 Song,

Or they Hand in Hand walk the green Vallies
 along;

Content with true Pleasure their Footsteps attend,
 For *Jockey* and *Jenny* are Lovers and Friends.

While Rovers leave *Sylvia* for *Chloe's* bright Eyes,
 Then *Amynta* pursue, and fair *Chloe* despise;
 The pure Flame of Love in their Breasts will ne'er
 burn,

And their Nymphs learn from them to be false in
 their Turn:

While *Jockey* and *Jenny*, beneath their thatch'd
 Cot,

Are Strangers to Care, and bless Fate for their Lot.

Ye

Ye gay Ones, and Fair, would you true Pleasure
 share,
 Be constant like *Jockey* and *Jenny* the Fair.

SONG XVII.

The FAIR-SEX VINDICATED.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Bates.

THE Goodness of Women, some Men will
 dispute,

But I shall their Arguments fairly confute ;
 Undeniably prove that they do what they ought
 And say what you will, they are never in Fault

You sometimes object to their voluble Tongues
 That they harrafs your Ears, and destroy their
 Lungs ;

Should they talk (pretty Creatures) from Morn
 till Night,

From fifteen to fifty they are all in the Right.

If Resentment against the Fair-Sex you conceive
 Give Attention to Slanders, and Slanders believe
 Behold their sweet Faces—Resentment will fly,
 Vexation turn Pleasure, and Jealousy die.

The Poets strange Tales tell of *Orpheus* you know
 How he went for his Wife to the Regions below
 But it must be a Falsehood, because one so fair,
 So lovely and kind, was too good to go there.

No more at these Charmers, ye Unthinking, rail,
 But o'er your Barbarity let 'em prevail;
 Perfection to Kings and to Females belong,
 For Women (like Monarchs) can never do Wrong.

S O N G XVIII.

A D V I C E T O M Y R A .

Set by Mr. Bates.

I See it, *Myra*, know it well,
 That Love has reach'd your Heart;
 For what your Tongue denies to tell,
 Your willing Eyes impart.
 When *Damon* wrestles on the Green,
 Your Looks your Passion prove;
 For in your Eyes is plainly seen
 The partial Joy of Love.
 When *Suky* gave her lily Hand
 To *Damon* in the Vale,
 Say, could you then your Fears command,
 Did not your Cheek turn pale?
 Cease then, dear Maid, to teaze the Youth,
 But plainly own your Flame,
 For Love consists of honest Truth,
 And will itself proclaim.

S O N G XIX.

T H E I N C O N S T A N T .

Sung by Mr. Phillips, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Dr. Arne.

Y O U N G *Damon*, with seducing Art,
 His well-feign'd Passion pleads;
 Bids *Sylvia* take his constant Heart,
 She loves, and he succeeds:

Yet

Yet he her kiss-imprinted Lips
 Forsakes with the Hour,
 And apes the roving Bee, that sips
 The Sweets of ev'ry Flow'r.

New Objects now attract his Eyes,
 Subdu'd by other Charms;
 While hapless *Sylvia* vainly tries
 To lure him to her Arms.
 Of this, ye blooming Fair, be sure,
 If Virtue once give way,
 The Heart you think you hold secure,
 No longer owns your Sway.

S O N G XX.

W O M A N.

Set, and sung by Mr. Taylor, at Marybone-Garden

Words by Mr. Boyce.

SOME love to range, so fond of Change,
 Variety's their Shrine;
 Each has his Scheme and fav'rite Whim,
 But Woman, Woman's mine.

The festive Bowl, the martial Soul,
 The Misers I decline;
 Like childish Toys, to some their Joys,
 But lovely Woman's mine.

With various Arts she charms our Hearts,
 And makes this Life divine;
 For all the Tricks of all the Sex,
 I'd still have Woman mine.

Let Idiots rave, who what they'd have,
The Sex they can't define ;
Just as she is, she's form'd to please,
And long be Woman mine.

The sparkling Eye, the melting Sigh,
When Heart and Heart conjoin ;
The Bliss of Love, all Bliss above,
Make charming Woman mine.

In Pomp and State, succeed, ye Great,
I'll envy nor repine ;
If blest with Pow'r, to Life's last Hour,
To keep dear Woman mine.

S O N G XXI.

HO W heavy the Time rolls along,
Now *Julia* is out of my Sight ;
How dull is the Nightingale's Song,
That formerly gave such Delight.
The Meadows that seemed so green,
Now lose all their Verdure of *May* ;
The Cowslip and Violet are seen
To droop, fade, and wither away.

Bright *Phæbus* no longer can please,
Gay Prospects no longer can charm ;
E'en Music affords me no Ease,
Tho' wont ev'ry Passion to calm :
My Flocks too disorderly stray,
And bleat their Complaints in my Ear ;
No more they leap, frolick and play,
But sad like their Master appear.

But

But ah! if my *Julia* were seen,
 My Lambs they'd rebound on the Plain;
 Each Flowret wou'd spring on the Green,
 And Nightingales charm me again:
 Return then, my Fair-one, return,
 Your coming no longer delay;
 O leave not your Shepherd to mourn,
 But hasten, my Charmer, away.

S O N G XXII.

IN Pity, *Celia*, to my Pain,
 No more my Heart reprove,
 Nor let the Blasts of cold Disdain
 Destroy my rising Love:
 My Love, as yet, but newly blown,
 Must die for Want of Care;
 'Tis your's (as you the Seeds have sown)
 To save the Flow'rs they bear.

When first the springing Flow'r appears,
 And shews its rising Head,
 Each gentlest Wind it shiv'ring fears,
 And courts the Gardner's Aid.
 In Pity then, no longer strive
 To grieve my faithful Mind;
 Since Love and Faith, and Justice too,
 Expects you to be kind.

S O N G XXIII.

SAY, why must the Poet's soft Lay
 To Beauty be always confin'd?
 Or why not the Tribute of Praise
 Be paid to the Charms of the Mind?

Why need we observe what we know,
That Beauty will quickly decay,
Like Flow'rs, which soon as they blow,
Droop, wither, and then fade away ?

Tho' not with that ravishing Form,
Which blooming *Lucinda* can boast,
Shall *Celia* be treated with Scorn,
Or slighted, because she's no Toast ?
No, surely, for all must revere
The Charms of her Temper and Mind ;
Her Judgment so solid and clear,
Her Taste so correct and refin'd.

Then why not the Tribute of Praise
Be paid to the Charms of the Mind ?
Or why must the Poet's soft Lays
To Beauty be always confin'd ?
Ye Swains, then be prudent and wise,
Nor listen to Beauty's false Voice ;
A Happiness pure if ye prize,
Let Merit alone claim your Choice.

SONG XXIV.

WHEN I survey thee, matchless Fair,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm ;
O! how can I from Love forbear ?
Or how the Passion calm ?
Such beauteous Charms in thee appear,
Bright as the Morning Sun :
Why gaze I, simple Shepherd, here,
And seek to be undone ?

W

But

But Nature ne'er design'd us Harm,
 When she such Skill employ'd;
 Each heav'nly Grace, and beauteous Charm,
 Were gave to be enjoy'd.
 Then let your beauteous Smiles confess
 Complacency of Mind,
 And ev'ry soft Desire express;
 And as you're fair, be kind.

Then you, replete with ev'ry Grace,
 Will shew how you despise
 These little Arts, Coquet's Embrace,
 To catch unguarded Eyes.
 So may you then with Justice claim
 The Loss they must deplore,
 Unblemish'd Manners, purest Fame,
 When Beauty'll be no more.

SONG XXV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

YES, *Delia*, 'tis at length too plain,
 My boasted Liberty how vain,
 Thy Eyes triumphant prove:
 My Freedom now I cease to boast,
 But think that Freedom nobly lost,
 By serving thee and Love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry Fair,
 No jealous Pang, no anxious Care,
 Did e'er my Heart perplex;
 Till I beheld, too lovely Maid,
 In thee, with ev'ry Grace display'd,
 The Charms of all thy Sex.

SONG XXVI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

A H ! *Strephon*, what can mean the Joy,
The eager Joy I prove,
While you each tender Heart employ
To win my Soul to Love ?

So well your Passion you reveal,
So top the Lover's Part,
That I with Blushes own, I feel
A Rebel in my Heart.

Then take the Heart, that pines to go,
But see it kindly us'd ;
For who such Presents will bestow,
If this should be abus'd ?

SONG XXVII.

Set by Mr. Bach.

I N this shady blest Retreat,
I've been wishing for my Dear ;
Hark ! I hear his welcome Feet
Tell the lovely Charmer near.

'Tis the sweet bewitching Swain,
True to Love's appointed Hour ;
Joy and Peace now smile again,
Love, I own thy mighty Power.

[Da Capo.]

S O N G XXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto in Artaxerxes.

Set by Dr. Arne.

A D I E U, thou lovely Youth,
Let Hopes thy Fears remove;
Preserve thy Faith and Truth,
But never doubt my Love.

S O N G XXIX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

T H E Winter its desolate Train
Of Frost and of Tempests may bring;
Yet *Flora* steps forward again,
And Nature revives in the Spring.
Tho' the Sun in his Glory's decreas'd,
Of his Beams in the Ev'ning is shorn,
Yet he rises with Joy in the East,
And repairs them again in the Morn.
But what can Youth's Sunshine recall,
Or the Blossoms of Beauty restore?
When its Leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies and is heard of no more.
The Spring-time of Love then employ,
'Tis a Lesson that's easy to learn;
For *Cupid's* a Vagrant, a Boy,
And his Seasons will never return.

S O N G XXX.

Sung by Mrs. Arne in Cymon.

T H I S cold flinty Heart it is you who ha
warm'd,
You waken'd my Passions, my Senses have charm

In vain against Merit and *Cymon* I strove,
What's Life without Passion of Love?

The Frost nips the Bud, and the Rose cannot blow,
From Youth that is frost-nipt no Raptures can flow;
Elysium to him but a Desert will prove,
What's Life without Passion, sweet Passion of Love?

S O N G XXXI.

Set by Mr. Berg.

TH E whining, whimp'ring pur-blind Boy,
Shall ne'er my Virgin Peace annoy;
A Fig for *Cupid*, and his Dart,
Pow'r and Wealth shall rule my Heart.

With Youth and Health, and Freedom blest'd,
I'll be kind while I'm carest'd;
But if the Swain's inclin'd to range,
Then I as readily will change.

For why should I, by Nature free,
To Man resign my Liberty?
No, I'll the Female Right maintain,
'Tis theirs to yield, and ours to reign.

S O N G XXXII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YE Nymphs, whose softer Souls approve
The touching Strain of Heart-felt Love,
All tell you of the gentlest Swain
That ever grac'd the rural Plain.

Who, but *Lysander*, has the Pow'r
To brighten every darksome Hour?
To call a Smile from Dimple sleek,
Or make the Blood forsake the Cheek?

None with my Love cou'd e'er compare,
For manly Beauty, graceful Air;
For Speech whose Accents mild inspire
Gay Delight and soft Desire.

This matchless Youth I now possess,
O Love abate thy fond Carefs;
For I am lost to all Relief,
If Joy can kill as well as Grief.

S O N G XXXIII.

Set by Mr. Bach.

BY my Sighs you may discover
What soft Wishes touch my Heart;
Eyes can speak and tell each other,
What the Tongue cannot impart.
Blushing Shame forbids revealing
Thoughts your Breast may disapprove;
But 'tis hard and past concealing,
When we truly, fondly love.

[Da Capo.]

S O N G XXXIV.

Sung at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Bartholemon.

A I R.

O *Ranelagh!* O *Ranelagh!*
O sweet *Elysian* Scene!
Am I awake, O *Ranelagh!*
Or do I only dream?

SEC OF

SECOND COUPLET.

'Tis here the God of Love resides,
Here *Venus* keeps her Court,
With Joy that gloomy Care derides,—
The Graces here resort!

Da Capo—O *Ranelagh*! &c.

THIRD COUPLET.

Ye Nymphs and Swains untouch'd by Love,
If such on Earth there be,
Fly hence, unless you mean to prove
The doubtful Extasy.

Da Capo—O *Ranelagh*! &c

FOURTH COUPLET.

In wanton Sport, the winged Boy
Lets fly a thousand Darts,
Amidst the Crowd relaxt with Joy,
And wounds a thousand Hearts:
Then laughing at their wild Despair,
He lets them wander round,
Till Fate conducts them Pair by Pair
To salve each others Wound.

Da Capo—O *Ranelagh*! &c.

SONG XXXV.

LOVE and RESOLUTION.

A NEW CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. The Words by Mr. Boyce.

RECITATIVE.

THE Month was *May*, the Birds began to
sing,
The Valleys laugh, and *Flora's* Beauties spring:
Up-rose

Up-rose the Sun, like happy Bridegroom gay ;
 All Nature smil'd to greet the new-born Day ;
 When *Damon* drove his fleecy Care along,
 Peace warm'd his Heart, Content inspir'd his
 Song.

A I R.

Whence the Cares of busy Life,
 Gloomy Thought, and inward Strife ?
 Some at wild Ambition aim,
 Others pant for Wealth and Fame ;
 Or for Beauty rave and sigh,
 Let 'em do so:—What care I ?

R E C I T A T I V E.

Cupid, whose Pow'r's triumphant o'er the Mind,
 Who ne'er was deaf, tho' Poets paint him blind,
 Attentive heard the Stoic Shepherd's Strain,
 Resolv'd to prove Philosophy was vain :
 Just had he spoke when *Delia* struck his Sight,
Delia, like *Pallas* wise, like *Venus* bright ;
 He gaz'd, he paus'd, astonish'd at her Charms,
 And thus confess'd the Force of Love's Alarms.

A I R.

Shall the Heart that has vow'd to be free,
 Be entangled by Beauty at last ?
 Ah ! we never the future can see,
 We know only the present and past !
 Ye gay Shepherds, deride not my Flame,
 For I'll conquer its Pow'r if I can ;
 Quick, as sudden as Lightning it came,
 And, alas, I'm no more than a Man !

RECITATIVE.

His Strain was pious, pensive, solemn, slow,
He sooth'd himself, and sigh'd — It must be so.

AIR.

Then he pluck'd up his Courage, and spake to
his Heart,
To keep it divested of Sorrow;
Ne'er doubt, simple Thing, but we'll manage our
Part,
If we can, we'll be married To-morrow.

SONG XXXVI.

SPRING.

*A new Song and Chorus, perform'd at Ranelagh,
By Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Barthelemon, Mr. Champ-
ness, Mr. Raworth, &c.*

THE Birds sweetly carrol, *Spring* leads up
the Year,
And trips it away with the light-footed Hours;
In Spite of black *Winter* that scowls in the Rear,
She wakes as she passes her Blossoms and Flow'rs.

CHORUS.

Then smile with the Season,
Ye Children of Reason,
Her Blessings let Nature impart;
Of Sorrow beware,
The *Winter* is Care,
But Joy is the *Spring* of the Heart.

While Nature thus scatters her Fragrance around,
 Inchant with her Music the Forest and Grove ;
 Embroiders with Daisies the green Velvet Ground,
 And brings forth the Season of Rapture and Love.

Smile, smile with the Season, &c.

New Life shall flow briskly and dance in the Veins,
 As it shoots through the Fibres of Plant and of
 Tree ;

The Warmth of kind Nature has broke *Winter's*
 Chains,

And bids all Creation be happy and free!

Then smile with the Season, &c.

As a Frost, wicked Frost, may the Blossoms de-
 stroy,

Lay waste in a Night the fair Hopes of the Day ;
 So the Heart may be nipp'd and be dead to all
 Joy, ———

To guilt-blighted Bosoms 'tis *Winter* in May.

Then smile with the Season, &c.

Ye Daughters of *Britain*, let Nature's own Hand
 Spread the Rose on the Cheek, give the Glance
 to the Eyes ;

In the gay Round of Pleasures let Prudence com-
 mand,

Nor think it too low, *to be Merry and Wise.*

Then smile with the Season, &c.

When *Spring* is too forward, 'tis nipp'd in the
 Bloom,

The Bud and the Blossom is blighted and dies ;

So

So Youth, in her Beauty, may meet the same
Doom,—

Then be not too forward—*be Merry and Wise.*

Smile, smile with the Season, &c.

S O N G XXXVII.

The R A P T U R E.

WHILST on thy dear Bosom lying,
Celia! who can tell my Bliss?

Who the Raptures I'm enjoying,

When thy balmy Lips I kiss?

Ev'ry Look with Love inspires me;

Ev'ry Touch my Bosom warms;

Ev'ry melting Transport fires me;

Ev'ry Joy is in thine Arms.

Those dear Eyes that sweetly languish,

Make my Heart with Rapture beat;

Pleasure almost turns to Anguish,

When the Transport is so great.

Look not so divinely on me;

Celia! I shall die with Bliss:

Yet, Oh! turn those Eyes upon me;

Who'd not die a Death like this?

S O N G XXXVIII.

A favourite Glee for three Voices.

Set by Mr. Jackson.

IN a Vale, clos'd with Woodbines, where Grot-
toes abound;

Where Rivulets murmur, and Echoes resound;

I vow'd to the Muses my Time and my Care,

Since neither could win me the Smiles of my Fair.

As Freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,
And *Daphne's* dear Name never fell from my
Tongue:

But if a smooth Accent delighted my Ear,
I could wish, unawares, that my *Daphne* were
near.

With fairest Ideas my Bosom I stor'd,
To drive from my Heart the dear Nymph I ador'd:
But the more I with Study my Fancy refin'd,
The deeper Impression she made on my Mind.

Ah! whilst I the Beauties of Nature pursue,
I still must my *Daphne's* fair Image review:
The Graces have chosen with *Daphne* to rove;
And the *Muses* are all in Alliance with Love.

S O N G XXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

Set by Mr. Arnold.

IF 'tis Joy to wound a Lover,
How much more to give him Ease;
When his Passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please.

The Bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.

[Da Capo.

S O N G XL.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.

IN Vain in search of Quiet,
From Place to Place I range,
My restless Cares augmenting,
No Med'cine find in Change;

Deligh

Delights so lately charming,
Have lost their Pow'r to please,
Yet something cou'd I find,
Methinks wou'd give me Ease.

S O N G XLI.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Bach.

CRUEL *Strepbon*, will you leave me,
Will you prove yourself forsworn ?
Will you leave me, cruel *Strepbon*,
Will you prove yourself forsworn ?
Can, ah ! can you thus deceive me,
Can you treat my Love with Scorn ? *Da Capo.*

O ! behold your *Chloe* pleading,
Turn and see your once lov'd Maid ;
Let soft Pity interceding,
Ease a Heart your Vows betray'd. *Da Capo.*
Must I hopeless pine and languish,
Frenzy seize my tortur'd Brain ?
See, he triumphs in my Anguish,
See, he glories in my Pain.

S O N G XLII.

Sung in the Enchanter.

Set by Mr. Smith.

SIGH not your Hours away,
Youth shall ever be gay ;
Ever should dance around
Pleasure's enchanted Ground.

Reason invites you,
 Passion excites you,
 Raptures abound.
Spring shall her Sweet's display,
 Nature shall vie with Art;
 No Clouds shall shade the Day,
 No Grief the Heart.
 Love shall his Treasures bring,
 Beauty shall sport and sing,
 Free as the Zephyr's Wing,
 Soft as his Kifs.
 Come then, sweet Liberty,
 Let us be ever free,
 What's Love without thee?

SONG XLIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FLY, soft Ideas, fly, that neither Tears nor
 Sighs
 My Virtue may betray:
 Nature's great Call, that governs all,
 A Daughter must obey.
 Alas! my Soul denies to hear Revenge's Cries;
 Dare not, fond Heart, to take his Part,
 But drive his Form away.

SONG XLIV.

Sung by Mr. Hudson.

A Youth belov'd by all the Plain,
 A lovely, bright and blithesome Swain;
 Till first he saw fair *Jessy's* Eyes,
 And now the Swain for *Jessy* dies.

To

To silent Groves thus did he cry,
 Must *Thyrsis* for sweet *Jessy* die?
 Say, will she use me with Disdain?
 And must I live to love in Vain?
 But why should I kill, sigh, and moan,
 And not to her my Passion own?
 How can I think her Heart to move,
 Before she knows how much I love?
 On Wings of Love I'll fly and tell
 Fair *Jessy* all the Pangs I feel:
 Shou'd she be kind and pity me,
 For ever blest will *Thyrsis* be.

S O N G XLV.

A favourite Song in Saul.

Set by Mr. Handel.

IN not, O King, against the Youth,
 Who ne'er offended you;
 Think, to his Loyalty and Truth,
 What great Rewards are due.
 Think, with what Joy that godlike Man,
 You saw that glorious Day;
 Think, and with Ruin, if you can,
 Such Services repay.
 From Cities storm'd, and Battles won,
 What Glory can accrue?
 By this, the Hero best is known,
 He can himself subdue.

S O N G XLVI.

LOVE never more shall give me Pain,
 My Fancy's fix'd on thee,
 For ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
 My *Peggy*, if thou die.

Thy

Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give,
 Thy Love so true to me,
 Without thee I can never live,
 My *Peggy*, if thou die.

If Fate should tear thee from my Breast,
 How lonely should I stray,
 In dreary Dreams the Night would waste,
 In Sighs the silent Day :
 I ne'er shall so much Beauty find,
 Nor sweet Perfection see,
 I'll then renounce all Womankind,
 My *Peggy*, if thou die.

Ye Pow'rs that smile on virtuous Love,
 And in such Blessing share,
 And ev'ry faithful Flame approve,
 With Pity view my Fair :
 Restore my *Peggy's* matchless Charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me ;
 Or if you take her from these Arms,
 With *Peggy* let me die.

SONG XLVII.

Sung in the Oratorio of Jephtha.

Set by Mr. Handel.

THE smiling Dawn of happy Days,
 Presents a Prospect clear,
 And pleasing Hopes all brightning Rays,
 Dispel each gloomy Fear ;
 While every Charm that Peace displays,
 Makes Spring-time all the Year.

S O N G XLVIII.

IF that Man is happy, whose Life is most free,
 How blisful a State must a Batchelor's be;
 From one Friend to t'other, with Pleasure he
 roams,
 For a Batchelor's welcome wherever he comes.
 If he's blest with enough, and content with his
 Station,
 The whole World he may claim for his own Re-
 creation;
 He's in no Place a Stranger from *London to Rome*,
 For wherever he comes is a Batchelor's Home.
 If a Husband can boast greater Pleasures than these,
 They're obtain'd at th' Expence of his Freedom
 and Ease;
 Whilst with Liberty, Pleasure, and Merriment
 crown'd,
 A Batchelor's Minutes pass jovially round.
 Tho' his House ben't so nice, he is sure to be neat,
 And the Ladies are always well-pleas'd with his
 Treat;
 By the Smack of their Lips, at a Parting, declare
 How delicious a Feast they think Batchelor's Fare.
 O rather, far rather, good Fortune, for me
 The peaceable Stall of a Cobler decree,
 Undisturb'd by the Din of a termagant Wife,
 Than crown me a King and a Cuckold for Life.
 To my Wishes, instead of a Mistress commend,
 The most solid Delight's to be found in a Friend;
 Go mar', if horn, hen-peck'd, and wretched you'd
 be,
 But if blest, you'd continue as happy as we.

SONG

SONG XLIX.

SINCE every Charm on Earth combine
 In *Chloe's* Face, in *Chloe's* Mind,
 Why was I born, ye Gods, to see
 What robs me of my Liberty?

Until that fatal hapless Day,
 My Heart was lively, blithe, and gay,
 Cou'd sport with every Nymph but she
 Who robs me of my Liberty.

Think then, dear *Chloe*, ere too late,
 That Death must be my hapless State,
 If Love and you do not agree
 To set me at my Liberty.

Now to the darksome Woods I rove,
 Reflecting on the Pains of Love,
 And envy every Clown I see
 Enjoying the Sweets of Liberty.

We'll follow *Hymen's* happy Train,
 And every idle Care disdain;
 We'll live in sweet Tranquillity,
 Nor wish for greater Liberty.

SONG L.

WHEN the Trees are all bare, not a Leaf
 to be seen,
 And the Meadows their Beauties have lost;
 And all Nature disrob'd of her Mantle of Green,
 And the Streams are fast bound with the Frost;
 When the Peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with
 Cold,
 As bleak the Winds Northerly blow,

And

And the innocent Flock run for Shelter to Fold,
With their Fleeces all cover'd with Snow.

In the Yard when the Cattle are fodder'd with
Straw,

And send forth their Breath like a Stream ;
When the neat-looking Dairy-Maid sees she must
thaw

Flakes of Ice which she finds on her Cream ;
When the blithe Country Lass, as fresh as a Rose,
As she carelessly trips, often slides ;
And the Rustick laughs loud, if in falling she
shews

Those Charms which her Modesty hides.

When the Lads and the Lasses for Company join'd,
As round the Hall Embers they sat,
Talk of Witches and Fairies, that ride on the
Wind,

And of Ghosts till they're all in a Sweat ;
When the Birds to the Barn-Door come hov'ring
for Food,

Or silently sit on the Spray ;
And the poor timid Hare, in vain seeks the Wood,
For faithless her Footsteps betray.

Heavens grant in that Season, it may be my Lot,
With the Girl that I love and admire,
When the Icicles hang to the Eve of my Cot,
I may thither in Safety retire ;
There in Neatness and Quiet, and free from Sur-
prise,

We may live in each other secure,
Nor feel any turbulent Passions arise,
But those which each other can cure.

SONG

SONG LI.

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Arne.*

O *Sawney*, why leav'st thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
 Thy Presence could ease me,
 When neathing could please me;
 Now dowie I sigh on the Banks of the *Burn*,
 Or throw the Wood, Laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' Woods now are bonny, and Mornings are clear
 While Lav'rocks are singing,
 And Primroses springing;
 Yet nane of them pleases my Eyne or my Ear,
 When throw the Wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
 I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,
 Baith Ev'ning and Morning;
 Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a Knell,
 When throw the Wood, Laddie, I wander mysel
 Then stay, my dear *Sawney*, nae longer away;
 But quick as an Arrow,
 Haste here to thy Marrow,
 Wha's living in Langaur till that happy Day;
 When throw the Wood, Laddie, we'll dance, fit
 and play.

SONG LII.

The THRUSH.

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Arne.*

SWEET *Thrush*, that makes the vernal Year
 Sweeter than *Flora* can appear;
 As *Philomel* attends thy Lay,
 She envies the Return of Day:

The tuneful Lyre, and swelling Flute,
 At thy rich Warbling, shall be mute ;
 Vocal Minstrel, thy soft Lay
 Treasures up and ends the *May*.

Hark ! how the Blackbird woes his Love,
 The skill'd Musician of the Grove ;
 On Thorn as perch'd he nobly sings,
 A Cadence for the Ear of Kings,
 Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
 A Virginal to hail a Queen :
 Nature's Music thus improves
 All the Graces and the Loves.

S O N G LIII.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely, at Vauxhall.

MY Jockey was the blithest Lad,
 That ever Maiden woo'd ;
 When he appears, my Heart is glad,
 For he is kind and good.
 He talks of Love, whene'er we meet,
 His Words with Rapture flow ;
 Then tunes his Pipe, and sings so sweet,
 I have no Pow'r to go.

All other Lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At every Fair, and all the Wakes,
 I hear them making Moan :
 He buys me Toys, and Sweetmeats too,
 And Ribbands for my Hair ;
 No Swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If *Jockey* is but by,
 For I alone am all his Care,
 When any Danger's nigh.
 He vows to wed, next *Whitsunday*,
 And make me blest for Life;
 Can I refuse, ye Maidens, say,
 To be young *Jockey's* Wife?

SONG LIV.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

ON thy Banks, gentle *Stour*, when I breath'd
 the soft Flute,
 To *Chloe's* sweet Accents attentive sat mute;
 To her Voice with what Transport I swell'd the
 flow Strain,
 Or return'd dying Measures in Echoes again;
 Little *Cupid* beat Time, and the Graces around
 Taught with even Divisions to vary the Sound.

From my *Chloe* remov'd, when I bid it complain,
 Or warble smooth Numbers to sooth Love-sick
 Pain,
 How much alter'd it seems, as the rising Notes
 flow,
 Or the soft falling Strains, how insipidly flow!
 I will play then no more—for 'tis her Voice alone
 Must enrapture my Soul to enliven its Tone.

SONG LV.

The LILY of the VALE.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

THE fragrant *Lily of the Vale*,
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose Sweets perfume the fanning Gale,
 To *Chloe* I compare :
 What tho' on Earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its Head to hide ;
 Its Sweetness far out-vies the Rose,
 That flaunts with so much Pride.

The costly Tulip owes its Hue
 To many a gaudy Stain ;
 In this we view the Virgin White
 Of Innocence remain :
 See how the curious Florist's Hand
 Uprears its humble Head ;
 And to preserve the charming Flower,
 Transplants it to his Bed.

There while it sheds its Sweets around,
 How shines each modest Grace ;
 Enraptur'd how its Owner stands,
 To view its lovely Face :
 But pray, my *Chloe*, now observe
 The Inference of my Tale ;
 May I the Florist be— and thou
 The *Lily of the Vale*.

SONG

SONG LVI.

LOVELY KATE.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

AT *Windfor*, where *Thames* glides so smooth
 along,
 Lives the Wish of my Heart—the dear Girl of
 Song ;
 Her Name all the Day I with Rapture repeat,
 And am blest when the Shepherds but talk of
Kate.

When my Fair-one is by, the whole Village is gay
 For 'tis she, not the Sun, that enlivens the Day :
 The Lads are all happy, when round her they wait
 And the Lassies learn Prudence by watching my *Kate*

Should I join the pale Lily, or blush-painted Rose
 And with Pinks, or sweet Woodbines, a Garland
 compose ;

More lovely to Sight are her Looks, and more sweet
 Is the Fragrance that dwells on the Lips of my *Kate*

Hush, hush, ye vain Warblers, no more croud
 Spray,

Nor think to delight with your innocent Lay ;
 With Success you may tune the soft Notes
 your Mate,

But your Notes are all harsh to the Voice of
Kate.

As she sits on the Banks, by the Side of the Stream
 The Fish without Fear feed and play by the Bridge
 And why should they not ? they can think
 Deceit,

Such Truth is confest in the Looks of my *Kate*

The Shepherds bring Posies of Flow'rs—but the
Maid

Cries—These are but Emblems that I too must
fade ;

But Myrtles I'll bring, and, in their happy Date,
Shew the unfading Charms of the Mind of my *Kate*.

S O N G LVII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Vauxhall.

H OPELESS Lovers, who sue in Vain,
Whose Hearts are frozen with cold Disdain,
Learn of *Jockey* Love's pleasing Art,
To quell a Beauty's Insolence, and melt her Heart :
He, like you, would sigh and pine,
From *Phæbus*' Rise to his Decline :
I deny'd and reply'd, with scornful Brow,
Ah, *Jockey*, 'twill not do, prithee leave me now. .
Gazing, advancing, his Eyes Love darting,
Jenny, said he,—One Kiss at parting ;
Clasping then my slender Waist,
With eager Arms he me embrac'd,
Kiss'd me, call'd on Heav'n above
To reward his constant Love.
Partially I ey'd him,
Faintly I deny'd him,
My Tongue bely'd my Heart ;
His Shape, his Face,
And manly Grace,
Strongly took my Lover's Part.
I his Suit approving,
He my Doubts removing,

With

With Ardour reply'd,
 I'll haste to bring
 The Wedding Ring,
 Lovely *Jenny* is my Bride.
 Hapless Lovers, mind what I sing,
 No Cure for Disdain like a Kiss and a Ring.

S O N G LVIII.

The CONFESSIO N.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

BY the Side of a Stream, at the Foot of a Hill
 I met young *Phæbe* that lives at the Mill ;
 My Heart leap'd with Joy at so pleasing a Sight,
 For *Phæbe*, I vow, is my only Delight.

I told her my Love, and sat down by her Side,
 And swore the next Morning I'd make her my
 Bride ;

In Anger she said, Get you out of my Sight,
 And go to your *Phillis* you met here last Night.

Surpriz'd I reply'd, Pray explain what you mean
 I never, I vow, with young *Phillis* was seen,
 Nor can I conceive what my *Phæbe* is at :
 O can't you, she cry'd—well, I love you for that

Say, did not you meet her last Night on this Spot
 O *Collin* ! O *Collin* ! you can't have forgot :
 I heard the whole Story this Morning from *Mat*—
 You still may deny it—I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dearest *Phæbe*, believe,
 For *Mat* is a Rover, and means to deceive ;
 You know very well, he has ruin'd young *Pat*,
 And sure my dear Charmer must hate him for that

Come, come, then, she cry'd, if you mean to be
kind,

I'll own 'twas to know the true State of your Mind:
Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a Pat,
I made her my Wife, and she loves me for that.

S O N G LIX.

THE ROVER RECLAIMED.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

I Rambled about a Twelvemonth, I vow,
In search of a Damsel for Life;
For Roving perplext me, I cannot tell how,
So I ventur'd, at last, on a Wife.

The Girls of the Town, each Rake must well know,
Embitter the Pleasures of Life;
For Evils on Evils will constantly flow,
And make us all wish for a Wife.

A Mistress, 'tis true, that's youthful and gay,
May sweeten the Troubles of Life,
And while she is constant, drive Sorrow away;
But what is all this to a Wife?

In Wedlock alone, true Pleasures we find,
To gild the rough Passage for Life;
Then choose out a Lass, with a delicate Mind,
And make the dear Charmer a Wife.

And you, O ye Fair, be kind to the Man,
Who offers to bless you for Life;
Be constant and true, and as fond as you can,
For these are the Charms of a Wife.

SONG LX.

PATTY of the MILL.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

FA R sweeter than the Hawthorn Bloom,
 Whose Fragrance sheds a rich Perfume,
 And all the Meadows fill;
 Much fairer than the Lily blows,
 More lovely than the blushing Rose,
 Is *Patty of the Mill.*

The neighbouring Swains her Beauty fir'd,
 With Wonder struck they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the Mill;
 Each strove, with all his rustic Art,
 To sooth and charm the honest Heart,
 Of *Patty of the Mill.*

But vain were all Attempts to move
 A fixed Heart, more true to Love
 Than Turtles when they bill;
 A chearful Soul, a pleasing Grace,
 And sweet Content smiles in the Face
 Of *Patty of the Mill.*

The Good a Friend in Fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous Mind,
 And guards it from all Ill;
 Ye Fair, for ever constant prove,
 Be ever kind, be true to Love,
 Like *Patty of the Mill.*

SONG LXI.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Musical Comedy of
the SUMMER'S TALE. Set by Mr. Ruffel.*

WHILE on Earth's soft Lap descending,
Lightly falls the feather'd Snow ;
Nature awfully attending,
Each rude Wind forbids to blow.

White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her Virgin Mantle wears ;
Soon the fickle Season veering,
Her deluded Bosom bears.

Thus my foolish Heart believing,
Listen'd to his artful Tongue ;
All his Vows of Love receiving,
On each flattering Accent hung.

Fondly, for a Time, mistaken,
Love and Joy conceal'd my Fate :
Now, alas ! at length forsaken,
Sad Experience comes too late.

SONG LXII.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Arne.

P*Hæbus* meaner Themes disdaining,
To the *Lyrist's* Call repair,
And the Strings to Rapture straining,
Come, and praise the *British* Fair.

Chiefs throughout the Land victorious,
Born to conquer and to spare,
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
Till commanded by the Fair.

All the Works of Worth or Merit,
Which the Sons of Art prepare,
Have no Pleasure, Life, or Spirit,
But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as Passion,
But if you for Truth declare,
Worth and Manhood are the Fashion,
Favour'd by the *British* Fair.

S O N G LXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Vauxhall.

A I R.

O Damon, still you strive in vain,
Clarinda's fix'd Resolve to move;
My Heart, alas! may feel the Pain,
But justly scorns the Guilt of Love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Is this, ye Pow'rs, his boasted Flame?
O say, is this his only End?
And can his Love destroy the Fame,
His Truth and Honour should defend?

A I R.

O! for a Thought so meanly base,
The ungenerous Youth shall surely find,
The Heart that could admire his Face,
Can still detest him for his Mind.

S O N G

SONG LXIV.

The INVITATION.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

COME, *Laura*, and meet your fond Swain,
 Ere *Phœbus* reclines to the West,
 Nor let me still languish in Pain,
 Your Presence alone makes me blest :
 When absent, no Pleasures I feel,
 My Passions but sicken and die ;
 No Power my Tortures can heal,
 Unless my dear *Laura* is by.

Then haste to yon Jessamin Grove,
 Enjoy what no Language can tell ;
 'Tis the Seat of Contentment and Love,
 Where Peace and Tranquillity dwell :
 There *Cupid* our Hearts shall unite,
 There *Hymen* his Altar shall raise ;
 The Muses sweet Songs shall indite,
 And charm the whole Grove with their Lays.

O think, with such Pleasures as these,
 How Time will glide swiftly away ;
 Each striving the other to please,
 Dull Winter shall smile on the *May* :
 No Happiness either will taste,
 But what we both jointly approve ;
 Then hither, dear Charmer, O haste,
 And bless a fond Swain with your Love.

SONG LXV.
The IDES of MAY.

Sung at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

THE Prospect clear'd, around is heard
The Music of the Hive ;
The Blossoms blow, the Spirits flow,
And Nature's all alive :
In ev'ry Grove the Work is Love,
The Word is, " Sing and play ;"
From Eve to Morn the Sages warn,
" Ye Maids, beware of *May!*"

Each lively Scheme, each am'rous Theme,
Our Nymphs and Poets chuse ;
The Dance delights, the Song invites,
As Mirth provokes the Mule :
The War's no more, our Chiefs come o'er ;
Again the Grave-ones say,
" Where'er ye tread, Temptation's spread ;
" Beware the *Ides of May!*"

SONG LXVI.

Sung at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

WHERE shall *Delia* fly for Shelter ?
In what secret Grove or Cave ?
Sighs and Sonnets are sent to melt her,
From the Young, the Gay, the Brave ;
'Tho' with prudish Airs she starch her,
Still she longs, and still she burns :

Cupid shoots like *Haymen's* Archer,
Wherefoe'er the Damsel turns.

Virtue, Youth, good Sense, and Beauty,
(If Discretion guide us not)

Sometimes are the *Russian's* Booty,
Sometimes are the Booby's Lot :

Now they're purchas'd by the Trader,
Now commanded by the Peer ;

Now some subtle mean Invader
Wins the Heart or gains the Ear.

O Discretion ! thou'rt a Jewel,
Or our Grand-mammas mistake,

Stinting Flame by bating Fewel,
Always careful and awake.

Would you keep your Pearls from Trampers,
Weigh the Licence, weigh the Banns :

Mark my Song upon your Samplers,
Wear it on your Knots and Fans.

SONG LXVII.

A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Vauxhall.

THE gaudy Tulip swells with Pride,
And rears its Beauties to the Sun,

With Heav'n-born Tints of *Iris'* Bow ;

While low the Vi'let springs beside,

As in the Shade it strives to shun

The Hand of some rapacious Foe.

Of Worth intrinsic, small the Store

That from the Tulip can arise,

When parted from its glowing Bed :

While hid, the Vi'let charms the more,

Like Incense in its native Skies,

When cropt to grace the Virgin-Head.

Then think, ye Fair-ones, how these Flow'rs
 Are wrought in Nature's various Robe ;
 Where Pride declines, and Merit thrives :
 Your Virgin Dignity o'erpow'rs
 The Heroes of the conquer'd Globe,
 But sweet Compliance makes ye Wives.

SONG LXVIII.

SOMETHING NEW.

*Sung at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.*

IN all Mankind's promiscuous Race,
 The Sons of Error urge their Chace,
 The Wond'rous to pursue ;

And, both in Country and in Town,
 The curious Courtier, Cit, and Clown,
 Solicit *Something New*.

The Poets still from Nature take,
 And what is ready-made they make,
 Historians must be true :

How therefore shall we find a Road,
 Thro' Dissertation, Song or Ode,
 To give you *Something New* ?

They say, Virginity is scarce,
 As any Thing in Prose or Verse,
 And so is Honour too :

The Papers of the Day imply
 No more than that we live and die,
 And pay for *Something New*.

We see a-like the woeful Dearth
 In Melancholy, or in Mirth ;

Then

Then what shall Ladies do?
 Seek Virtue, as th' immortal Prize:
 In fine, be honest, and be wise,
 For that is *Something New*.

S O N G LXIX.

The C A S U I S T.

*Sung at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

W H I C H is best, ye Casuists, say,
 To be grave, or to be gay?

Still to weep, and never smile,

(In the *Penseroso* Style)

So fit moping like a Nun;

Or to frisk it in the Sun,

Where the Scences of Mirth are play'd,

And the glad Appointments made?

A I R.

If the Maid avoids Excess,

Better sing, and dance, and dress,

And indulge the Calls of Youth,

While she forfeits not her Truth:

Rigour and severe Demean

Are not decent at Sixteen;

And the Character is lost,

Study'd at Good-nature's Cost.

She that meditates the most,

Is not always Virtue's Boast;

D 5

Nor

Nor the silent and demure,
Always peaceable and pure :
While the lively, brisk, and smart,
Have more Innocence at Heart,
With a little less to dread
From the Mischief in their Head.

SONG LXX.

The HERDSMAN.

Translated from the Greek of MOSCHUS.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

W H E N lately I offer'd *Eunica* to kiss,
She fleer'd, and she flouted, and took it
amiss ; [frown,

"Begone, you great Booby, she cry'd, with a

"Do you think that I long for your Kisses, you
"Clown?"

“ The Sparks of the City my Favours esteem—

"You never shall kiss me, no, not in a Dream."

Thus spoke the proud Huffy, and view'd me all
round. [Ground.

With an Eye of Disdain, and thrice spit on the

"Think not, added she, on a Rustic I doat :

"So pray keep your Distance—you smell like a
"Goat."

Then mimick'd my Voice with fatyrical Sneer,

And sent me away with a Flea in my Ear.

But am I so ugly? ye Shepherds, say true;

Or has any God alter'd my Person anew ?

Said ye not, when around me, that nought could
exceed

My Carols for Sweetness, or Notes of my Reed? The

The Girls of the Country, if they had their Wills,
Would kiss me, and press me to stay on the Hills :
For those I could please ; but this Minx of the
Town

Refus'd my kind Kisses, and call'd me a Clown.
Where Love is return'd, then, my Love I'll bestow ;
And for this Miss Haughty a Fig : Let her go.
May she never find Lovers in City or Plain,
But lie always alone, yet still wishing in vain.

S O N G LXXI.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the New Musical Comedy
of the SUMMER'S TALE.*

Set by Mr. Stanley.

WHEN Love at first Approach is seen,
His dang'rous Form he veils,
A playful Infant's harmless Mien,
The fatal God conceals :
When soon by us fond Dupes carest,
He acts his trait'rous Part ;
And as we press him to the Breast,
He steals into the Heart.

S O N G LXXII.

A New MUSICAL ADDRESS to the Town, on the
Opening of *Marybone-Gardens*.

Set to Music by Mr. Yates.

Mr. Lowe.

NOW the Summer advances, and Pleasure re-
moves [Groves,
From the Smoke of the Town to the Fields and the
D 6 Permit

Permit me to hope that your Favour again
May smile, as before, on this once-happy Plain.

Miss Catley.

Tho' here no *Rotunda* expands the wide Dome,
No Canal on its Borders invites ye to roam ;
Yet Nature some Blessings has scatter'd around,
And Means to improve may hereafter be found.

Miss Miles.

On Spots as uncouth, from Foundations as mean,
Some Structures stupendous exalted have been :
Hence started *Vauxhall*, and thus *Ranelagh* grew
From Rudeness to Grandeur, supported by you.

Miss Smith.

The barrenest Heath may by Art be improv'd ;
It has Rivers diverted, and Mountains remov'd :
Do you then the Sunshine of Favour display,
And Culture shall soon the glad Summons obey.

CHORUS.

Mean while, ev'ry Effort to please you we'll try ;
Good Music, good Wine, with each other shall vie :
To gain your Esteem's the full Scope of our Plan,
And we'll strive to deserve it as well as we can.

SONG LXXIII.

Sung by Miss Davies. Set by Mr. S. Howard.

I Like the Man, whose soaring Soul
Is gen'rous and refin'd,
Whose Passions act beneath Controul,
With Love and Honour join'd.

The

The Oak, by Woodbines on the Plain
 Encompas'd and caress'd,
 Is not more stedfast in its Reign,
 Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The frothy Sons of Vice and Show,
 Like Shadows and like Noise,
 Have nothing in themselves, we know,
 That sober Sense enjoys :
 But pure and constant Love endears,
 And feasts both Ear and Sight,
 While ev'ry thing, that Virtue fears,
 Can give no true Delight.

S O N G LXXIV.

Sung by Miss Davies. Set by Dr. Boyce.

YOUNG *Phillis* one Morning a Maying would go;
 When saunt'ring among the sweet Meads to
 and fro,
 In vain did the Cowslips her fair Hand invite,
 Nor Daisies nor Daffodils gave her Delight:
 Her Heart with the Throbbings of Passion did
 move;
 Each Bird on the Spray could have told her 'twas
 Love.

At length she grew weary, and sat by a Brook,
 Where *Strephon*, the Shepherd, was bating his
 Hook:
 Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her complain;
 His Heart was inflam'd to allay her soft Pain;
 The Swain had led many a Lass to the Grove,
 And he (wicked Rogue!) thought that *Phillis*
 wou'd love.

Howe'er,

Howe'er, as her Mind was by Innocence dress'd,
'Twas plain that fair Virtue was lodg'd in her
Breast ;

Her Beauty was much, but her Modesty more,
Which *Strephon* perceiv'd, and began to adore :
He knelt at her Feet with a Garland he wove,
And *Phillis* consented to make him her Love.

SONG LXXV.

The TIMOROUS FAIR.

Sung at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Yates.

THRO' yonder Glade, and verdant Lawn,
See, *Chloe*, see the trembling Fawn
Her absent Mother seek
With panting Heart, and quiv'ring Knees,
If but a Zephyr fan the Trees,
Or Lizard stir the Brake.

So you, my *Chloe*, tim'rous Fair,
If *Strephon's* Voice you chance to hear,
With coy Confusion fly ;
Suspicious of some latent Harms,
Seek Shelter in your Mamma's Arms,
As if some Danger's nigh.

No Tiger I, thy Limbs to tear :
Then, gentle Trembler, cease thy Fear,
And Mamma's Bosom quit ;
Ripe for a Lover's fond Embrace,
In *Strephon's* Arms you'll find a Place
For *Chloe* much more fit.

SONG

SONG LXXVI.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

From *Farwkes's* ANACREON.*Set by Mr. Yates.*

BACCHUS, *Jove's* delightful Boy,
 Gen'rous God of Wine and Joy,
 Still exhilarates my Soul
 With the Raptures of the Bowl.

Then with feather'd Feet I bound,
 Dancing in a festive Round ;
 Then I feel in sparkling Wine,
 Transports delicate, divine.

Then the sprightly Music warms,
 Song delights and Beauty charms :
 Debonnair, and light, and gay,
 Thus I dance the Hours away.

SONG LXXVII.

*Sung at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.*

LET the Nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the
 Swain,
 Who in Transports of Passion affects to complain ;
 For his Rage, not his Love, in his Frenzy is shown ;
 And the Blast that blows loudest is soon over-blown.

But the Shepherd, whom *Cupid* has pierc'd to the
 Heart,
 Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the Smart ;
 Or,

Or, in plaintive soft Murmurs, his Bosom-felt Woe,
Like the smooth-gliding Current of Rivers, will
flow.

Tho' silent his Tongue, he will plead with his
Eyes,

And his Heart own your Sway in a Tribute of
Sighs :

But when he accosts you, in Meadow or Grove,
His Tale is so tender—he cooes like the Dove,

S O N G LXXVIII.

ANACREON on Himself.

Set by Mr. Baildon.

WHEN I drain the rosy Bowl,
Joy exhilarates my Soul;
To the Nine I raise my Song,
Ever fair, and ever young;
When full Cups my Cares excel,
Sober Counsel then farewell;
Let the Winds, that murmur, sweep
All my Sorrows to the Deep.

When I drink dull Time away,
Jolly *Bacchus*, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful Bow'rs,
Full of Fragrance, full of Flow'rs:
When I quaff the sparkling Wine,
And my Locks with Roses twine,
Then I praise Life's rural Scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the Bowl profound,
Richest Fragrance flowing round,

And

And some lovely Nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the Strain;
 When from Goblets deep and wide,
 Exhaust the gen'rous Tide,
 All my Soul unbends—I play,
 Gameſome with the Young and Gay.

S O N G LXXIX.

The BRIDAL DAY. *A Cantata.*

Sung at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Yates.

R E C I T A T I V E.

YE Swains, who reap the ripen'd Corn,
 And with soft Muſic hail the Morn,
 Your Sickles lay aſide:
 Hence Labour's preſſive Hand away;
 In rural Paſtime ſpend the Day,
 To charm the new-made Bride.

A I R.

With Roſes deck the Jeſſ'min Bow'rs;
 Beſtrew the verdant Mead with Flow'rs,
 That *Phæbe* paſs along;
 Hark, hark! the feather'd Race, on Wing,
 To Love's ſoft Impulſe warbling ſing
 Their ſoft melodious Song.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Then fill, ye Swains, the rural Reed;
 Let Art with Nature vie;
 Nor let the ſhrill-ton'd Lark impede
 Your partial Harmony.

A I R.

A I R.

Whilst blith as *May Morning*,
 When Nature looks charming,
 The Damsels shall dance on the Green;
 'Tis with Beauty replete,
 The fair *Phæbe* we greet,
 And hail her our pastoral Queen.

S O N G LXXX.

The LOVER'S RECANTATION. *A Cantata.*

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind Appointment *Celia* made,
 And nam'd the Myrtle Bow'r;
 There, fretting, long poor *Damon* stay'd
 Beyond the promis'd Hour:
 No longer able to contain
 This anxious Expectation,
 With Rage he fought t'allay his Pain,
 And vented thus his Passion.

A I R.

To all the Sex deceitful
 A long and last Adieu,
 Since Women prove ungrateful
 As long as Men prove true.
 The Pains they give are many,
 And, Oh! too hard to bear;
 The Joys they give—if any,
 Few, short, and unsincere.

RECITA

RECITATIVE.

Now, *Calia*, from Mamma got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm Retreat:
 With modest Blush she begg'd Excuse,
 And chid her tardy Feet.
 The Shepherd, from each Doubt releas'd,
 His Joy could not restrain,
 But, as each tender Thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing Strain.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a Lover's Pain and Care!
 And what Joy the Nymphs appearing
 After Absence or Despair!
 Women wise increase Desiring,
 By contriving kind Delays;
 And, advancing or retiring,
 All they mean is—more to please.

S O N G LXXXI.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

B I D me, when forty Winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my palid Brow;
 When from my Head, a scanty Store,
 Lankly the wither'd Tresses flow;
 When the warm Tide, that bold and strong
 Now rolls impetuous on, and free,
 Languid and slow scarce steals along;
 Then bid me court Sobriety.

Nature,

Nature, who form'd the varied Scene
 Of Rage and Calm, of Frost and Fire,
 Unerring Guide, could only mean
 That Age should reason, Youth desire :
 Shall then that Rebel Man presume
 (Inverting Nature's Law) to seize
 The Dues of Age in Youth's high Bloom,
 And join Impossibilities ?

No—Let me waste the frolick *May*
 In wanton Joys and wild Excess,
 In Revel, Sport, and Laughter gay,
 And Mirth, and rosy Chearfulness.
 Woman, the Soul of all Delight,
 And Wine, the Aid of Love, be near :
 All charms me, that to Joy incite;
 And ev'ry She, that's kind, is fair.

S O N G LXXXII.

A Scots CANTATA. Set by Dr. Boyce.

BLATE faintly *Jonny* teld fair *Jean* his Mind;
Jeany took Pleasure to deny him lang :
 He thought her Scorn came frae a Heart unkind;
 Which gart him in Despair tune up this Sang.

O bonny Laffie, since 'tis sae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live: But, Oh! I'm wae
 And unko sweer to die.

Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy Hours
 I thole by your Disdain :
 Ah! should a Breast sae soft as yours
 Contain a Heart of Stane ?

These

These tender Notes did a' her Pity move;
 With melting Heart she listen'd to the Boy;
 O'ercome, she smil'd, and promis'd him her Love;
 He in return thus sung his rising Joy.

Hence frae my Breast, contentious Care,
 Ye've tint the Pow'r to pine;
 My *Jeany's* good, my *Jeany's* fair,
 And a' her Sweets are mine.
 Spread thine Arms, and give me fouth
 Of dear enchanting Blifs;
 A thousand Joys around thy Mouth
 Gie Heav'n with ilk a Kifs.

S O N G LXXXIII.

A new Song, sung at Marybone-Gardens.

I Met young *Damon* t'other Day;
 And near me as he drew,
 No Swain, methought, e'er look'd so gay;
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

With ardent Blifs my Lips he prest:
 Pray, what could *Phillis* do?
 I frown'd—but only frown'd in Jest;
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

The Shepherd sigh'd, and talk'd of Love,
 A Theme to me quite new;
 Of Angels, Heav'n, and Pow'rs above;
 And vow'd that all was true.

My Bosom throb'd, I knew not why,
 As still more fond he grew:
 I listen'd to his Tale with Joy;
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

“ Let

" Let *Damon* now be blest," he cry'd,
 And fondly to me flew ;
 His Freedom vain I strove to chide ;
 Upon my Word 'tis true.

With Blushes spread, I look'd Consent,
 Felt Joys but known to few ;
 For now I found what *Damon* meant,
 And all he said was true.

SONG LXXXIV.

The ORIGIN of ENGLISH LIBERTY.

The Words by G. A. Stevens.

Sung by Mr. Hudson.

ONCE the Gods of the *Greeks*, at Ambrosial
 Feast,
 Large Bowls of rich Nectar were quaffing :
 Merry *Momus* among them was sat as a Guest,
 (*Homer* says the Celestials lov'd laughing :)
 On each in the Synod the Humorist droll'd,
 So none could his Jokes disapprove ;
 He sung, reparteed, and some smart Stories told,
 And at last thus began upon *Jove*.
 " Sire! *Atlas*, who long has the Universe bore,
 " Grows grievously tired of late ;
 " He says, that Mankind are much worse than
 " before,
 " So he begs to be eas'd of their Weight."
Jove, knowing the Earth on poor *Atlas* was hurl'd,
 From his Shoulders commanded the Ball.
 Gave his Daughter, *Attraction*, the Charge of the
 World,
 And she hung it up high in his Hall.

Mifs,

Miss, pleas'd with the Present, review'd the Globe
round,

To see what each Climate was worth ;
Like a Diamond, the whole with an Atmosphere
bound,

And she variously planted the Earth :
With Silver, Gold, Jewels, she *India* endow'd ;
France and *Spain* she taught Vineyards to rear ;
What suited each Clime, on each Clime she bestow'd,
And FREEDOM she found flourish'd here.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this Isle,
As Guardians to cherish the Root ;
The Blossoms of LIBERTY 'gan for to smile,
And *Englishmen* fed on the Fruit :

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a Bounty so rare,
O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n.

We will while we've Breath, nay, we'll grasp it
in Death,

Then return it untainted to Heav'n.

SONG LXXXV.

Sung in the ROYAL CHACE.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

HOW pleasing we find the gay Sports of the
Field !

While through the Vales we're bounding,
The Hills our Cries resounding,
The musical Chace all its Pleasures does yield.

How delightful the Pause when the Stag stood at
But when his Flight renewing, [bay !
Again we were pursuing

Till we crown'd with Success the Sport of the Day.

SONG

SONG LXXXVI.

WHEN *Jessy* smil'd, her lovely Look
My wand'ring Heart a Pris'ner took,
And bound it with so strong a Chain,
I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, *Jessy*, treat a Captive true
With gentle Usage—'tis its Due;
It pants for thee alone :
Then take it kindly to thy Breast,
And give the weary Wand'rer Rest,
And keep it near thy own.

SONG LXXXVII.

Set by Mr. Howard.

The Words by Paul Whitehead, Esq; Poet-Laurate.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN *Bacchus*, jolly God, invites
To revel in his Ev'ning Rites,
In vain his Altar I surround,
Tho' with *Burgundian* Incense crown'd :
No Charms has Wine without the Laps ;
'Tis Love gives Relish to the Glafs.

A I R.

While all around, with jocund Glee.
In Brimmers toast their fav'rite She,
Tho' ev'ry Nymph my Lips proclaim,
My Heart still whispers *Chloe's* Name :
And thus with me, by am'rous Stealth,
Still ev'ry Glafs is *Chloe's* Health.

SONG LXXXVIII.

STREPHON and PHOEBE.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOUNG *Strephon* long doated on *Phæbe* the
Fair,

Whose Heart of his Anguish did secretly share ;
But fearing his Passion wou'd changeable prove,
She prudently check'd the soft Dictates of Love.

The Beauties you fancy, the Fair-one wou'd say,
Are Charms of a Moment, and doom'd to Decay ;
Love founded so slightly can never prove true ;
The Bloom disappearing, the Passion dies too.

O wrong not your Beauty, reply'd the fond Swain ;
Its lasting Impression will ever remain :
Tho' Age, like the Winter, may blast thy fair Prime,
Yet Virtue still blooming, gains Vigour by Time.

The Strength of my Eyes with your Charms will
decline,

Nor gaze at a Face that is younger than thine ;
While this faithful Heart, ever true to my Vow,
Preserves thy dear Image, as bright as 'tis now.

Then banish, dear *Phæbe*, each Doubt, and each
Fear,

That make fancy'd Evils like real ones appear ;
The swift-flying Moments with Ardour improve,
And grant the Reward that is due to my Love.

Kind *Phæbe* assenting, believ'd the fond Youth,
Whoprov'd that his Passion was founded on Truth ;
E And,

And, tho' envious Age may her Beauty impair,
Her Virtue and Honour will ever be fair.

S O N G LXXXIX.

A favourite Ballad.

Set by Mr. Bates.

GENTEEL is my *Damon*, engaging his Air
And his Face, like the Morn, is both rudd
and fair :

No Vanity sways him, no Folly is seen ;
But open's his Temper, and noble's his Mien.

With Prudence illumin'd his Actions appear ;
His Passions are calm, and his Judgment is clear
Soft Love sits enthron'd in the Beams of his Eyes
He is manly, yet tender ; he's fond, yet he's wise

He's young and good-humour'd ; he's gen'rous
and gay ;

And his Voice can, like Musick, drive Sorrow away
And amiable Softness still dwells on his Speech ;
He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
And his Heart is too honest to let him deceive :
Then blame me, ye Virgins, if justly you can ;
For Merit and Fondness distinguish the Man.

S O N G XC.

A new Song, sung at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Yates.

YOUNG *Strepbon*, the artful, the dangerous
Swain,
My Love and Esteem has attempted to gain ;

Wid

With the same wicked Arts he so oft had betray'd,
 He thought to seduce one more innocent Maid :
 But appris'd of his Pow'r, of my Weakness aware,
 I baffled his Scheme, and avoided the Snare ;
 For Virtue I love, and was taught in my Dawn,
 When I gather'd a Rose, to beware of the Thorn.

His Tears I neglected, his Oaths I despis'd ;
 For his Heart by those Tears, by those Oaths,
 he disguis'd :

What Presents he brought me I chose to decline,
 (The prodigal Bounty of Arts and Design :)
 He coax'd, and he flatter'd my Person in vain,
 And practis'd each Art, on my Weakness to gain :
 Protected by Prudence, I laugh'd him to scorn ;
 Tho' I fancy'd the Rose, yet I dreaded the Thorn.

He wantonly boasted what Nymphs he had won,
 What credulous Beauties his Arts had undone ;
 He swore that his Faith should inviolate be,
 That his Heart and those Fair-ones were Victims
 to me.

I told him, those Victims and Faith I'd despise,
 And from such Examples would learn to be wise ;
 That I never wou'd prostitute Virtue to Scorn,
 Or smell at a Rose, to be hurt by the Thorn.

Was the perjur'd Betrayer asham'd of his Guilt ;
 Was his Passion on Virtue, not Wantonness, built ;
 Was his Heart as sincere as his Oaths are profane,
 I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the Swain :
 But Experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to
 trust,

And Folly to think he can ever be just ;
 So I'll stifle my Flame, and reject him with Scorn,
 Lest I grasp at the Rose, and be hurt by the Thorn.

SONG XCI.

A HINT to the FAIR SEX.

*The Words by Mr. Lockman.**Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.*

GAINST the destructive Wiles of Man,
 Your Hearts, ye Fair-ones, guard;
 Their only Study's to trepan,
 And play a Trickster's Card:
 With strange Delight poor Women they flight,
 Amuse, cajole, belie:
 Hence, Girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
 For Men are wond'rous fly.

That *Proteus* Man, like him of old,
 A thousand Forms will take;
 His venal Soul is all for Gold,
 A Crocodile, or Snake.
 See his dire Thread! this Spider spread
 To catch the Female Fly:
 Hence, Girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
 For Men are wond'rous fly.

A Porcupine with Rage inspir'd,
 At Nymphs he darts his Quills;
 A Basilisk by Frenzy fir'd,
 His Glance by Poison kills:
 With fraudulent Arts he steals their Hearts,
 Then throws the Baubles by:
 Hence, Girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
 For Men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole Race of Men to meet
 In one wide-spreading Plain,

Of Constancy, of Faith, to treat,
 And Virtue's spotless Train,
 To find a Youth renown'd for Truth,
 Whole Ages we might try:
 Hence, Girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
 For Men are wond'rous fly.

SONG XCII.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Sung at Ranelagh, by Mr. Hudson:

Set by Mr. Battisbill.

WHAT Shepherd, or Nymph of the Grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a Tear,
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
 Since *Phæbe* no longer is here?
 My Flocks, if at Random they stray,
 What Wonder, if she's from the Plains?
 Her Hand they were wont to obey:
 She rul'd both the Sheep and the Swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the Foot of yon neighbouring Hill,
 To the Bow'r we had built in the Shade,
 Or the River that runs by the Mill?
 There, sweet, by my Side as she lay,
 And heard the fond Stories I told,
 How sweet was the Thrush from the Spray,
 Or the Bleating of Lambs from the Fold?

How oft' wou'd I spy out a Charm,
 Which, before, had been hid from my View!
 And, while Arm was enfolded in Arm,
 My Lips to her Lips, how they grew!

How long the sweet Contest would last!
 Till the Hours of Retirement and Rest,
 What Pleasures and Pain each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No Changes of Place, or of Time,
 I felt when my Fair-one was near;
 Alike was each Weather and Clime,
 Each Season that chequer'd the Year :
 In Winter's rude Lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the Bosom of *May*;
 Each Morn brought Contentment and Ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond Wishes could ask ;
 She had all the kind Gods could impart ;
 She was Nature's most beautiful Task,
 The Despair, and the Envy of Art:
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was drest ;
 For the Graces were thron'd in her Eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her Breast.

S O N G X C I I I .

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Villiage.

IN Love should there meet a fond Pair,
 Untutor'd by Fashion or Art,
 Whose Wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose Words are th' Excess of the Heart.

If aught of substantial Delight
 On this Side the Stars can be found ;
 'Tis sure, when that Couple unite,
 And *Cupid* by *Hymen* is crown'd.

S O N G

S O N G XCIV.

Sung in ELIZA. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE Woodlark whistles through the Grove,
Tuning the sweetest Notes of Love
To please his Female on the Spray;
Perch'd by his Side, her little Breast
Swells with a Lover's Joy confest,
To hear, and to reward the Lay.

Come then, my Fair-one, let us prove
From their Example how to love :
For thee the early Pipe I'll breathe;
And when my Flock return to Fold,
Their Shepherd to thy Bosom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial Wreath.

S O N G XCV.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

THE Sun like any Bridegroom gay,
Rose to salute the Spring;
The Flow'rets hail'd the Birth of May,
And Birds began to sing;
When Damon tript it o'er the Plain,
Dear *Chloe's* Heart to win;
But at the Window tapt in vain,
She would not let him in.

Beside the Mansions where the Great
From glorious Feats retir'd,
The *Druids* us'd to celebrate
The Virtues they admir'd:

Love whisper'd then in *Damon's* Ear,
 And bade his Song begin;
 And thus he sung to please the Fair,
 In hopes she'd let him in.

So sweet is Song, the Maiden rose,
 In rural, plain Attire;
 And like the genial Season glows
 With thrilling soft Desire:
 But, angry like, by Love controul'd,
 Cry'd, Shepherd, why this Din?
 Why wake me thus? I've often told
 I ne'er would let you in.

The Fair-one in his Arms he prest,
 And kiss'd her o'er and o'er;
 And who, with Honour in his Breast,
 Could then have thought on more?
 To Church he led her, in her Prime,
 For Pleasure void of Sin,
 And now she hails the happy Time
 When first she let him in.

SONG XCVI.

COLIN and PHILLIS, *a Pastoral Dialogue.*
Sung in The ARCADIAN NUPTIALS.

COLIN.

HARK! hark! o'er the Plains what glad
 Tumults we hear!
 How gay all the Nymphs and the Shepherds appear!
 With Myrtles and Roses new deck'd are the Bow'rs,
 And every Bush bears a Garland of Flow'rs.
 I can't, for my Life, what it means understand:
 There's some rural Festival surely at Hand;

Not

Not Harvest, nor Sheep-sheering, now can take
Place; [Phillis enters.]
But *Phillis* will tell me the Truth of the Case.

PHILLIS.

The Truth, honest Lad?—why surely you know
What Rites are prepar'd in the Village below,
Where gallant young *Thyrsis*, so fam'd and ador'd,
Weds *Daphne*, the Sister of *Corin* our Lord;
That *Daphne*, whose Beauty, Good-nature, and
Ease,
All Fancies can strike, and all Judgments can please;
That *Corin*—but Praise must the Matter give o'er;
You know what he is—and I need say no more.

COLIN.

Young *Thyrsis* too claims all that Honour can lend,
His Countrymen's Glory, their Champion and
Friend,
Tho' such slight Memorials scarce speak his Deserts;
And, trust me, his Name is engrav'd on their Hearts.

PHILLIS.

But hence, to the Bridal, behold how they throng!
Each Shepherd conducting his Sweetheart along:
The joyous Occasion all Nature inspires
With tender Affections and chearful Desires.

DUETTO.

Ye Pow'rs, that o'er conjugal Union preside,
All-gracious look down on the Bridegroom and
Bride,
That Beauty, and Virtue, and Valour, may shine
In a Race like themselves, with no End to the
Line:

Let Honour and Glory, and Riches and Praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous Days;
 And, while in a Palace Fate fixes their Lot,
 Oh! may they live easy as those in a Cot!

S O N G XCVII.

Sung at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

O Give me that social Delight,
 Which none but true Lovers receive,
 When *Lunar* bedecks the still Night,
 And glances her Smiles on the Eve:
 When to the fair Meadows we go,
 Where Peace and Contentment retire;
 Or down the smooth Current we row,
 In Time with the Flutes and the Lyre.

By Nature these Pictures are drawn:
 How sweet is each Landscape dispos'd!
 The Prospect extends to the Lawn,
 Or by the tall Beaches is clos'd.
 Come, *S'rephon*, attend to the Scene:
 The Clouds are all vanish'd above;
 The Objects around are serene,
 As modell'd to Music and Love.

S O N G XCVIII.

The DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sung by Mr. Hudson.

YE Shepherds, give Ear to my Lay,
 And take no more Heed of my Sheep;
 They have nothing to do but to stray,
 I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet I do not my Folly reprove;
 She was fair—and my Passion begun;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all Thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a Nymph so compleat would be sought
 By a Swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! Love ev'ry Hope can inspire,
 It banishes Wisdom the while;
 And the Lip of the Nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a Smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the Woes I endure,
 Let Reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain
 Amid Nymphs of an higher Degree:
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

O ye Woods! spread your Branches apace,
 To your deepest Recesses I fly;
 I would hide with the Beasts of the Chace;
 I would vanish from ev'ry Eye.
 Yet my Reed shall resound through the Grove
 With the same sad Complaint it begun,
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love,
 Was faithless, and I am undone.

SONG XCIX.

Sung by Mrs. Clive, in The Capricious Lovers.

FOR various Purpose serves the Fan,
As thus—a decent Blind,
Between the Sticks to peep at Man,
Nor yet betray your Mind.

Each Action has a Meaning plain,
Resentment's in the Snap;
A Flirt expresses strong Disdain,
Consent a gentle Tap.

All Passions will the Fan disclose,
All Modes of female Art,
And to Advantage sweetly shews
The Hand, if not the Heart.

'Tis Folly's Sceptre, first design'd
By Love's capricious Boy,
Who knows how lightly all Mankind
Are govern'd by a Toy.

SONG C.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in The ROYAL SHEPHERD.

VOWS of Love should ever bind
Men who are to Honour true;
They must have a savage Mind,
Who refuse the Fair their Due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
Who from Constancy do swerve;
So may ev'ry Nymph agree
All such faithless Swains to serve.

SONG

SONG CI.

ANY THING, RATHER THAN FAIL.

THE Lads and the Lasses all jocund were seen,
With Music and Mirth round the Pole on
the Green,

The Lambkins were sporting, all Nature was gay,
To welcome the kindly Return of the May:

When Doll, who was curs'd both with Envy and
Years,

Her Head, by old Time, silver'd o'er with gray
Hairs,

From the Youths and their Sports sought Retreat
in the Vale,

And thus pray'd for *Any thing, rather than fail.*

Ye Pow'rs, who saw me once blithsome and young,
How graceful I danc'd and how sweetly I sung,
My Charms all subduing, each Bard would re-
hearse,

My Beauty alone was the Subject of Verse :
Each Youth, with a Sigh, would his Passion unfold,
Tho' now they have left me grown wrinkled and
old;

With the Ears of Compassion attend to my Tale,
And let me have *Any thing, rather than fail.*

How silly was I in the Days of my Youth,
My Follies forgive, since I own them with Truth;
When Lovers were plenty, I thought, to be sure,
I still might be certain of one in a Score.

But, ah! as my Charms, so their Passions decay'd,
And greatly I fear I shall die an Old-Maid :

Oh! pity my Case, let my Pleading prevail,
And send me but *Any thing, rather than fail.*

Ye Virgins, now gay in the Spring of your Charms,
 Who, vainly coquetting, give many Alarms,
 Let Prudence advise and take Place of your Pride,
 To one give your Hand and become a chaste Bride;
 The Pleasures of *Hymen* partake in your Prime,
 And thus by your Conduct anticipate Time,
 Lest you all, like poor *Dolly*, grown ancient and
 pale,

Petition for *Any thing*, rather than fail.

S O N G C I I.

The HAPPY SHEPHERD.

Sung at Ranelagh.

WITH *Phillis* I'll trip o'er the Meads,
 And hasten away to the Plain,
 Where Shepherds attend with their Reeds,
 To welcome my Love and her Swain :
 The Lark is exalted in Air,
 The Linnet sings perch'd on the Spray ;
 Our Lambs stand in Need of our Care,
 Then let us not lengthen Delay.
 What Pleasures I feel with my Dear,
 While gamesome young Lambs are at Sport,
 Exceed the Delights of a Peer,
 That shines with such Grandeur at Court :
 When *Colin* and *Strephon* go by,
 They form a Disguise for a while ;
 They see how I'm blest with a Sigh,
 But Envy forbids them to smile.
 Let Courtiers of Liberty prate,
 T' enjoy it take infinite Pains ;
 But Liberty's primitive State
 Is only enjoy'd on the Plains :

With

With *Phillis* I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay Minutes are spent;
 'Twas *Phillis* first taught me to know,
 That Happiness flows from Content.

S O N G CIII.

A favourite Duet, in Solomon.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

THOU soft Invader of the Soul,
 Oh, Love, who shall thy Pow'r controul?
 To quench thy Fires whole Rivers drain,
 Thy burning Heat shall still remain.
 In vain we trace the Globe to try,
 If powerful Gold thy Joys can buy;
 The Treasures of the World will prove
 Too poor a Bride to purchase Love.

S O N G CIV.

CANTATA.

Sung by Mrs. Scott, at Ranelagh.

Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN wintry Blasts and ruffling Storms
 expire,
 And Nature kindles up her genial Fire;
 Then the gay Park puts on a lively Green,
 And *Silvia* there in all her Charms is seen:
 O'er her stain'd Cheeks, Vermilion Blushes ran;
 A Goddess mov'd, and *Florio* thus began.

Air:

A I R.

Think, peerless Fair-one, then explain,
 When tender Passions rise,
 Why pants my Heart with pleasing Pain,
 Why languish thus my Eyes;
 'Tis surely Nature's gentle Call,
 Love's sweetest Joys to prove,
 'Tis Youth, 'tis Health, 'tis Life, 'tis all,
 For what means Life but Love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Here, his Voice failing, as his Rapture rose,
 In moving Sighs, he seem'd to breathe his Vows,
 Soon to his Heart, the refluent Spirits came,
 And thus blaz'd forth the Brightness of his Flame.

A I R.

Now springing Verdure decks the Plains,
 And Love o'er youthful Nations reigns;
 In thy dear Breast soft Passions rise,
 And shed new Softness o'er thy Eyes:
 Improve, sweet Maid, the smiling Hour,
 Yield to *Hymen's* gentle Pow'r,
 So shall the World my *Silvia* find,
 Strictly good, and fondly kind.

S O N G C V.

Set by Mr. Handel.

O H had I *Jubal's* Lyre,
 Or *Miriam's* tuneful Voice,
 To Sounds like his I would aspire,
 In Songs like her I would rejoice.
 My humble Strains but faintly show,
 How much to Heaven and thee I owe.

S O N G

S O N G C V I.

The R E V E N G E.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN I beheld you all divine,
 And fondly thought your Passion true,
 O Cbloe, call'd you only mine,
 And lov'd no other Nymph but you.
 How cou'd I think a Face so fair,
 Cou'd now so false and fickle prove;
 That you who did so often swear,
 Wou'd ever break the Bonds of Love?
 But I no longer feel your Chain,
 Nor you possess your wonted Pow'r;
 No longer I a Slave remain,
 A Cbloe's Captive as before:
 But go, and other Hearts beguile,
 Go, and some other Conquest find;
 'Tis you that shew a flatt'ring Smile,
 'Tis you can kill while yet you're kind.

S O N G C V I I.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SA Y, hast thou seen the Snow-Drop cold,
 It's maiden Whiteness first unfold,
 Or seen at Morn the crimson Dye,
 Soft stealing o'er yon eastern Sky?
 By that my Fair-one's spotless Mind,
 By this her Face is best defin'd:
 These Charms let Fancy's Aid improve,
 Then happy thou hast seen my Love.

Hast

Hast thou e'er heard, on yonder Spray,
 The Linnet wake her tuneful Lay;
 Or heard the Lark, high rais'd in Air,
 Pour his glad Notes into the Ear;
 Or list'd while she stream'd along,
 Sweet *Philomela* tun'd her Song,
 Or swell'd it through the silent Grove?
 Then happy thou hast heard my Love.

Say, did the Musk-Rose e'er dispense
 It's Fragrance to thy ravish'd Sense;
 Or say, what Time the joyful Earth
 Calls forth afresh each Fruit to birth?
 Say, did the Nectarine then e'er feast
 With balmy Sweets thy raptur'd Taste?
 'Then may'st thou guess, but never prove,
 How sweet the Lips of her I love.

SONG CVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MY roving Heart has oft, with Pride,
 Dissolv'd Love's silken Chains;
 The wanton Deity defy'd,
 And scorn'd his sharpest Pains.

But from thy Form, resistless, stream
 Such Charms as must controul;
 In thee the fairest Features beam,
 The noblest, brightest Soul.

Pleas'd in thy Converse all the Day,
 Life's Sand unheeded runs;
 With thee I'd hail the rising Ray,
 And talk down Summers Suns.

Our Loves congenial still the same,
 With equal Force shall shine,
 No cloy'd Desires shall damp the Flame,
 Which Friendship will refine.

SONG CIX.

FLY, Care, to the Winds; thus I blow thee
 away,
 I'll drown thee in Wine, if thou dar'st for to stay;
 With Bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll raise;
 I'll laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my Days.

God *Bacchus* this Moment adopts me his Son,
 And inspir'd, my Breast glows with Transports
 unknown:

The sparkling Liquor a new Vigour supplies,
 And makes the Nymph kind, who before was too
 wife.

Then dull sober Mortals! be happy as me;
 Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree,
 Will open your Eyes to see *Phillis's* Charms,
 And her Coyneſs wash'd down, she'll fly soon to
 your Arms.

SONG CX.

A favourite Song in Tamerlane.

T O thee, O gentle Sleep, alone
 Is owing all our Peace;
 By thee our Joys are heighten'd shown,
 By thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph whose Hand by Fraud or Force
 Some Tyrant has possess'd,

By thee obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is blest'd.

Oh stay, *Arpasia* bids thee stay,
The sadly weeping Fair
Conjures thee not to lose in Day,
The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought,
That Motion chas'd her Sleep;
Thus by ourselves are ofteneft wrought,
The Griefs for which we weep.

SONG CXI.

PASTORA, a CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

ON fam'd *Arcadia's* flow'ry Plains,
The gay *Pastora* was heard to sing,
Close by a Fountain's chrystal Spring
She warbled out her merry Strains.

A I R.

Shepherds, wou'd you hope to please us,
You must ev'ry Humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
Often laugh, and sometimes cry.
Soft Denials are but Trials,
You must follow when we fly.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd this sprightly Maid,
Yet never dar'd his Love relate,
Resolv'd at last to try his Fate;
He sigh'd, she smil'd; he kneel'd and pray'd;
She frown'd, he rose and walk'd his way;

But soon returning look'd more gay,
And sung and danc'd, and on his Pipe a chearful
Echo play'd.

A I R.

Pastora fled to a shady Grove;
Damon view'd her
And pursu'd her,
Cupid laugh'd and crown'd his Love.
The Nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see,
That *Damon* ran as fast as she.

S O N G CXII.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

NO more shall Meads be deckt with Flow'rs,
Nor Sweetness dwell in rosy Bow'rs;
Nor greenest Buds in Branches spring,
Nor warbling Birds delight to sing;
Nor *April* Violets paint the Grove,
If I forsake my *Celia's* Love.

The Fish shall in the Ocean burn,
And Fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
The humble Vale no Flood shall know;
When Floods shall highest Hills o'erflow;
Black *Lethe* shall Oblivion leave,
If e'er my *Celia* I deceive.

Love shall his Bow and Shaft lay by,
And *Venus's* Doves want Wings to fly;
The Sun refuse to shew his Light,
And Day be turned into Night;
And in that Night no Star appear,
If e'er I leave my *Celia* dear.

S O N G

SONG CXIII.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd Eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only Face
 They can behold with Love?

To ease my Pain, and sooth my Care,
 I seek a Nymph more kind,
 And as I rove from Fair to Fair,
 Still gentle Usage find.

But, oh! how weak is ev'ry Joy
 Where Nature has no Part?
 Fresh Beauties may my Eyes employ,
 But you alone my Heart.

Thus wretched Exiles, when they roam,
 Meet Pity ev'ry where;
 But languish for their native Home,
 Though Death attends them there.

SONG CXIV.

DAMON AND PHILLIS.

A new Pastoral Dialogue in Praise of Matrimony

*Set to Musick by Richard Langdon, M. B.
 Succentor and Organist of the Cathedral of Exeter*

DAMON.

HAPLESS must the Shepherd prove,
 Who has never learnt to love;
 Feasted ne'er his ravish'd Sense,
 With the Sweets of Innocence;
 Ne'er has sought the nuptial Tye,
 Hapless he, but happy I.

PHILLIS

PHILLIS.

Hapless is the Maid, who ne'er
Made the Rites of Love her Care;
Ne'er has found a gentle Youth,
Warm with Tendernefs and Truth;
Ne'er has fought the nuptial Tye,
Hapless ſhe, but happy I.

DUET.

From the nuptial Tye alone,
Joys of Love, and Eaſe are known;
From the nuptial Tye increaſe
Health, Tranquillity and Peace;
From the nuptial Union flow
All the Bleſſings here below.

DAMON.

First, my lovely Fair, I knew
Truth and Happineſs in you;
You real Joy alone can give,
For thee alone I wiſh to live:
Bleſſ'd and happy thoſe who prove
The cordial Sweets of nuptial Love.

PHILLIS.

Phillis never caſt an Eye,
Aſk'd a Bleſs, or breath'd a Sigh,
Ne'er to Cupid bent a Knee,
Never, Damon, but for thee;
Bleſt and happy thoſe who prove
The cordial Sweets of nuptial Love.

DUET. *From the nuptial Tye, &c.*

DAMON.

D A M O N.

|| Ev'ry Day, a Day of Love,
Does our Fondness still improve;
Care with sullen Look is fled,
Banish'd from the nuptial Bed:
Wou'd, ye Shepherds, happy prove,
Learn, O! quickly learn to love.

P H I L L I S.

|| Lock'd within thy Arms to rest,
Sorrow ne'er invades my Breast,
Hence Disquietude and Care,
Nought but Joy can enter here:
Would, ye Virgins, happy prove,
Learn, O! quickly learn to love.

D U E T. *From the nuptial Tye, &c.*

D A M O N.

Hear my Pray'r, ye Pow'rs divine,
Long be gentle *Phillis* mine!
Else, if cruelly severe,
Envious Fates denies my Pray'r,
Happy in the nuptial Tye,
O! together let us die.

P H I L L I S.

Hear, ye kind and gracious Gods,
Happy in your blest Abodes;
Hear my Pray'r, ye Pow'rs divine,
Long be gentle *Damon* mine:
Happy in the nuptial Tye,
Else together let us die.

*The four Verses marked thus ||, are generally omitted
in the Performance.*

S O N G

S O N G CXV.

A M A N D A.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

GO, tell *Amanda*, gentle Swain,
 How much I love, nor dare complain;
 Thy tuneful Voice can Numbers join,
 Thy Words can more persuade than mine.

To Hearts oppress'd and dumb with Grief,
 The Gods ordain this kind Relief;
 That Musick should in Sounds convey,
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

A Sigh, a Tear, perhaps she'll give,
 But Love on Pity cannot live;
 Tell her, that Hearts for Hearts were made,
 And Love with Love is only paid.

Tell her, my Pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past Redress;
 For, ah! the Swain that bleeding lies,
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

S O N G CXVI.

The MIRACLE; or the REASONABLE FAIR;

A new Song, set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

WHILE *Phillis*, with ambitious Views,
 Her Int'rest with the Men pursues;
 While selfish *Sylvia* aims her Darts,
 At Lovers Purples, not their Hearts;
 May I, in calm Contentment, find
 An easy Balance o'er the Mind:

F

Indulge,

Indulge, ye Pow'rs that I adore,
Those trivial Boons ; I ask no more.

O ! may I be with Wisdom fraught
A *Pallas* in the Depth of Thought ;
Let me in Sweets with *Flora* vie,
With Heav'ns great Queen in Majesty ;
Let me be more than *Venus* fair,
With such a Shape, and such an Air,
No Female e'er possess'd before,
Of Fate, and Heav'n, I ask no more.

Let Fame, who with the rest makes free,
Or celebrate, or wink at me ;
Let me, instead of Rivals, find
Friends, and Allies, in Woman kind :
Let, what I *do*, or *say*, or *wear*,
Be Fashion 'mongst the Young and Fair :
Indulge, ye Pow'rs that I adore,
Those trivial Boons ; I ask no more.

May Crouds of Lovers throng my Gate,
And in obsequious Levees wait,
To make all Day a grand Parade,
All Night as grand a Serenade ;
Let them waft Sighs, and Verses sing,
And every amorous Present bring :
Let them grant all they have in Store,
Of them, and Heav'n, I ask no more.

S O N G CXVII.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

HOW easy was *Colin*, how blithe and how
gay !
Ere he met the fair *Gbloris*, how sprightly his Lay

So graceful her Form, so accomplish'd her Mind,
 Sure Pity, he thought, with such Charms must be
 join'd!

Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
 How just was her Motion, how sweet was her
 Tongue!

And when the Youth told her his passionate Flame,
 She allow'd him to fancy her Heart felt the same.

With Ardour he press'd her, to think him sincere,
 But, alas! she redoubled each Hope and each
 Fear;

She would not deny, nor she would not approve,
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her
 Love.

Now chear'd by Complacence, now froze by Dis-
 dain,

He languish'd for Freedom, but languish'd in vain;
 'Till *Thyriss*, who pity'd so helpless a Slave,
 Eas'd his Heart of its Pain by the Counsel he gave.

Forfake her, said he, and reject her awhile;
 If she loves you, she soon will return with a Smile:
 You can judge of her Passion by Absence alone,
 And by Absence will conquer her Heart, or—your
 own.

This Advice he pursu'd; but the Remedy prov'd
 Too fatal, alas! to the Fair-one he lov'd;
 Which cur'd his own Passion, but left her in vain
 To sigh for a Heart she could never regain.

SONG CXVIII.

*Imitated from the French.**Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.*

YES, these are the Scenes where with *Iris* I
stray'd;

But short was her Sway for so lovely a Maid :
In the Bloom of her Youth to a Cloyster she run;
In the Bloom of her Graces, too fair for a Nun!
Ill grounded, no Doubt, a Devotion must prove
So fatal to Beauty, so killing to Love !

Yes, these are the Meadows, the Shrubs and the
Plains ;

Once the Scene of my Pleasures, the Scene of my
Pains ;

How many soft Moments I spent in this Grove!
How fair was my Nymph ! and how fervent my
Love !

Be still tho' my Heart, thine Emotion give o'er;
Remember, the Season of Love is no more.

With her, how I stray'd amid Fountains and Bow'rs,
Or loiter'd behind, and collected the Flow'rs !

Then breathless, with Ardour, my Fair-one pursu'd,
And to think with what Kindness my Garland
she view'd !

But be still, my fond Heart, this Emotion give
o'er ;

Fain would'st thou forget, thou must love her no
more.

SONG CXIX.

ODE TO CUPID ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

COME, thou rosy dimpled Boy,
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt Joy,
 Leave the blissful Bow'rs awhile,
Paphos and the *Cyprian* Isle:
 Visit *Britain's* rocky Shore;
Britons too thy Pow'r adore;
Britons hardy, bold, and free,
 Own thy Laws, and yield to thee.
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt Joy,
 Come, thou rosy dimpled Boy.

Haste to *Sylvia*, haste away,
 This is thine and *Hymen's* Day;
 Bid her thy soft Bondage wear,
 Bid her for Love's Rites prepare.
 Let the Nymphs with many a Flow'r
 Deck the sacred nuptial Bow'r;
 Thither lead the lovely Fair,
 And let *Hymen* too be there.
 This is thine and *Hymen's* Day,
 Haste to *Sylvia*, haste away!

Only while we love, we live,
 Love alone can Pleasure give.
 Pomp and Pow'r, and tinsel State,
 Those false Pageants of the Great;
 Crowns and Scepters, envied Things,
 And the Pride of *Eastern* Kings;
 Are but childish, empty Toys,
 When compar'd to Love's sweet Joys.
 Love alone can Pleasure give,
 Only while we love, we live.

SONG CXX.

The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native Bow'rs,
 Ere while I pass'd the Day!
 Was ever Scene so deck'd with Flow'rs?
 Were ever Flow'rs so gay?
 How sweetly smil'd the Hill, the Vale,
 And all the Landskip round!
 The River gliding down the Dale!
 The Hill with Beaches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender Woes
 I speed to meet my Dear,
 That Hill and Stream my Zeal oppose,
 And check my fond Career.
 No more, since *Daphne* was my Theme,
 Their wonted Charms I see;
 That verdant Hill, and Silver Stream,
 Divide my Love and me.

SONG CXXI.

CUPID AND CHLOE.

A Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

TO deck her Bosom *Chloe* chose,
 Before all Flow'rs, the blushing Rose;
 It made her Breasts more lovely shew,
 And added Whiteness to their Snow.
 The tender Nymph, herself a Bud,
 So much already—understood.

A I R.

But once, blest'd Hour ! she went to see
 The Produce of the fav'rite Tree,
 A large and tempting Rose she found,
 Which spread its Perfumes all around ;
 It seem'd to court the Virgin's Hand,
 The Virgin did not long withstand,
 She pluck'd—but, O ! a sudden Pain
 Made her release the Stalk again :
 The Wound appear'd, her Finger bled,
 And stain'd the Rose with guilty red.
 The Nymph, with Pain and Anger mov'd,
 Began to hate what once she lov'd ;
 She sigh'd, she wept, and stamp'd and swore,
 She'd touch the odious Tree no more.

RECITATIVE.

When forth a little *Cupid* came,
 T'appease the crying, angry Dame ;
 The angry Nymph the God perceives,
 Struggling, through th'intangling Leaves ;
 When, from his fragrant Ambuscade,
 He thus accosts the weeping Maid.

A I R.

Cease, *Chloe*, cease, and do not cry,
 Nor blame the harmless Tree—'twas I.
 'Twas I that caus'd the little Pain,
 And I will make it well again.
 My Mother bade me do't; and said,
 This Herb wou'd ease the suff'ring Maid :
 Let it but to the Place be bound,
 'Twill stop the Blood, and heal the Wound.

RECITATIVE.

But, *Chloe*, if so small a Dart,
 And in the Finger, give such Smart,
 What, Madam, if I'd pierc'd your Heart?
 Cease then to scorn my Pow'r; and know,
 By what I've done, what I can do.
 Here he assum'd an awful Look,
 He nodded thrice, his Locks he shook,
 And mimick'd *Jove* in all he spoke.
 With strenuous Arm he twang'd his Bow,
 He shew'd her all his Quiver too;
 This, says the God—and this, the Dart,
 That wounded such and such a Heart.
 The Virgin saw, admir'd, believ'd, and bow'd—
 The God, with Smiles, receiv'd the Adoration
 which she paid,
 And wav'd his purple Wings, and left the won-
 d'ring Maid.

A I R.

My *Chloe* still can shew the Scar,
 And boasts the God's peculiar Care:
 She loves, and is belov'd again,
 Secur'd of Pleasure, free from Pain.
 I've seen the Rose adorn'd with Blood,
 Which from my *Chloe*'s Finger flow'd;
 I've seen the Sprig where *Cupid* stood;
 I saw his little fragrant Nest—
 And *Chloe* told me all the rest.

[Da Capo.]

S O N G CXXII.

FORGIVE me, if your Looks I thought
 Did once some Change discover;
 To be too jealous, is the Fault
 Of ev'ry tender Lover.

My

My Faith these kind Reproaches shew,
Which you blame so severely;
A Sign, alas! you little know
What 'tis to love sincerely.

The Torments of a long Despair,
I did in Silence smother;
But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,
To think you love another.

My Fate depends alone on you,
I am but what you'll make me:
Divinely blest, if you prove true,
Undone, if you forsake me.

SONG CXXIII.

STREPHON AND CELIA.

*A Pastoral Dialogue.**Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.*

STREPHON.

TELL me, *Celia*, why so coy?

Why averse to Love and Joy?

All the Bliss the Fair can know,
Must from happy Union flow.Then from me that Bliss receive,
Give me Love and learn to live.

CELIA.

Cou'd I trust! but, O! I fear
Vows of Love are Vows of Air;

Should I to thy Suit agree,

Love will end with Liberty:

Distant Good we fondly prize,
Which, possess'd, we soon despise.

F 5

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

Why should Virgin Fears torment?
Doubts are Traitors to Content;
None of Bondage can complain,
Who for Love meet Love again;
Only the suspicious Mind,
Jealous Fetters closely bind.

CELIA.

Better shun the dubious State,
Than repent when 'tis too late:
Beauty, Youth's Companion, flies;
Passion, Beauty's Offspring dies:
So, when wintry Age comes on,
You'll forget the Sun has shone.

STREPHON.

'Tis not that love-darting Eye,
Nor those Lips of Coral dye;
Gentle Manners, void of Art,
Strike the Sense, and wound the Heart;
'Tis from thence my Passion's bred,
That will live, when Beauty's dead.

CELIA.

I my willing Heart resign,
Who'd withstand such Truth as thine?

DUET.

Nothing shall our Bliss remove,
That the wond'ring World may prove,
When two faithful Hearts agree,
Love is Life and Liberty.

SONG

S O N G CXXIV.

R O N D E A U.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

EV'RY Blifs that Heav'n can give,
With dear *Myra* is to live,
Hear her talk, and see her smile,
Fondly gazing all the while :
Constantly with Raptures trace
Ev'ry Charm of Mind and Grace ;
Snatch her to my glowing Breast,
When with Tenderness opprest.

Ev'ry Blifs, &c.

But of these, if once depriv'd,
Long, too long, I shall have liv'd ;
Frankly I'd resign my Breath ;
Myra lost, is worse than Death.

Ev'ry Blifs, &c.

S O N G CXXV.

Address'd to a young Lady.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

WHEN, lovely Maid, with thee I join'd
In humble Suit to Heav'n,
Unusual Comfort cheer'd my Mind,
And spoke my Faults forgiv'n.

My Griefs were hush'd, my Joy serene,
No anxious Care I knew :
Lost to my Thought this earthly Scene,
All but my Love for you.

F 6

Fain

Fain would I think, that thou, dear Maid,
 By pitying Heav'n wast sent
 To lend an erring Sinner Aid,
 And teach him to repent.
 Vouchsafe me still the pious Care,
 O! crown the great Design;
 Reward my Passion, charming Fair,
 And fix me Heav'ns—and thine.

SONG CXXVI.

The HAWTHORN-BOWER.

The Words by Mr. Cunningham.

PALEMON, in the Hawthorn-Bower,
 With fond Impatience lay;
 He counted every anxious Hour
 That stretch'd the tedious Day.
 The rosy Dawn, *Pastora* nam'd,
 And vow'd that she'd be kind;
 But, ah! the setting Sun proclaim'd
 That Women's Vows are—Wind.

The fickle Sex the Boy defy'd,
 And swore in Terms profane,
 That Beauty in her brightest Pride
 Might sue to him in vain.

When *Delia* from the neighb'ring Glade
 Appear'd in all her Charms,
 Each angry Vow *Palemon* made,
 Was lost in *Delia's* Arms.

The Lovers had not long reclin'd,
 Before *Pastora* came:
 Inconstancy, she cry'd, I find
 In ev'ry Heart's the same;

For

For young *Alexis* sigh'd and prest,
With such bewitching Pow'r,
I quite forgot the wishing Guest,
That waited in the Bower.

S O N G CXXVII.

C O R Y D O N.

A Pastoral, to the Memory of William Shenston, Esq;
The Words by Mr. Cunningham.

Set by Mr. Langdon.

C O M E, Shepherds, we'll follow the Hearse,
We'll see our lov'd *Corydon* laid;
Tho' Sorrow may blemish the Verse,
Yet let the sad Tribute be paid.
They call'd him the Pride of the Plain,
In sooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd, in his elegant Strain,
The Graces that glow'd in his Mind.

On Purpose he planted yon Trees,
That Birds in the Covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his Thyme for the Bees,
But never once rifled their Cell.
Ye Lambkins, who play'd at his Feet,
Go bleat—and your Master bemoan;
His Music was artless and sweet,
His Manners as mild as your own.

No Verdure shall cover the Vale,
No Bloom on the Blossoms appear;
The Sweets of the Forest shall fail;
And Winter discolour the Year.

No Birds in our Hedges shall sing,
 (Our Hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the Spring,
 Can greet the gay Season no more.

His *Phillis* was Fond of his Praise,
 And Poets came round in a Throng;
 They listen'd—they envied his Lays,
 But which of them equal'd his Song?
 Ye Shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral Strain;
 So give me my *Corydon's* Flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

S O N G CXXVIII.

Translated from the Italian of Metastasio.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

HOW slowly does his gen'rous Heart
 Another's Crime believe,
 Who ne'er himself, with treach'rous Art,
 Another could deceive.
 No wonder he, whose Honour try'd,
 From Truth could ne'er descend,
 Should think no Falshood could reside
 Beneath the Name of Friend!

S O N G CXXIX.

Written by Lord Lyttelton.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

WHEN I think on your Truth, I doubt
 you no more;
 I blame all the Fears I gave way to before;

I say to my Heart, be at rest, and believe
That whom once she has chosen she never will
leave.

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing Grace,
That plays in the Smiles of that heavenly Face,
My Heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate Rival in every Friend.

These painful Suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your Charms nor my
Love;

But Doubts, caus'd by Passion, you never can
blame,

For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

S O N G CXXX.

The I N D I F F E R E N T.

A Cantata, translated from the Italian of Metastasio.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THANKS, *Chloe!* thy coquetting Art,
At length, have heal'd my love-sick Heart,
At length thy Slave is Free;
I feel no Tyrant's proud Controul,
I feel no Inmate in my Soul,
But Peace and Liberty.

A I R.

No longer now a fierce Desire
In Anger masks its am'rous Fire,
And fiercer Burns suppress'd;
I blush not when thy Name I hear,
I meet thee suddenly, and fear
No flutt'ring in my Breast.

Put on thy Looks of cold Disdain,
 Or speak respectful, 'tis in Vain,
 Nor Frowns, nor Smiles can move ;
 Those Lips no more have Words that bind,
 Those Eyes no more have Light to find
 The Path that leads to Love.

RECITATIVE.

But still I hear you smiling say,
 'Tis sign you have flung your Chains away,
 You take such Pains to shew 'em :
 Why, *Chloe*, there's a fond Delight
 Our former Dangers to recite,
 And let our Neighbours know 'em.

AIR.

I talk, 'cause Talking gives Delight,
 I please myself, not *Chloe* by't,
 Nor care if she believe :
 And when she deigns myself to name,
 Whether she praise my Song or blame,
 I neither joy nor grieve.

SONG CXXXI.

DAMON AND PHILLIS. A Pastoral Dialogue.

The Words by Mr. Cunningham.

Set by Richard Langdon, M. B.

DAMON.

WHEN *Phillis* was faithful, and fond as
 she's fair,
 I twisted young Roses in Wreaths for my Hair ;
 But, ah ! the sad Willow's a Shade for my Brows,
 For *Phillis* no longer remembers her Vows !

To

To the Groves, with young *Colin*, the Shepherdess
flies,
While *Damon* disturbs the still Plains with his
Sighs.

PHILLIS.

Bethink thee, false *Damon*, before you upbraid,
When *Phæbe*'s fair Lambkin had Yesterday stray'd,
Thro' the Woodlands you wander'd, poor *Phillis*
forgot,
And drove the gay Rambler quite Home to her
Cot :

A Swain so deceitful, no Damsel can prize ;
Tis *Phæbe*, not *Phillis*, lays claim to your Sighs.

DAMON.

Like Summer's full Season young *Phæbe* is kind,
Her Manners are graceful, untainted her Mind !
The Sweets of Contentment her Cottage adorn,
She's fair as the Rose-bud, and fresh as the Morn !
She smiles like *Pomona*.—These Smiles I'd resign,
If *Phillis* were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

PHILLIS.

On the Tabor young *Colin* so prettily plays !
He sings me sweet Sonnets, and writes in my
Praise !

He chose me his True-love, last *Valentine*'s Day,
When Birds sat like Bridegrooms all pair'd on
the Spray ;

Yet, I'd drive the gay Shepherd far, far from my
Mind,

If *Damon*, the Rover, were constant and kind.

DAMON.

Fine Folk, my sweet *Phillis*, may revel and range,
But Fleeting's the Pleasure that's founded on
Change !

In

In the Villager's Cottage such Constancy springs,
That Peasants, with Pity, may look down on
Kings.

D U E T.

To the Church then let's hasten, our Transports
to bind,
And *Damon* will always prove faithful and kind.

P H I L L I S.

To the Church then let's hasten, our Transports
to bind,
And *Phillis* will always prove faithful and kind.

S O N G CXXXII.

A M P H I T R I O N. A Cantata.

The Words by Mr. Cunningham.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A M P H I T R I O N and his Bride, a gold-
like Pair!

He brave as *Mars*, and she as *Venus* fair!
On Thorns of Gold, in purple Triumph plac'd,
With matchless Splendor held the nuptial Feast:
Whilst the high Roof with loud Applauses rung,
Enraptur'd, thus the happy Hero sung:

A I R.

Was mighty *Jove* descending,
In all his Wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this Charmer mine;
His Shafts of bolted Thunder,
With Boldness, I'd deride;
Not Heav'n itself can sunder
The Hearts that Love has ty'd.

Recit

RECITATIVE.

The Thunderer heard—he look'd with Ven-
 geance down,
 Till Beauty's Glance disarm'd his awful Frown.
 The magic Impulse of *Alcmena's* Eyes
 Compell'd the conquer'd God to quit his Skies;
 He feign'd the Husband's Form, possess'd her
 Charms,
 And punish'd his Presumption in her Arms;

A I R.

He deserves sublimest Pleasure,
 Who reveals it not, when won :
 Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure;
 Boast it—and the Fool's undone !
 Learn by this unguarded Lover,
 When your secret Sighs prevail,
 Not to let your Tongue discover
 Raptures that it should conceal.

S O N G CXXXIII.

CRIMSON Leaves the Rose adorn,
 But beneath them lurks a Thorn ;
 Fair and flow'ry is the Brake,
 Yet it hides the 'vengeful Snake.
 Think not she, whose empty Pride
 Dares the fleecy Garb deride.
 Think not she who, light and vain,
 Scorns the Sheep can love the Swain.

S O N G

SONG CXXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Scott, in The Capricious Lover.

IN Tyrant Love, with cruel Dart,
Transfix the Maiden's tender Heart;
Of easy Faith, and fond Belief,
She hugs the Dart, and aids the Thief.
Till left, her helpless State to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while Grief her Bosom stings,
As well as Darts the God has Wings.

SONG CXXXV.

The GOLDFINCH TO CHLOE.

A young Lady, remarkably fond of a Song of Mr. Handel's, beginning with, 'Tis Liberty, &c. had a tame Goldfinch, which used to hop about her Harpsichord whilst she sung it; which, at last flying away, occasioned the following Words.

RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleasing Notes, as Chloë sung
The Charms of Heavenly Liberty,
A gentle Bird, till then with Bondage pleas'd,
With Ardour panted to be free;

His Prison broke, he seeks the distant Plain;
Yet, ere he flies, tunes forth this parting Strain.

AIR.

Whilst to the distant Vale I wing,
Nor wait the slow Return of Spring,
Rather in leafless Groves to dwell
Than in my Chloë's warmer Cell;
Forgive me, Mistress, since by thee
I first was taught *sweet Liberty*.

Soon as the welcome Spring shall chear,
 With genial Warmth, the drooping Year,
 I'll tell, upon the topmast Spray,
 Thy sweeter Notes improv'd my Lay,
 And in my Prison learn'd from thee,
 To warble forth *sweet Liberty*.
 Waste not on me an useless Care,
 That kind Concern let *Strephon* share;
 Slight are my Sorrows, slight my Ills,
 To those which he, poor Captive! feels,
 Who, kept in hopeless Bonds by thee,
 Yet strives not for his Liberty.

SONG CXXXVI.

The SHEPHERD and CUPID.

TWAS early on a Holiday,
 A harmless Shepherd chanc'd to stray,
 And wand'ring near a Crystal Brook,
 He sat him down to bait his Hook:
 Thus said the Shepherd, free from Care,
 If I the Gudgeon should ensnare,
 Or any of the scaly Fry,
 I'd envy none beneath the Sky."

His Sport was harmless as his Mind;
 Upon his Hand his Head reclin'd;
 And list'ning to the Wood-Lark's Note,
 He watch'd the Motion of his Float:
 Scarce obtain'd a single Swim,
 When Cupid round the Swain did skim
 With feather'd Wings extended wide,
 And settled by the Shepherd's Side.

The

The Swain had heard of Bows and Darts,
 And *Cupid's* Snares, that torture Hearts ;
 Became uneasy at the Sight,
 But artfully conceal'd his Fright ;
 " I prithee, *Cupid*, tell, I pray,
 " What brought thee out so soon to Day ?"
 " In Truth, said he, my Sport's like thine ;
 " I hither came to wet my Line."
 " If that be true, thou pretty Boy,
 " Then leave with me that glitt'ring Toy ;
 " I mean the Arrow in thy Hand ;
 " Then equally we'll share our Stand."
 " Shepherd, I'll give thee any thing ;
 " Pray take with it my Bow and String."
 The Swain secure his Cheek did stroke,
 And, sily, *Cupid's* Arrow broke.

But, lo ! an Angel's Voice he heard,
 And soon an Angel's Form appear'd ;
 With Eyes so bright, as Poets say,
 Should *Phæbus* sleep, might rule the Day ;
 The Shepherd listen'd to her Song ;
 I fear the Shepherd gaz'd too long,
 For as her Eyes their Beams withdrew,
 Her fatal Looks the Shepherd slew.

At first he felt uncommon Smart,
 And fear'd the Boy conceal'd a Dart :
 Then faintly turning, " Child," said he,
 " This evil Arrow comes from thee."
 " O ! Shepherd, it is no such Thing ;
 " Thou hadst my Arrow, Bow, and String.
 " But now I guess for whom you smart ;
 " The Nymph you saw has pierc'd your Heart

SONG CXXXVII.

A favourite Song, for two Voices.

Set by Mr. Travers.

The Words by Matt. Prior.

WHEN *Bibo* thought fit from the World to
retreat,
As full of Champagne as an Egg's full of Meat,
He wak'd in the Boat, and to *Charon* he said,
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the Boat, and sit quiet!" stern *Charon*
reply'd;
"You may have forgot—you were drunk when
"you dy'd."

SONG CXXXVIII.

Sung in The Capricious Lovers.

THO' my Dress, as my Manners, is simple
and plain,
A Rascal I hate, and a Knave I disdain;
My Dealings are just, and my Conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have Thousands a
Year.

Tho' bent down with Age, and for Sporting un-
couth,
I feel no Remorse for the Follies of Youth;
I still tell my Tale, and rejoice in my Song,
And my Boys think my Age not a Moment too
long.

Let

Let the Courtiers, those Dealers in Grin and Grimace,
 Creep under, dance over, for Title or Place;
 Above all the Titles that flow from a Throne,
 That of Honest I prize—and that Title's my own.

S O N G CXXXIX.

Sung in The SHEPHERD'S LOTTERY.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

TO dear *Amarillis* young *Strepson* had long
 Declar'd his fix'd Passion, and dy'd for it
 Song :

He went one *May* Morning to meet in the Grove,
 By her own dear Appointment, this Goddess of Love:
 Mean Time in his Mind all her Charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each—Can a Lover do more ?

He waited, and waited, then changing his Strain,
 'Twas Fury and Rage, and Despair and Disdain!
 The Sun was commanded to hide his dull Light,
 And the whole Course of Nature was alter'd
 downright :

'Twas his hapless Fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change——Can a Lover do more ?

Cleora, it happ'd, was by Accident there;
 No Rose-Bud so tempting, no Lily so fair:
 He press'd her white Hand, next her Lips he essay'd;
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the Maid:
 Her kindly Compliance his Peace did restore,
 And dear *Amarillis*——was thought of no more.

S O N G

S O N G CXL.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

NO longer let whimsical Songsters compare
The Merits of Wine with the Charms of
the Fair :

I appeal to the Men, to determine between
A Tun-belly'd Bacchus and Beauty's fair Queen.

The Pleasures of Drinking henceforth I resign ;
Fortho' there is Mirth, yet there's Madness in Wine :
Then let not false Sparkles our Senses beguile ;
'Tis the Mention of *Chloe* that makes the Glass smile.

Her Beauties with Rapture my Senses inspire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire !
But the Charms of her Temper and Mind I adore ;
These Virtues shall bless me when Beauty's no more.

How happy our Days when with Love we engage !
'Tis the Transport of Youth ; 'tis the Comfort of
Age :

But what are the Joys of the Bottle or Bowl ?
Wine tickles the Taste, Love enraptures the Soul !

A Sot, as he riots in Liquor, will cry,
The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.
From this fair Confession, 'tis plain, my good Friend,
You're a Toper eternal, and drink to no End.

Your Big-belly'd Bottle may ravish your Eye,
But how foolish you look when your Bottle is dry !

G

From

From Woman, dear Woman, sweet Pleasure must
spring ;

Nay the Stoics must own it—she is the best Thing.

Yet some Praises to Wine we may justly afford ;
For a Time it will make one as great as a Lord ;
But Woman, for ever, gives Transport to Man,
And I'll love the dear Sex—aye, as long as I can.

S O N G CXL I.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the English Opera of A-
TAXERXES.

Set by Dr. Arne.

IF o'er the cruel Tyrant, Love,
A Conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring Error cease to prove,
O ! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle Flame,
Which Love did first create ;
What was my Pride is now my Shame,
And must be turn'd to Hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring Mind
The Weakness of my Heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a Traitor's Part.

S O N G CXLII.

CANTATA. *Translated from the French by the*
late Lord Lansdown.

Set by Dr. Arne.

FROLIC and free, for Pleasure born,
Dull, self-denying Fools I scorn :

mult The proffer'd Bliss I'll ne'er refuse,
 This often troublesome to chuse.
 hing. Lov'st thou, my Friend? I love at Sight.
 Drink'st thou? This Bumper does thee Right:
 d; At random with the Stream I flow,
 d; And play my Part, where'er I go.
 an,
 I can.

But, God of Sleep, since we must be
 Oblig'd to give some Hours to thee;
 Invade me not, while the full Bowl
 Glows in my Cheeks, and warms my Soul!
 At. Be that the only Time to snore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more:
 Short, very short, be then thy Reign,
 For I'm in Haste to live again.

But, Oh! if melting in my Arms,
 The Nymph belov'd, with all her Charms,
 In some soft Dream should then surprise,
 And grant what waking she denies;
 Gentle Slumber, prithee stay;
 Slowly, slowly, bring the Day!
 May no rude Noise my Bliss destroy!
 Such sweet Delusion is real Joy.

S O N G CXLIII.

CANTATA. *The MORNING.* Set by Dr. Arne.

THE glitt'ring Sun begins to rise
 On yonder Hill, and paints the Skies;
 The Lark his warbling Matin sings;
 Each Flow'r in all its Beauty springs;
 The Village up, the Shepherd tries
 His Pipe, and to the Woodland hies.

Oh! that on th'enamell'd Green
 My *Delia*, lovely Maid, were seen;
 Fresher than the Roses bloom,
 Sweeter than the Meads Perfume.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away,
 To *Delia's* Ear the tender Notes convey;
 As some lone Turtle his lost Love deplores,
 And with shrill Echoes fill the sounding Shores;
 So I, like him abandon'd and forlorn,
 With ceaseless Complaints my absent *Delia* mourn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along:
 The Birds shall cease to tune their Ev'ning Song,
 The Winds to blow, the waving Woods to move,
 And Streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

Not bubbling Fountains to the thirsty Swain,
 Nor balmy Sleep to Lab'ers spent with Pain,
 Nor Show'rs to Larks, nor Sunshine to the Bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy Sight to me.

S O N G CXLIV.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

WHAT'beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight
 How closely yonder Vine
 Does round that Elm's supporting Height
 Her wanton Ringlets twine!
 That Elm (no more a barren Shade)
 Is with her Clusters crown'd;
 And that fair Vine, without his Aid,
 Had crept along the Ground.

Let this, my Fair-one, move thy Heart
 Connubial Joys to prove,
 Yet mark what Age and Care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on Love :
 Know thy own Blifs, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy Charms,
 The youthful God that rules the Year,
 And keeps thy Groves from Harms.

While some with short-liv'd Passion glow,
 His Love remains the same ;
 On him alone thy Heart bestow,
 And crown his constant Flame :
 So shall no Frost's untimely Pow'r
 Deform the blooming Spring ;
 So shall thy Trees, from Blasts secure,
 Their wonted Tribute bring.

SONG CXLV.

In ACIS and GALATEA.

LOVE sounds th'Alarm,
 And Fear is a flying ;
 When Beauty's the Prize,
 What Mortal fears dying ?
 In Defence of my Treasure
 I'll bleed at each Vein ;
 Without her no Pleasure,
 For Life is a Pain.

SONG CXLVI.

VALENTINE'S DAY. A Ballad.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN Blushes dy'd the Cheek of Morn,
 And Dew-drops glisten'd on the Thorn ;
 G 3 When

When Sky-larks tun'd their Carols sweet,
 To hail the God of Light and Heat;
Philander, from his downy Bed,
 To fair *Lisetta's* Chamber sped,
 Crying—Awake, sweet Love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy *Valentine* !

Soft Love, that balmy Sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant Eyes,
 Which (that a Kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again :
 He sunk, thus caught in Beauty's Trap,
 Like *Phæbus* into *Thetis'* Lap,
 And near forgot that his Design
 Was but to be her *Valentine*.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone !
Philander, charming Youth, be gone !
 For this Time, to your Vows sincere,
 Make Virtue, not your Love, appear :
 No Sleep has clos'd these watchful Eyes
 (Forgive the simple fond Disguise) ;
 To gen'rous Thoughts your Heart incline,
 And be my faithful *Valentine*.

The brutal Passion sudden fled,
 Fair Honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting Sun,
 To join two virtuous Hearts in one :
 Their beauteous Offspring soon did prove
 The sweet Effects of mutual Love ;
 And, from that Hour to Life's Decline,
 She blest'd the Day of *Valentine*.

SONG CXLVII.

Sung in the English Opera of ARTAXERXES.

Set by Dr. Arne.

IN Infancy our Hopes and Fears
 Were to each other known;
 And Friendship, in our riper Years,
 Has twin'd our Hearts in one:
 O! clear him then from this Offence;
 Thy Love, thy Duty, prove:
 Restore him with that Innocence
 Which first inspir'd my Love

SONG CXLVIII.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the English Opera of
 ARTAXERXES.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD on *Letbe's* dismal Strand
 Thy Father's troubled Image stand!
 In his Face what Grief profound!
 See he rolls his haggard Eyes!
 Hark! "Revenge! Revenge!" he cries,
 And points to his still-bleeding Wound.
 Obey the Call, revenge his Death,
 And calm his Soul that gave thee Breath.

SONG CXLIX.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in ARTAXERXES.

THY Father! - away! - I renounce the soft Claim,
 Thou Spot to my Honour! thou Blast to
 my Fame!

Let Justice the Traitor to Punishment bring ;
His Father he lost when he murder'd his King.

S O N G C L.

Sung in ARTAXERXES.

WHEN real Joy we miss,
'Tis some Degree of Bliss,
To reap ideal Pleasure,
And dream of hidden Treasure.

The Soldier dreams of Wars,
And conquers without Scars ;
The Sailor in his Sleep
With Safety plows the Deep :

So I, through Fancy's Aid,
Enjoy my Heav'nly Maid,
And, blest with thee and Love,
Am greater far than *Jove*.

S O N G C L I.

*A Favourite Duetto, in the English Opera of
ARTAXERXES.*

FAIR *Aurora*, prithee stay ;
O retard unwelcome Day ;
Think what Anguish rends my Breast,
Thus caressing, thus carest.
From the Idol of my Heart
Forc'd at thy Approach to part.

S O N G

SONG CLII.

Set by Mr Battishill.

RECITATIVE.

TO yonder Beech's friendly Shade
 Repair, my *Aura*, lovely Maid;
 And while our Lambkins Frolick make,
 Thy Shepherd's Treasure smiling take.

AIR.

Were to my Wish thy Temples bound,
 How *India's* Gems should blaze around!
 Yet Wishes are but idle Breath;
 Accept, in lieu, a Rosy Wreath:
 Had I proud *Persia* at my Beck,
 What gaudy Robes my Fair should deck!
 But as it is, vouchsafe to wear
 What once enwrapt my fleecy Care.

Of burnish'd Gold, or Silver fair,
 Those Feet of thine should Sandals bear:
 But all I have to offer now,
 The Hide of *Dap*, thy fav'rite Cow.
 Said *Aura*—Sandals, Robes and Crowns,
 Are slender Proofs 'gainst Fortune's Frowns;
 We've Health and Ease—Is Heaven scant?
 Here take my Hand—we've all we want.

SONG CLIII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

O Love, thou bitter Foe to Rest,
 Who hast within this harmless Breast

So home the sick'ning Arrow sent,
 Relieve a poor unwary Maid,
 Who, fondly gazing, was betray'd,
 Nor knew what Self-delusion meant.

Since Custom, cruel to the Fair,
 Forbids my Passion to declare,
 Assist, blind God of soft Desire;
 To thy Omnipotence I kneel;
 Let him my secret Anguish feel,
 And burn for me with equal Fire.

Then, if the lovely Youth appear,
 By Turns inclin'd to Hope and Fear,
 And tenderly his Passion move;
 My Heart shall flutter to his Sighs;
 With gentle Looks I'll meet his Eyes,
 And never, never cease to love.

S. O N G CLIV.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE. *A Cantata:*

Set by Dr. Arne.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE faithless *Theseus* scarce had got on board,
 When *Ariadne* wak'd; and miss'd her Lord,
 Sudden she rose, and to the Beach she flew,
 And saw his Vessel less'ning to her View:
 She smote her Breast; she rav'd, and tore her Hair,
 Then, in soft Complaints, she vented her Despair.

A I R.

A I R.

Ah! *Theseus*, *Theseus*, stay!
 Cease, cease, ye Winds, to blow!
 Kind *Neptune*, cease to flow,
 Nor waft my Love away!
 Ah! whither wilt thou go?
 Could I have serv'd thee so?
 Ah! *Theseus*, faithlels *Theseus*, tell me why
 You fly from her who gave thee Pow'r to fly?

R E C I T A T I V E.

The jolly God, who rules the jovial Bowl,
Bacchus, whose Gifts re-animate the Soul,
 Heard and beheld poor *Ariadne's* Grief,
 And gently thus administer'd Relief.

A I R.

Cease, lovely Nymph, to weep,
 Wipe off that falling Tear;
 Though *Theseus* plow the Deep,
 You've still a Lover here:
 I am *Bacchus*, God of Wine,
 God of Revelry and Joy;
 If *Ariadne* will be mine,
 Mirth shall ev'ry Hour employ.
 Come, *Silenus*, fill a Cup
 Of my choicest cordial Draught;
 Fill it, Man, why fill it up;
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy Thought;
 Fill it higher, to the Brink:
 Come, my lovely Mourner, drink!

R E C I T A T I V E.

With soft Reluctance she at last comply'd,
 And to her Lips the nectar'd Cup apply'd:

The potent Draught, with more than Magic Art,
 Flew thro' her Veins, and seiz'd her yielding Heart :
 In Wine ambrosial all her Cares were drown'd,
 And with Success the jovial God was crown'd :
 While old *Silenus*, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic Song.

A I R.

Learn hence, ye fond Maidens, who droop and
 who pine,
 Learn hence, ye fond Lovers, the Virtue of Wine:
 Let the Nymph, who's forsaken for one that's more
 fair,
 Take a comforting Glass, and 'twill drown all
 Despair ;
 And let the fond Youth, who wou'd win the coy Maid,
 Instead of his *Cupid's*, seek *Bacchus's* Aid.
 Jolly *Bacchus* ne'er fails of performing his Part :
 Let him gain the Head, and you'll soon gain the
 Heart.

S O N G CLV.

DUETTO, *in the Oratorio of JOSEPH,*

Set by Mr. Handel.

W H A T's sweeter than the new-blown Rose,
 Or Breezes from the new-mown Close ?
 What's sweeter than an April Morn,
 Or *Mayday's* Silver fragrant Thorn ?
 What than *Arabia's* spicy Grove ?
 Oh ! sweeter far the Breath of Love.

S O N G

SONG CLVI.

Set by Dr. Boyce. Sung by Mr. Champness, in
HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

COME, cheer up, my Lads, 'tis to Glory
we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful Year :
To Honour we call you, not press you like Slaves ;
For who are so free as we Sons of the Waves ?

CHORUS.

Heart of Oak are our Ships, Heart of Oak are our
We always are ready, [Men ;
Steady, Boys, steady ;
We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

We ne'er see our Foes, but we wish them to stay ;
They never see us, but they wish us away ;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore ;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of Oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible Foes,
They'll frighten our Women, and Children and
Beaus ;

But should their Flat-Bottoms in Darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Heart of Oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
them sweat,

In spite of the Devil and *Brussels Gazette* :

Then

Then cheer up, my Lads, with one Voice let us sing
Our Soldiers, our Sailors, our Statesmen and King.
Heart of Oak, &c.

S O N G CLVII.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

The Words by David Garrick, Esq;

YE fair married Dames, who so often deplore,
That a Lover once bless'd is a Lover no more;
Attend to my Counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught.

The Bloom of your Cheek, and the Glance of
your Eye,
Your Roses and Lilies, may make the Men sigh;
But Roses and Lilies, and Sighs pass away,
And Passion will die, as your Beauties decay.

Use the Man that you wed like your fav'rite Guittar;
Tho' Music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate Touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The Sparrow and Linnet will feed from your Hand,
Grow tame by your Kindness and come at Com-
mand:

Exert with your Husband the same happy Skill;
For Hearts, like your Birds, may be tam'd to
your Will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind;
Tarn the chief of your Care from your Face to
your Mind;

'Tis there that a Wife may her Conquests improve,
And *Hymen* shall rivet the Fetters of Love.

S O N G

S O N G CLVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in The Maid of the Mill.

WAS I sure a Life to lead,
 Wretched as the vilest Slave,
 Ev'ry Hardship wou'd I brave,
 Rudest Toil, severest Need,
 Ere yield my Hand so coolly
 To the Man who never truly
 Could my Heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others Success will insure you,
 Where your Wit and your Person may please;
 Take to them your Love, I conjure you,
 And in Mercy set me at Ease.

S O N G CLIX.

Sung by Miss Pope, in The Musical Lady.

LOVE's a sweet and soft Musician,
 Who derives his Skill from thee;
 Plays on ev'ry Disposition,
 Strikes the Soul on ev'ry Key.

Deep Despair now thrums *Adagio*,
 Lively Hope now sounds *Coragio*;
 O! the ravishing Transition!
 Tweedle-dum, and Tweedle-dee.

S O N G CLX.

A HUNTING SONG, in Apollo and Daphne.

THE Sun from the East tips the Mountains
 with Gold,
 And the Meadows all spangled with Dew-drops
 behold.

How

How the Lark's early Matin proclaims the new Day,
And the Horn's chearful Summons rebukes our
Delay!

With the Sports of the Field there's no Pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the Hounds in full Cry.

Let the Drudge of the Town make Riches his Sport,
And the Slave of the State hunt the Smiles of the
Court;

No Care nor Ambition our Patience annoy,
But Innocence still gives it Rest to our Joy.
With the Sports of the Field, &c.

Mankind are all Hunters in various Degree;
The Priest hunts a Living, the Lawyer a Fee;
The Doctor a Patient, the Courtier a Place;
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with Disgrace.
With the Sports of the Field, &c.

The Cit hunts a Plum, the Soldier hunts Fame;
The Poet a Dinner, the Patriot a Name;
And the artful Coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her Airs, she her Lover pursues.
With the Sports of the Field, &c.

Let the Bold, and the Busy, hunt Glory and Wealth;
All the Blessings we ask is the Blessing of Health;
With Hounds and with Horns, thro' the Wood-
lands to roam,
And when tir'd Abroad find Contentment at Home:

With

With the Sports of the Field there's no Pleasure
can vie,
While jocund we follow the Hounds in full Cry.

S O N G CLXI.

A PASTORAL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

FAREWELL, ye green Fields and sweet
Groves,

Where *Phillis* engag'd my fond Heart ;
Where Nightingales warble their Loves,
And Nature is dress'd without Art :
No Pleasure ye now can afford,
Nor Music can lull me to Rest ;
For *Phillis* proves false to her Word,
And *Strephon* can never be blest.

Oft-times by the Side of a Spring,
Where Roses and Lilies appear,
Gay *Phillis* of *Strephon* would sing,
For *Strephon* was all she held dear :
But as soon as she found, by my Eyes,
The Passion that glow'd in my Breast,
She then, to my Grief and Surprise,
Cry'd all she had said was a Jest.

Too late, to my Sorrow, I find
The Beauties alone that will last,
Are those that are fix'd in the Mind,
Which Envy nor Time cannot blast :

Beware

Beware then, beware how you trust
 Coquettes, who to Love make Pretence;
 For *Phillis* to me had been just,
 If Nature had blest her with Sense.

SONG CLXII.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

YE chearful Virgins, have you seen
 My fair *Myrtilla* pass the Green,
 To Rose or Jess'mine Bow'r?
 To Rose or Jess'mine Bow'r?
 Where does she seek the Woodbine Shade?
 For sure ye know the blooming Maid,
 Sweet as the *May-born* Flow'r;
 Sweet as the *May-born* Flow'r.

Her Cheeks are like the Maiden Rose
 Join'd with the Lily as it grows,
 Where each in Sweetness vie;
 Where each in Sweetness vie.
 Like Dew-Drops glitt'ring in the Morn,
 When *Phillis* guilds the flow'ring Thorn,
 Health sparkles in her Eye;
 Health sparkles in her Eye.

Her Song is like the Linnets Lay,
 That warbles chearful on the Spray,
 To hail the vernal Beam;
 To hail the vernal Beam.
 Her Heart is blither than her Song;
 Her Passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream;
 Like the smooth-gliding Stream.

SONG

S O N G CLXIII.

The ADVICE.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

YE Nymphs, who to the Throne of Love
 With Hearts submissive bow ;
 Who hope the mutual Blifs to prove,
 That crowns the nuptial Vow ;
 That crowns the nuptial Vow.
 Thro' Caution's Glas, by Reason lent,
 Oh ! view your Lovers clearly,
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The Man that loves you dearly :
 Nor think to wed, till that present
 The Man that loves you dearly ;
 The Man that loves you dearly.

Still blind to Wisdom's Ray, the Rake
 No social Blifs allows ;
 And he who long has rov'd, must make
 A good-for-nothing Spouse ;
 A good-for-nothing Spouse.
 Nor trust the Fop, tho' piteous Sighs
 Proclaim you've touch'd him clearly ;
 His own sweet Chams too much he'll prize,
 Nor can he love you dearly :
 His own, &c.

But when, with ev'ry manly Grace,
 A Youth of Soul refin'd,
 Who doating on your Form and Face,
 Thinks brighter still your Mind ;
 Thinks brighter Still your Mind :
 When such shall for the Favour sue,
 Oh ! yield your Hand sincerely,

And

And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
To Life's last Moment, dearly:
And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
To Life's last Moment, dearly;
To Life's last Moment, dearly.

SONG CLXIV.

Sung in The CHAPLET, by Mr. Vernon.

YO U say, at your Feet that I wept in Despair,
And vow'd that no Angel was ever so fair;
How could you believe all the Nonsense I spoke?
What know we of Angels?—I meant it in Joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
And nothing but Death should my Passion remove;
I have lik'd you a Twelvemonth, a Calendar-Year;
And not yet contented!—Have Conscience, my Dear.

SONG CLXV.

Sung by Mr. Morris, in Love in a Village.

LET gay Ones and Great
Make the most of their Fate;
From Pleasure to Pleasure they run:
Well, who cares a Jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my Dog and my Gun.

For Exercise, Air,
To the Fields I repair,
With Spirits unclouded and light:
The Bliss I find,
No Stings leave behind,
But Health and Diversion unite.

SONG

SONG CLXVI.

*Sung in The CHAPLET, by Mr. Vernon and
Mrs. Scott.*

DAMON.

CONTENTED all Day I will sit at your Side,
Where Poplars far stretching o'er-arch the
cool Tide;

And, while the clear River runs purling along,
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song;
The Thrush and the Linnet contend in their Song.

LAURA.

While you are but by me, no Danger I fear;
Ye Lambs, rest in Safety, my *Damon* is near;
Bound on, ye blithe Kids, now your Gambols may
please,

For my Shepherd is kind, and my Heart is at Ease;
For my Shepherd, &c.

DAMON.

Ye Virgins of *Britain*, bright Rivals of Day,
The Wish of each Heart, and the Theme of each Lay;
Ne'er yield to the Swain till he make you a Wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for Life;
For he who, &c.

LAURA.

Ye Youths, who fear nought but the Frowns of
the Fair,
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their Care;
Then scorn to their Ruin Assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet Creatures you're born to defend;
Nor betray, &c.

DUETTO.

For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd;
 Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be found:
 Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth,
 To preserve in their Age, what they gain'd in
 their Youth;
 To preserve in their Age, what they gain'd in
 their Youth.

S O N G CLXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Scott.

VAIN is ev'ry fond Endeavour
 To resist the tender Dart;
 For Examples move us never;
 We must feel, to know the Smart.
 When ~~the~~ Shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our Beauties sets to View;
 Vanity, her Aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due;
 Bids us think 'tis all our Due.

Softer than the vernal Breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful Strain;
 Frowning Truth our Sex displeases;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain:
 But, too soon, the happy Lover
 Does our tend'rest Hopes deceive:
 Man was form'd to be a Rover,
 Foolish Woman to believe;
 Foolish Woman to believe.

SONG

S O N G CLXVIII.

Set by Mr. Howard. The Words by Mr. Garrick.

O N C E more I'll tune the vocal Shell,
To Hills and Dales my Passion tell,
A Flame which Time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my *Peggy* :
You greater Bards, the Lyre should hit ;
For say, what Subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling Wit
And Bloom of lovely *Peggy* ?

The Sun first rising in the Morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled Thorn,
Does not so much the Day adorn,
As does my lovely *Peggy* :
And when in *Thetis*' Lap to rest,
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

When *Zephyr* on the Vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the Damask Rose,
It does not half the Sweets disclose,
As does my lovely *Peggy* :
I stole a Kiss the other Day,
And (trust me) nought but Truth I say,
The Fragrance of the blooming *May*
Was not so sweet as *Peggy*.

Was she array'd in rustic Weed,
With her the bleating Flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the Oaten Reed,
To please my lovely *Peggy* :

With

With her a Cottage would delight;
 All's happy when she's in my Sight;
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless Night,
 All's dark without my *Peggy*.

While Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r still rove,
 And Linnets warble thro' the Grove,
 Or stately Swans the Water love,
 So long shall I love *Peggy*:
 And when Death, with his pointed Dart,
 Shall strike the Blow that rives my Heart,
 My Words shall be when I depart,
 Adieu, my lovely *Peggy*!

S O N G CLXIX.

The SPINNING-WHEEL.

ONE Summer Eve, as *Nancy* fair
 Sat spinning in the Shade,
 While soaring Sky-Larks shook the Air
 In warbling o'er her Head;
 In tender Cooes the Pigeons woo'd
 (Love's Impulse all must feel;)
 She sung, but still her Work pursu'd,
 And turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

" While thus I work with Rock and Reel,
 " So Life by Time is spun;
 " And as runs round my Spinning-Wheel,
 " The World turns up and down:
 " Some rich To-day, To-morrow low,
 " While I no Changes feel,
 " But get my Bread by Sweat of Brow,
 " And turn my Spinning-Wheel.

" From

" From me let Men and Women too
 " This home-spun Lesson learn,
 " Not mind what other People do,
 " But eat the Bread they earn :
 " If none were fed, were that to be,
 " But what deserv'd a Meal,
 " Some Ladies then, as well as me,
 " Must turn the Spinning-Wheel."

The rural Toast, with sweetest Tone,
 Thus sung her witlefs Strain,
 When o'er the Lawn limp'd Gammer *Joan*,
 And brought home *Nancy's* Swain :
 " Come," cries the Dame, " *Nance*, here's
 " thy Spouse ;
 " Away throw Rock and Reel :"
 Blithe *Nancy* with the bonny News
 O'erfet her Spinning-Wheel.

S O N G CLXX.

JOCKEY and JENNY. *A Dialogue.*

She. **S**TERN Winter has left us, the Trees are
 in Bloom,
 And Cowslips and Vi'lets the Meadows per-
 fume ;
 While Kids are disporting, and Birds fill the
 Spray,
 I wait for my *Jockey* to hail the new *May* ;
 I wait for my *Jockey* to hail the new *May*.

He. Among the young Lilies, my *Jenny*, I've
 fray'd ;
 Pinks, Daisies and Woodbines, I bring to
 my Maid ;

H

Here's

Here's Thyme sweetly smelling, and Laven-
der gay,
A Posy to form for the Queen of the May;
A Posy to form, &c.

She. Ah! *Jockey*, I fear you intend to beguile:
When seated with *Molly* last Night on a Stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, your Queen of the May;
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, &c.

He. Young *Willy* is handsome in Shepherd's
green Dress,
He gave you those Ribbands that hang at
your Breast,
Besides three sweet Kisses upon the new Hay:
Was that done like *Jenny*, my Queen of the
May?
Was that done like *Jenny*, &c.

She. This Garland of Roses no longer I prize,
Since *Jockey*, false-hearted, his Passion denies:
Ye Flowers so blooming, this Instant decay,
For *Jenny's* no longer the Queen of the May;
For *Jenny's* no longer, &c.

He. Believe me, dear Maiden, your Lover you
wrong,
Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song:
From the Dews of pale Eve to the Dawning
of Day,
I sing but of *Jenny*, my Queen of the May;
I sing but of *Jenny*, &c.

She.

She. Again balmy Comfort with Transport I view;
 My Fears are all vanish'd, since *Jockey* is true:
 Then to our blithe Shepherds the News I'll
 convey,
 That *Jenny* alone you've crown'd Queen of
 the *May*;
 That *Jenny*, &c.

He. Of ev'ry Degree, ye young Lovers, draw near;
 Avoid all Suspicion, whate'er may appear;
 Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they'd
 betray:
 Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the
 new *May*;
 Then come, my dear *Jenny*, &c.

Both. Of ev'ry Degree, ye young Lovers draw near;
 Avoid all Suspicion, whate'er may appear;
 Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they'd
 betray:
 Then come, my dear *Jockey*, and hail the
 new *May*;
 Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the
 new *May*.

SONG CLXXI.

Set by Mr. Baildon, and sung by Mrs. Scott at
 Drury-Lane Theatre.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, how can it torment?
 If bitter, oh! tell me whence comes my Content?
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain?

Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
Heart.

I grasp her Hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate Silence I make my Love known:
But, oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,
By some willing Mistake, to discover her Love!
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is Beauty! how sweet are the Charms!
How delightful Embraces! how peaceful her Arms!
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must
yield;
For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair
Field.

S O N G CLXXII.

Sung in AS YOU LIKE IT.

BLOW, blow, thou Winter's Wind
Thou art not so unkind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As Man's Ingratitude:
Thy Tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen;
Thy Tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy Breath be rude,
Altho' thy Breath be rude.

Freeze,

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

As Benefits forgot :

Tho' thou the Waters warp,

Thy Sting is not so sharp,

Tho' thou the Waters warp,

Thy Sting is not so sharp,

As Friends remember'd not,

As Friends remember'd not.

S O N G CLXXIII.

THE Morning fresh, the Sun in East,

New gilds the smiling Day ;

The Morning fresh, the Sun in East

New gilds the smiling Day ;

The Lark forsakes his dewy Nest,

The Fields all round are gaily dress'd :

Arise, my Love, and play, and play ;

Arise, my Love, and play.

Come forth, my Fair, come forth, bright Maid,

And blest thy Shepherd's Sight ;

Come forth, &c.

Lend ev'ry folded Flow'r thy Aid,

Unveil the Rose's blushing Shade,

And give them sweet Delight ;

And give, &c.

Thy Presence makes all Nature smile,

Those Smiles your Charms improve ;

Thy Presence, &c.

Thy Strains the list'ning Birds beguile,
 And, as invite, reward their Toil,
 And tune their Notes to Love;
 And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn-Tree,
 The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine;
 Beneath the fragrant Hawthorn-Tree,
 The Flow'rs in Wreaths I'll twine;
 Ere other Eyes ye Beauties see,
 Then on my Brows adorn'd shall be;
 Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine;
 Thy happy Fate be mine, be mine.

S O N G CLXXIV.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

THE echoing Horn calls the Sportsmen abroad;
 To Horse, my brave Boys, and away;
 The Morning is up, and the Cry of the Hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious Delay:
 What Pleasure we find in pursuing the Fox!
 O'er Hill, and o'er Valley, he flies:
 Then follow; we'll soon overtake him—Huzza!
 The Traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at Night with the Spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,
 How sweet with the Bottle and Lads to refresh,
 And lose the Fatigues of the Day!
 With Sport, Love, and Wine, fickle Fortune defy:
 Dull Wisdom all Happiness sours:
 Since Life is no more, than a Passage at best,
 Let's strew the Way over with Flow'rs.

S O N G

S O N G CLXXV.

Sung in the Mask of ALFRED. *G. A. S.*

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's Command,
 Arose from out the azure Main ;
 Arose, &c.
 This was the Charter, the Charter of the Land,
 And guardian Angels sung the Strain ;
 Rule *Britannia*, *Britannia* rule the Waves,
 For *Britons* never will be Slaves.

The Nation not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their Turns, to Tyrants fall ;
 Must, in, &c.
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
 The Dread and Envy of them all. [free,
 Rule *Britannia*, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign Stroke ;
 More dreadful, &c.
 As the loud Blast that tears the Skies,
 Serves but to root thy native Oak.
 Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

Thee haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their Attempts to bend thee down ;
 All their, &c.
 Will but arouse, arouse, thy gen'rous Flame,
 And work their Woe, and thy Renown.
 Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

To thee belongs the rural Reign,
 Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine;
 Thy Cities, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject Main,
 And ev'ry Shore it circles, thine.
 Rule, *Britannia*, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy Coast repair;
 Shall to thy happy Coast repair.
 Bless'd Isle! with Beauties, with matchless Beau-
 ties crown'd,
 And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.
 Rule *Britannia*, *Britannia*, rule the Waves,
 For *Britons* never will be Slaves.

S O N G CLXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Morris, in Love in a Village.

THE honest Heart, whose Thoughts are clear
 From Fraud, Disguise, and Guile,
 Need neither Fortune's Frowning fear,
 Nor court the Harlot's Smile.

The Greatness that would make us grave,
 Is but an empty Thing;
 What more than Mirth would Mortals have?
 The chearful Man's a King!

S O N G CLXXVII.

Sung in The CHAPLET.

WHAT Med'cine can soften the Bosom's
 keen Smart?
 What *Lethe* can banish the Pain?

What

What Cure can be met with, to sooth the fond
Heart

That's broke by a faithless young Swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try

The Sports of the Wake and the Green!

When *Colin* is dancing, I say with a Sigh,

'Twas here first my *Damon* was seen.

When to the pale Moon the soft Nightingale's Moan

In Accents so piercing and clear;

You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a Groan,

As when my dear *Damon* was here.

A Garland of Willow my Temple shall shade,

And pluck it, ye Nymphs, from yon Grove;

For there, to her Cost, was poor *Laura* betray'd,

And *Damon* pretended to love.

S O N G CLXXVIII.

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

YOUNG *Jockey* he courted sweet *Moggy* so
fair;

The Lass she was lovely, the Swain debonnair:

They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with
their Eyes,

And look'd, as all Lovers do, wonderful wise.

A Fortnight was spent ere dear *Moggy* came too;

(For Maidens a Decency keep when they woo:)

At length she consented, and made him a Vow;

And *Jockey* he gave, for his Jointure, his Cow.

They pannell'd their Dobbins, and rode to the Fair,
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there :
 They call'd on the Parson, and by him were wed;
 And *Moggy* she took her dear *Jockey* to Bed.

They staid there a Week, as the Neighbours all
 say ;

And none were so happy, and gamesome, as they :
 Then Home they return'd, but return'd most un-
 kind ;

For *Jockey* rode on, and left *Moggy* behind.

Surpriz'd at this Treatment, she cry'd, Gaffer *Jock*,
 Pray what is the Reason that *Moggy* you mock ?

Quoth he, Goose, come on ! why you now are my
 Bride ;

And when Volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took Home his *Moggy*, good Conduct to learn,
 Who brush'd up the House, while he thatch'd the
 old Barn ;

They laid in a Stock for the Cares that ensue,
 And now live as Man and Wife usually do.

S O N G CLXXIX.

Written by William Whitehead, Esq; Poet Laureat.

YES, I'm in Love, I feel it now,
 And *Celia* has undone me ;

And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing Plague stole on me :

'Tis not her Face that Love creates,
 For there no Graces revel ;

'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates,

'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates
 Have rather been uncivil,
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis

'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 And all her Sense is only Chat,
 Like any other Woman :
 Her Voice, her Touch, might give th' Alarm ;
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither ;
 In short, 'tis that provoking Charm,
 In short, 'tis that provoking Charm
 Of *Celia* all together,
 Of *Celia* all together.

S O N G CLXXX.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

STILL in Hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn Flame I try,
 Swear this Moment to forget her,
 And the next my Oath deny.
 Now prepare with Scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry Charm in Thought I brave ;
 Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself her Slave.

S O N G CLXXXI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

Sung by Signora Frasi, in ELIZA.

MY fond Shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair Nymphs were so happy and gay,
 That each Night they went safely to Rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the Day :
 But, ah ! what a Scene must appear !
 Must the sweet rural Pastimes be o'er ?
 Shall the Tabor no more strike the Ear ?
 Shall the Dance on the Green be no more ?

Must the Flocks from their Pastures be led ?
 Must the Herds go wild, straying abroad ?
 Shall the Looms be all stopp'd in each Shed,
 And the Ships be all moor'd in each Road ?
 Must the Arts be all scatter'd around,
 And shall Commerce grow sick of the Tide ?
 Must Religion expire on the Ground,
 And shall Virtue sink down by her Side ?

S O N G CLXXXII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray ;
 The little Wand'rer lost her Way
 In gath'ring Flow'rs the other Day ;
 Poor *Phillis*, poor *Phillis*, poor lovely *Phillis*.
 Ah ! lead her Home, ye gentle Swains,
 Who know an absent Lover's Pains,
 And bring her safely o'er the Plains ;
 My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

Conceive what Tortures rack my Mind ;
 And, if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain Marks to find
 My *Phillis*, &c.

Whene'er a charming Form you see,
 Serenely grave, sedately free,
 And mildly gay, it must be she ;
 'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

Not boldly bare, nor half undrest,
 But under Cover slightly prest,
 In secret plays the little Breast
 Of *Phillis*, &c.

When

When such a heav'nly Voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near,
Ah! seize her, and bring home my Dear;
'Tis *Phillis*, &c.

The Nymph, whose Person, void of Art,
Has ev'ry Grace in ev'ry Part,
With murd'ring Eyes, yet harmless Heart,
Is *Phillis*, &c.

Whose Teeth are like an Iv'ry Row,
Whose Skin is like the clearest Snow,
Whose Face like — nothing that I know,
Is *Phillis*, &c.

But rest, my Soul, and bless your Fate;
The Gods, who form'd a Piece so neat,
So just, exact, and so complete,
As *Phillis*, &c.

Proud of their Hit in such a Flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their Pow'r,
Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous Hour,
My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

The Words by Mr. Gay.

ALL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers waving in the Wind,
When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,
Oh! where shall I my True-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among your Crew?
William, who high, upon the Yard,
Rock'd by the Billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below;

The

The Cords fly swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
And quick as Light'ning on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear,
And drops at once into her Nest.

The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet
Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.

O *Susan* ! *Susan* ! lovely Dear !

My Vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me wipe off that falling Tear ;
We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be
The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,
Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind ;
They'll tell thee Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail,
Thine Eyes are seen in Di'monds bright ;
Thy Breath is *Afric's* spicy Gale ;
Thy Skin is Ivory so white :
Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view,
Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn ;
Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms
William shall to his Dear return :
Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,
Lest precious Tears should drop from *Susan's* Eye.

The

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
 The Sails their swelling Bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay on board;
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head:
 Her less'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land;
 Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her Lily Hand.

SONG CLXXXIV.

HOPE: *A Pastoral. Set by Mr. Arne.*

MY Banks are all furnish'd with Bees,
 Whose Murmur invites one to sleep;
 My Grottoes are shaded with Trees,
 And my Hills are white-over with Sheep;
 I seldom have met with a Loss,
 Such Health do my Fountains bestow;
 My Fountains all border'd with Moss,
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow;
 Where the Hare-bells and Violets grow.

I have found out a Gift for my Fair,
 I have found where the Wood-Pigeons breed;
 But let me that Plunder forbear;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous Deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor Bird of its Young:
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such Tenderness fall from her Tongue;
 Such Tenderness, &c.

But where does my *Phyllida* stray?
 And where are her Grotts, and her Bow'rs?
 Are the Groves and the Valleys as gay,
 And the Shepherds as gentle as ours?

The

The Groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the Face of the Valleys as fine;
 The Swains may in Manner compare,
 But their Love is not equal to mine;
 But their Love is not equal to mine.

S O N G CLXXXV.

Sung by Mrs. Stevens, in Love in a Village.

SINCE *Hodge* proves ungrateful, no further I'll
 seek,
 But go up to the Town in a Waggon next Week:
 A Service in *London* is no such Disgrace,
 And Register's Office will get me a Place.
Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a Friend;
 Folks say, in her Silks she's now standing an End:
 Then why should not I the same Maxim pursue,
 And better my Fortune, as other Girls do?

S O N G CLXXXVI.

Sung at the Theatres.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Eng-
lishman's Food,
 It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood;
 Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were
 good:
 O the Roast Beef of *Old England*!
 And O the *Old English* Roast Beef!

But since we have learnt from all conqu'ring *France*
 To eat their Ragouts, as well as to dance,
 We're fed up in nothing—but vain Complaisance.
 O the Roast Beef, &c.

Our

Our Fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open House with good Chear all Day
long,

Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this
Song.

O the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
A sneaking poor Race, half begotten—and tame,
Who sully those Honours that once shone in Fame.

O the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the Throne,
Ere Coffee, or Tea, or such Slip-slops were known,
The World was in Terror, if e'er she did frown.

O the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;

As witness the vaunting Armada of *Spain*.

O the Roast Beef, &c.

O then they had Courage to eat and to fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking to do themselves
Right;

But now we're a Pack of—I could—but good
Night.

O the Roast Beef of *Old England*!

And O the *Old English* Roast Beef!

S O N G CLXXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Dorman, in the Pantomime of the Elopement.

Mrs. SCOTT.

COME haste to the Wedding, ye Friends,
and ye Neighbours,
The Lovers their Blifs can no longer delay ;
Forget all your Sorrows, your Care, and your
Labours,
And let ev'ry Heart beat with Rapture To-day :
Ye Vot'ries all, attend to my Call,
Come revel in Pleasures that never can cloy.
Chorus. Come, see rural Felicity,
Which Love and Innocence ever enjoy.

Mrs. DORMAN.

Let Envy, let Pride, let Hate and Ambition,
Still croud to, and beat at the Breast of the
Great ;
To such wretched Passions we give no Admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of State :
We boast of no Wealth, but Contentment and
Health,
In Mirth and in Friendship our Moments employ.
Chorus. Come, see rural Felicity,
Which Love and Innocence ever enjoy.

Mrs. SCOTT.

With Reason we taste of each heart-stirring Plea-
sure,
With Reason we drink of the full flowing Bowl,
Are jocund and gay, but all within Measure,
For fatal Excess will enslave the Free-Soul :

Duetto.

Duetto. Then come at our Bidding to this happy
Wedding,

No Care shall intrude here our Bliss to annoy.

Chorus. Come, see rural Felicity,
Which Love and Innocence ever enjoy.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. PINTO, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Bach.

TENDER Virgins, shun Deceivers,
Who with base seducing Arts,
When they find you fond Believers,
Triumph o'er unguarded Hearts.

If a fickle Swain pursue you,
O! beware his subtle Wiles;
All his Aim is to undo ye,
Ruin lurks beneath his Smiles.

Let the Youth, whose constant Passion
Scorns the Meanness of Deceit,
Warm'd with mutual Inclination,
Render all your Joys complete.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Bach.

LOVELY, yet ungrateful, Swain,
Strive not to regain my Heart;
Ev'ry tender Look is vain,
Since you play a Traitor's Part.

Al

All your Oaths, and all your Sighs,
 Once I foolishly believ'd,
 But *Pastora's* joyful Eyes,
 And your Blushes, undeceiv'd.
 Strive not to regain a Heart,
 True to Love, and firm in Pain;
 Which, tho' Death should teach the Art,
 Can, when slighted, slight again.

S O N G C X C.

The LINNETS.

AS bringing Home, the other Day,
 Two Linnets I had ta'en,
 The little Warblers seem'd to pray
 For Liberty again:
 Unheedful of their plaintive Notes,
 I sung across the Mead;
 In vain they tun'd their pleasing Throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted Grove,
 Near which my Cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
 When *Chlora's* Charms I view'd:
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I prefs'd her Stay,
 To hear my tender Tale,
 But all in vain—she fled away,
 Nor could my Sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the Wound, which Love had made,
 Came Pity to my Breast,
 And thus I (as Compassion bade)
 The feather'd Pair address'd:

“ Ye

" Ye little Warblers, chearful be,
 " Remember not ye flew ;
 " For I who thought myself so free,
 " Am far more caught than you."

S O N G CXCI.

A favourite Ballad.

Set by Mr. Bach,

And sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

C O M E, Colin, Pride of rural Swains,
 O come, and bless thy native Plains ;
 The Daisies spring, the Beaches bud,
 The Songsters warble in the Wood.

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away,
 Your Smiles will make the Village gay
 When you return, the vernal Breeze
 Will wake the Birds, and fan the Trees.

O come, and see the Violets spring,
 The Meadows smile, the Linnets sing ;
 Your Eyes our joyless Hearts can cheer,
 O haste, and make us happy here.

S O N G CXCII.

A favourite Song.

Set by Mr. Bach,

And sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

A H! why should Love, with tyrant Sway,
 Oppress each youthful Heart,
 Must

Must all his rigid Laws obey,
And feel his pointed Dart?

On Reason's Aid in vain we call,
To break the galling Chain,
The potent God disdains it all,
And triumphs in our Pain.

S O N G CXCIH.

Set by Count St. Germain.

OH! would'st thou know what sacred Charms
This destin'd Heart of mine alarms,
This destin'd Heart of mine alarms;
What Kind of Nymph the Heav'ns decree,
The Maid that's made for Love and me,
The Maid that's made for Love and me:

Who joys to hear the Sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender Tear,
Who melts to see, &c.
From each ungen'rous Passion free;
Be such the Maid that's made for me,
Be such the Maid, &c.

Whose Heart with gen'rous Friendship glows,
Who feels the Blessings she bestows,
Who feels the Blessings, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me;
Be such the Maid that's made for me,
Be such the Maid, &c.

Whose simple Thoughts, devoid of Art,
Are all the Natives of her Heart,
Are all the Natives, &c.

A gentle Train, from Falshood free;
 Be such the Maid that's made for me,
 Be such the Maid, &c.

Avaunt! ye light Coquettes, retire,
 Where flatt'ring Fops around admire,
 Where flatt'ring Fops around admire;
 Unmov'd your tinsell'd Charms I see,
 More genuine Beauties are for me,
 More genuine Beauties are for me.

S O N G CXCIV.

Worldly Happiness in Spite of Philosophy:

Set by Dr. Arne.

TO curb the Will with vain Pretence,
 Philosophy her Force employs,
 And tells us, in Despite of Sense,
 That Life affords us no real Joys:
 Such idle Whims my Heart abjures;
 Envy me not, immortal *Jove*,
 If I prefer my Bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the Arms of her I love,

Since you have giv'n Desires to Men,
 Deny us not Enjoyment free:
 Must I be happy only then,
 When I, alas! shall cease to be?
 Such idle Whims my Heart abjures;
 Envy me not, immortal *Jove*,
 If I prefer my Bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the Arms of her I love.

S O N G

S O N G C X C V.

Cantata. LYDIA from SAPHO. *Set by Dr. Arne.*RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

BENEATH this sad and silent Gloom
 I waste in Sighs my youthful Bloom;
 But not the Shades that banish Day,
 Drive *Lydia's* brighter Form away.

Her easy Shape, her lovely Mien,
 Th' attractive Smile of Beauty's Queen,
 Her sparkling Eyes, her flowing Hair,
 A Wit so smart, so soft an Air,
 The spiteful Gods contriv'd for Ruin,
 And deck'd her thus for my Undoing.

A I R.

Lovely Maid, all Charms adorning
 Born to give supreme Delight,
 Fairer than the rosy Morning,
 Or the Silver Queen of Night,
 Why ungrateful dost thou leave me?
 Stay, thou cruel Fair one! stay:
 Death attends, if thou deceive me—
Lydia, why so far away?

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

I dream, or her unequall'd Charms
 Are folded in my Rival's Arms:

See!

See! the clasps the happy Boy.

Anguish waste,

Light'ning blast,

Tortures rend him,

Death attend him,

Ere he taste the rising Joy!

RECITATIVE.

No—let him triumph, let him prize
The faithless Wretch whom I despise.

AIR.

Wander, *Lydia*—so will I,

And to nobler Conquests fly:

Roving, ranging,

Ever changing,

Gay and airy,

Born to vary,

Soon the treach'rous Fair shall see

I can be false as well as she.

SONG CXCVI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
And Flow'rs were fair to see;
When *Mary* was complete Fifteen,
And Love laugh'd in her Eye;
Blithe *Jockey's* Looks her Heart did move
To speak her Mind thus free,
“Gang down the Burn, my gentle Love,
“And soon I'll follow thee.”

I

Now

Now *Jockey* did each Lad surpass
 That dwelt on this Burn Side;
 And *Mary* was a bonny Lass,
 Just meet to be a Bride :
 Her Cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her Eyes were azure blue,
 Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,
 Her Lips like dropping Dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet !
 For ganging Home, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a Walk so sweet !
 His Cheek to her's he fondly laid ;
 She cry'd, " Sweet Love, be true ;
 " And when a Wife, as now a Maid,
 " To Death I'll follow you."

S O N G CXC VII.

CONTENT. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. Hudson. Set by Mr. Goodwin, Jun.

O'ER Moorlands and Mountains, rude, bar-
 ren, and bare,
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
 A gentle young Shepherdess sees my Despair,
 And leads me o'er Lawns to her Home ;
 Yellow Sheaves, from rich *Ceres*, her Cottage had
 crown'd,
 Green Rushes were strew'd on the Floor ;
 Her Casement sweet Woodbines crept wantonly
 round,
 And deck'd the sod Seats at her Door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling Repast,
 Fresh Fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
 Whilst thrown from my Guard, by some Glances
 she cast,

Love slyly stole into my Breast.
 I told my soft Wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye Virgins, her Voice was divine)
 I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
 Yet take me, fond Shepherd, I'm thine.

Her Air was so modest, her Aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet were her Charms;
 I kiss'd the ripe Roses that glow'd on her Cheek,
 And lock'd the lov'd Maid in my Arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few Sheep,
 And if on the Banks, by the Stream,
 Reclin'd on her Bosom I sink into Sleep,
 Her Image still softens my Dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising Hills,
 Delighted with pastoral Views:
 Or rest on the Rock where the Streamlet distils,
 And mark out new Themes for my Muse.
 To Pomp, or proud Titles, she ne'er did aspire,
 The Damsel's of humble Descent;
 The Cottager Peace is well known for her Sire,
 And Shepherds have nam'd her Content.

SONG CXCVIII.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Goodwin.

TH O' his Passion in Silence the Youth
 would conceal,
 What his Tongue would not utter his Eyes still
 reveal,

And by soft-stolen Glances unwillingly prove,
That they are the Tell-tales of *Celadon's* Love.

To the Grove, or the Green, to the Dance, or
the Fair,

Wherever I go, my blithe Shepherd is there ;
I know the fond Youth by his Blush and his Smile,
And surely such Looks were not made to beguile.

Tho' indiff'rent the Subject, whatever it prove,
He insensibly turns the Discourse upon Love ;
If he talks to another, with Pleasure I see,
Tho' his Words are to her, yet his Looks are to
me.

When he speaks, if alone, I am ever in fear
He should say what I dread, and yet wish most to
hear :

Should he mention his Love, tho' my Pride wou'd
deny,

My Heart whispers, *Celia*, fond *Celia*, comply.

S O N G CXCIX.

A favourite Song in the Oratorio of JUDITH.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

VAIN is Beauty's gaudy Flow'r,
Pageant of an idle Hour ;
Born just to bloom and fade ;
Nor less weak, less vain than it,
Is the Pride of Human Wit ;
The Shadow of a Shade.

S O N G

S O N G C C.

*Sung in the Masque of ALFRED.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

LOVE's the Tyrant of the Heart,
 Full of Mischief, full of Woe;
 All his Joys are mixt with Smart,
 Thorns beneath his Roses grow :
 And Serpent-like he stings the Breast,
 Where he is harbour'd and carefs'd.

S O N G C C I.

The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful Bird, that glads the Skies,
 To *Daphne's* Window speed thy Way,
 And there on quiv'ring Pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal Art display.

And if she deign thy Notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy *Matin Song*;
 Tell her the Sounds that sooth her Ear,
 To *Damon's* native Plains belong.

Tell her in livelier Plumes array'd,
 The Bird from Indian Groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely, partial Maid,
 What are his Notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless Beau,
 And all his flaunting Race, with Scorn,
 And lend an Ear to *Damon's* Woe,
 Who sings her Praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG CCH.

Sung by Signora Frasi, in the English Opera of ELIZA.

Set by Dr. Arne.

HAPPY Day! for ever dear,
Brightest of the circling Year;
Smiles like thine can Freedom charm,
Glory crown, and Virtue warm,
Peace comes smiling up to thee,
Pleas'd, comes onward Liberty;
Plenty too brings up the Band,
Dancing o'er this happy Land.

SONG CCHII.

CÆLIA, *A Cantata.* *Set by Sig. Pasqualli.*

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

OH! 'tis *Elizium* all—In Beauty drest,
To Fancy's Eye my *Cælia* stood confest:
Her Glance spake Extacy:—"No more," she cries,
"No more my Love shall weep and waste in Sighs.
"Be chearful, *Thyrsis*, and again adorn,
"With lovely Mirth, thy Soul for my Return;
"And then embrace me."—Oh! 'twas Heav'n
to hear!

Starting I wake, but find no *Cælia* near.

AIR.

To my Lips than Nectar sweeter,
Where'soe'er I turn my Eyes,
Only thee I view, dear Creature;
Every other Object dies.

Still

Still thy charming Form is playing,
 Whether soft reclin'd by Streams,
 Or thro' shining Clouds I'm straying,
 When dissolv'd in pleasing Dreams.

S O N G CCIV.

Sung by Mr. Dibden, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHEN you meet a tender Creature,
 Neat in Limb, and fair in Feature,
 Full of Kindness and Good-nature,
 Prove as kind again to she.
 Happy Mortal! to possess her,
 In your Bosom warm and press her,
 Morning, Noon, and Night, caress her,
 And be fond as fond can be.

But if you meet with one that's froward,
 Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
 Should you act the whining Coward,
 'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
 Let her go, and never mind her,
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

S O N G CCV.

*The Words made to a favourite Scotch Air, in the
 Overture of THOMAS and SALLY.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

TO ease his Heart, and own his Flame,
 Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came;
 But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
 She careless turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Her milk-white Hand he did extol,
 And prais'd her Fingers long and small,
 Unusual Joy her Heart did feel,
 But still she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Then round about her slender Waist
 He clasp'd his Arms, and her embrac'd;
 To kiss her Hand he down did kneel,
 But yet she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

With gentle Voice she bid him rise,
 He bless'd her Neck, her Lips, and Eyes;
 Her Fondness she could scarce conceal;
 Yet still she turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
 His wanton Thought she quickly guess'd;
 Then push'd him from her Rock and Reel,
 And angry turn'd her Spinning-Wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
 He swore he meant her for his Bride;
 'Twas then her Love he did reveal,
 And flung away her Spinning-Wheel.

S O N G CCVI.

Sung by Miss Williams, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battisill.

TH E Sweets of Peace shall be our own,
 And smiling Plenty crown the Plains;
 'Tis Peace adorns the Monarch's Throne,
 And cheers the Cottage of the Swains.

The

The rising Sun shall bless the Mead,
And fair the Mountain-olive spring;
The Vine its richest Clusters spread,
When Glory crowns a patriot King.

S O N G CCVII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battisbill.

WHEN Beauty on the Lover's Soul
Imprints its first and fairest Charms,
It soon does Reason's Force controul,
And ev'ry Passion quite disarms.

'Tis Beauty triumphs ov'er the Brave,
As ev'ry Feature blooms divine;
'Tis Beauty makes the King a Slave,
When in an Angel's Form, like thine.

S O N G CCVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in COMUS.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SWEET *Echo*, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy Cell,
By slow *Mæander's* Margent green,
And in the Violet-embroider'd Vale,
Where the Love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy *Narcissus* are?

O! if you have

Hid them in some flow'ry Cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere;

So may'st thou be translated to the Skies,

And give resounding Grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies

S O N G CCIX.

CANTATA. Set by Mr. Stanley.

RECITATIVE.

AS *Delia*, blest with ev'ry Grace,
Invok'd soft Music's needful Aid,
Completely conquer'd by her Face,
Thus gentle *Strepson* smiling said:

A I R.

Where partial Nature may deny
The Pow'r of Beauty's melting Glance,
Let tedious Labour toil and try
To swell the Song, or form the Dance;
But let your Charms alone suffice,
And trust the Music of your Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to overhear,
Thus spoke, as he approach'd more near:
He flatters; do not trust the Swain,
But listen to my honest Strain.

A I R.

AIR.

Wonders are told of Beauty's Pow'r,
 Nor faintly warms the tuneful Lay;
 Your Voice and Person, ev'ry Hour,
 By Dozens steal our Hearts away:
 Then how trifling is the Prize,
 Since Pops have Ears, and Fools have Eyes!
 Ah! lovely Nymph, indeed to bless,
 Select the worthiest Swain you've won,
 Who, prizing Sound, and Colour less,
 Admires you for your Sense alone;
 Then leave all little Arts behind,
 And study to improve the Mind.

SONG CCX.

CANTATA. By Mr. Stanley.

AIR.

WHILE others barter Ease for State,
 And fondly aim at growing great,
 Let me (with rosy Chaplets crown'd)
 Stretch'd on the Flow'r-enamell'd Ground,
 The Grape's nectareous Juices quaff,
 Alternate sing, and love and laugh.
 Already see the purple Juice
 Resplendent o'er my Cheek diffuse
 A second Youth!—Again, the Bowl
 With warm Desires inflames my Soul.

RECITATIVE.

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave
 The Joys which Wine and Beauty give;

Soon must I quit my wonted Mirth,
 And mingle with my Parent Earth,
 Where Kings, divested of their State,
 With Slaves sustain a common Fate.

AIR.

Let then the present Hour be mine,
 Blest in the Joys of Love and Wine:
 Come, ye Virgin Throng, advance,
 And mingle in the sprightly Dance:
 To the Lyre's enchanting Sound
 Nimble tread the blithsome Round;
 While the genial Bowl inspires
 Soft Delight and gay Desires.

SONG CCXI.

The COMPARISON. Set by Dr. Arne.

PARTING to Death we will compare;
 For sure to those who love sincere,
 So dreadful is the Pain,
 Such Doubts, such Horrors, rend the Mind:
 But, Oh! when adverse Fate grows kind,
 How sweet to meet again!

To those try'd Hearts, and those alone,
 Who have the Pangs of Absence known,
 The blissful Change is giv'n;
 And who—Oh! who, wou'd not endure
 The Pangs of Death, if they were sure
 To reap the Joys of Heav'n?

SONG

S O N G CCXII.

CANTATA. Set by Mr. Stanley.

R E C I T A T I V E.

MARCUS the young, the noble, and the brave,
To Camps inur'd and Deeds of Arms,
Struck with the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Now falls the fair *Lucinda's* Slave.

No more he seeks the hostile Plain,
But to the solitary Grove
(The soft Retreat of Peace and Love)

In gentle Murmurs breathes his Pain;
And thus, with suppliant Voice and broken Sighs,
The Hero su'd the Beauty of the Skies.

A I R.

Teach a young unskilful Lover
Those soft Arts that charm the Fair;
Teach me, *Venus*, how to move her,
How my raging Pain declare.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Goddess listen'd to his Pray'r,
She saw him languish and despair;
Then downward thro' the lucid Skies,
She bade her Iv'ry Chariot roll,
And, whilst soft Pity fill'd her Eyes,
Thus sooth'd the Anguish of his Soul.

A I R.

Be pleasant, be airy, and constantly praise
The Force of her Wit, and the Charms of her Face;
Commend ev'ry Feature, each Beauty display,
With Pleasure she'll listen to all you can say:
Let her Humour and Taste be the Road you pursue,
And the Love of herself will insure her to you.

S O N G

S O N G CCXIII.

*The MARRIED MAN.**Set and sung by Mr. Hudson.*

I Am married, and happy ; with Wonder hear
this,

Ye Rovers and Rakes of the Age,
Who laugh at the Mention of Conjugal Bliss,
And who only loose Pleasures engage :
You may laugh ; but, believe me, you're all in the
Wrong.

When you merrily Marriage deride ;
For to Marriage the permanent Pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The Joys which from lawless Connections arise,
Are fugitive—never sincere ;
Oft stolen with Haste, or snatch'd by Surprise,
Interrupted by Doubts, and by Fear :
But those which in legal Attachments we find,
When the Heart is with Innocence pure,
Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring Reflection refin'd,
And to Life's latest Hour will endure.

The Love which ye boast of, deserves not that
Name,

True Love is with Sentiment join'd ;
But yours is a Passion, a sev'rish Flame,
Rais'd without the Consent of the Mind.
When, dreading Confinement, ye Mistresses hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd ;
Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false Fire,
And are oft by that Fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my Felicity flows,
 My Answer is short—"From a Wife,
 "Who for Chearfulness, Sense, and Good-nature
 "I chose,
 "Which are Beauties that charm us for Life."
 To make Home the Seat of perpetual Delight,
 Ev'ry Hour each studies to seize;
 And we find ourselves happy from Morning to
 Night,
 By our mutual Endeavours to please.

S O N G CCXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in The Maid of the Mill.

W I T H the Man that I love, was I destin'd
 to dwell
 On a Mountain, a Moor, in a Cot, in a Cell;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than Courts or a Palace to me.
 Let the Vain and the Venal, in Wedlock aspire
 To what Folly esteems, and the Vulgar admire;
 I yield them the Bliss, where their Wishes are
 plac'd.
 Insensible Creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

S O N G CCXV.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

T H A T I might not be plagu'd with the
 Nonsense of Men,
 I promis'd my Mother again and again
 To say as she bids me wherever I go,
 And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em
 No.
 I really

I really believe I have frighten'd a Score :
 They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more ;
 And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so ;
 Were the same Thing to do, I again should say
 No.

For a Shepherd I like, with more Courage and
 Art,
 Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart ;
 Such Questions he puts, since I answer'd him so,
 That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my Words are
 still No.

He ask'd, Did I hate him, or think him too plain ?
 (Let me die if he is not a clever young Swain)
 If he ventur'd a Kiss, if I from him would go ?
 Then he press'd my young Lips, while I blush'd,
 and said No.

He ask'd, If my Heart to another was gone ?
 If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ?
 If I meant my Life long to answer him so ?
 I falter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This Morning an End to his Courtship he made ;
 Will *Phillis* live longer a Virgin ? he said :
 If I press you to Church, will you scruple to go ?
 In a hearty good Humour I answer'd, No, no.

SONG CCXVI.

The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

New set by Dr. Arne.

MISS *Danea*, when fair and young,
 (As *Horace* has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from *Jove's* Embrace
 By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass ;

Tell

Tell us, mysterious Husband, tell us
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
 Can harsh Restraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
 Make thee secure, thy Wife less fair?

Send her abroad, and let her see
 That all this World of Pageantry,
 Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
 Is Powder, Pocket-Glass, and Beau.

Be to her Virtues ever kind,
 Be to her Faults a little blind,
 Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your *Padlock*—on her Mind.

SONG CCXVII.

The CAUTION. Set by Dr. Arne.

PHILIRA's Charms poor Damon took;

How eager he for billing!

When, lo! the Nymph the Swain forsook,

To shew her Power of killing:

In either Eye she sheath'd a Dart;

He felt it, never doubt him:

Odzooks! a Man were thro' the Heart,

Ere he could look about him.

But mark the End,—with Scythe so sharp,

Time o'er the Forehead struck her;

And all her Charms began to warp—

Then she was in a Pucker:

She then began to rave and curse,

Her Time she pass'd no better;

Yet still had Hopes, ere bad grew worse,

Some comely Swain might get her.

Philira,

Philira, ev'ry Lad she meets,
 Now makes an am'rous Trial;
 But each with Scorn her Warmness treats;
 Each frowns in cold Denial.
 Coquettes, take Warning; change your Tune;
 This woeful Case remember:
 The Bedfellow you slight in *June*,
 You'll wish for in *December*.

S O N G CCXVIII.

The Words and Music by Dr. Arne.

A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Pinto.

N YMPHS and Shepherds, come away,
 Wanton in the Sweets of *May*;
 Trip it o'er the flow'ry Lawns,
 Wanton as the bounding Fawns:
 Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
 Nymphs and Shepherds, come away.

S O N G CCXIX.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

W HEN late I wander'd o'er the Plain,
 From Nymph to Nymph, I strove in vain
 My wild Desires to rally:
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange! no longer seek to roam;
 They center all in *Sally*.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my Joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy:
 Can Love with Ruin tally?

By those dear Lips, those Eyes, I swear,
I would all Deaths, all Torments bear,
Rather than injure *Sally*.

Come then, oh come ! thou sweeter far
Than *Jessamine* and *Roses* are,
Or *Lilies* of the Valley ;
O follow Love, and quit your Fear,
He'll guide you to these Arms, my Dear,
And make me blest in *Sally*.

S O N G CCXX.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

I Told my Nymph, I told her true,
My Fields were small, my Flocks were few;
While fault'ring Accents spoke my Fear,
That *Flavia* might not prove sincere.

Of Crops destroy'd by vernal Cold,
And vagrant Sheep that left my Fold,
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
And was not *Flavia* then sincere ?

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle Wind,
The Friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a gen'rous Tear ;
And is not *Flavia* then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my Love to bless,
My *Flavia* must not hope for Dress,
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear :
And *Flavia* sure must be sincere.

Go

Go shear your Flocks, ye jovial Swains ;
Go reap the Plenty of your Plains :
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my *Flavia's* Love sincere.

S O N G CCXXI.

*Sung by Mr. Dyer, and Mrs. Mattocks, in Love
in a VILLAGE.*

Mr. Dyer.

LET Rakes and Libertines, resign'd
To sensual Pleasures, range ;
Here all the Sex's Charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Let vain Coquettes and Prudes conceal
What most their Hearts desire :
With Pride my Passion I reveal ;
Oh, may it ne'er expire !

DUETTO.

The Sun shall cease to spread its Light,
The Stars their Orbits leave,
And fair Creation sink in Night,
When I my Dear deceive.

S O N G CCXXII.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne, and sung at Ranelagh.

YOUNG *Molly*, who lives at the Foot of the
Hill,
And whose Fame ev'ry Virgin with Envy does fill

Of Beauty is blest'd with so ample a Share,
That Men call her the Lass with the delicate Air.

One Ev'ning, last *May*, when I travers'd the
Grove,

In thoughtless Retirement, not dreaming of Love,
I chance to espy the gay Nymph, I declare ;
And really she'd got a most delicate Air.

By a murmuring Brook, by a green mossy Bed,
A Chaplet composing, the Fair-one was laid :
Surpriz'd and transported, I cou'd not forbear,
With Raptures, to gaze on her delicate Air.

That Moment young *Cupid* selected a Dart,
And pierc'd, without Pity, my innocent Heart :
And from thence, how to win the dear Maid was
my Care:

For a Captive I fell to her delicate Air.

When she saw me, she blush'd, and complain'd I
was rude,

And begg'd of all Things that I would not intrude:
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the Blame on her delicate Air :

Said her Heart was the Prize which I sought to
obtain,

And hop'd she wou'd grant it to ease my fond Pain.
She neither reject'd, nor granted my Pray'r,
But fir'd all my Soul with her delicate Air.

A thousand Times since, I've repeated my Suit;
But still the Tormentor affects to be mute :
Then tell me, ye Swains, who have conquer'd the
Fair,

How to win the dear Lass with the delicate Air.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a
 Lass,
 Learn how the Affair's to be done ;
 For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an Ass,
 You'll lose her, as sure as a Gun.

With Whining, and Sighing, and Vows, and all
 that,
 As far as you please you may run ;
 She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a Pat,
 But jilt you, as sure as a Gun.

To worship, and call her bright Goddess, is fine !
 But, mark you the Consequence, mum ;
 The Baggage will think herself really divine,
 And scorn you, as sure as a Gun.

Then be with a Maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no Opportunity shun :
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
 out ;
 But mum—she's as sure as a Gun.

S O N G CCXXIV.

Sung in the FAIR QUAKER of DEAL.

HOW little do the Landmen know
 Of what we Sailors feel,
 When Waves do mount, and Winds do blow !
 But we have Hearts of Steel.

No Danger can affright us ;
 No Enemy shall flout ;
 We'll make the *Monfieurs* right us :
 So tofs the Can about.

Stick flout to orders, *Meffmates* ;
 We'll plunder, burn, and fink :
 Then, *France*, have at your *First-Rates* ;
 For *Britons* never shrink :
 We rummage all we fancy ;
 We'll bring them in by Scores ;
 And *Moll*, and *Kate*, and *Nancy*,
 Shall roll in *Louis-d'Ors*.

While here at *Deal* we're lying
 With our noble *Commodore*,
 We'll fpend our Wages freely, Boys,
 And then to Sea for more.
 In Peace we'll drink and fmg, Boys ;
 In War we'll never fly :
 Here's a Health to *George* our King, Boys,
 And the Royal Family.

S O N G CCXXV.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

AS on *Tay's* Banks I wander'd in fearch of my
 Fair,
 How fmoother was the Stream! and how foft was
 the Air!
 To nothing but thee fuch a Scene I compare ;
 And thee it refembles, dear *Jenny*.
 The deep crystal Wave was a Type of thy Face ;
 I thought it fo clear it might ferve for thy Glafs,
 And

And the Curls that were there for thy Dimple
might pass :

I vow'd 'twas the Picture of *Jenny*.

Methought I took in all the Charms of thy Mind
To Virtue, to Love, and to Pity inclin'd,
The tender soft Passions that feel no rude Wind :
For calm is the Bosom of *Jenny*.

All pleas'd with the Prospect, I wish'd the bright
Maid

Cou'd have seen her dear Self in this Mirror dis-
play'd ;

'Twas like her when last the sweet Girl I survey'd
Like none it could be but my *Jenny*.

But sudden a Tempest I ne'er saw before
Made the Billows arise, and the Waves foam and
roar,

I thought that I scarcely was safe on the Shore :
Ah, me ! even then it was *Jenny*.

The same dreadful Sight, when to Spleen you
inclin'd,

When to me you are cross, and to others are kind
But never, dear Girl, raise this Storm in your Mind
'Twill kill me, believe me, dear *Jenny*.

S O N G CCXXVI.

The INCURIOS. Set by Dr. Arne.

GIVE me but a Wife ; I expect not to find
Each Virtue and Grace in one Female com-
bin'd :

No Goddess for me ; 'tis a Woman I prize,
And he that seeks more is more curious than wi-

Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mold :
 Or she claims my Respect, like a Mother, if old :
 Thus either can please me, since Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Like *Venus* she ogles, if squinting her Eye ;
 If blind, she the roving of mine cannot spy :
 Thus either is lovely ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

If rich be my Bride, she brings Tokens of Love ;
 If poor, then the farther from Pride my Remove :
 Thus either contents me ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

I ne'er shall want Converse, if Tongue she possess ;
 And if mute, still the Rarity pleases no less :
 I'm suited to either ; for Woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Then cease, ye Profane, on the Sex to discant ;
 If you've Wit to discern, of Charms they've no
 Want :

Each Fair can make happy, if Woman we prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

S O N G CCXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Morris, in Love in a Village.

HENCE with Care, Complaint, and Frowning ;
 Welcome Jollity and Joy ;
 Ev'ry Grief in Pleasure drowning,
 Mirth this happy Night employ.
 Let's to Friendship do our Duty,
 Laugh and sing some good old Strain ;
 Drink a Health to Love and Beauty,
 May they long in Triumph reign !

SONG CCXXVIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

FROM plowing the Ocean, and threshing
Mounfeer,

In Old England we're land once more ;
Your Hands, my brave Comrades, halloo, Boys,
what Cheer

For a Sailor that's just come ashore ?
Those hectoring Blades thought to scare us, no
doubt,

And to cut us, and slash us—*Morbleu !*
But hold there—avaast—they were plaguily out ;
We have slic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then Courage, my Hearts, your own Consequence
know,

You Invaders shall soon do you Right ;
The Lion may rouse, when he hears the Cock crow,
But should never be put in a Fright.
You've only to shun your nonsensical Jars,
Your damn'd Party and idle Contest ;
And let all your Strife be, like us honest Tars,
Who shall fight for his Country best.

A seafaring Spark if the Maids can effect,
Bid the simpering Gypsies look to't ;
Sound Bottoms they'll find us, in ev'ry Respect,
And our Pockets well laden to boot.

The Landsmen, mayhap, in the Way of Discourse
Have more Art to persuade, and the like ;
But 'ware those false Colours—for better for worse
Is the Bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the King ! may he prosperous reign,
 Of no Power, no Faction, afraid ;
 May *Britain's* proud Flag still exult o'er the Main,
 At all Points of the Compass display'd !
 No Quicksands endanger, no Storms overwhelm,
 Steady, steady, and safe may she sail ;
 No ignorant Pilots e'er sit at her Helm,
 Or her Anchor of Liberty fail !

S O N G CCXXIX.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne,

And sung in the WINTER'S TALE.

COME, come, my good Shepherds, our Flocks
 we must shear ;

In your Holiday Suits with your Lasses appear :
 The happiest of Folks are the Guileless and Free ;
 And who are so guileless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no Passions by Luxury taught ;
 We practise no Arts with Hypocrisy fraught :
 What we think in our Hearts you may read in
 our Eyes,

For, knowing no Falshood, we need no Disguise.

By Mode and Caprice are the City Dames led ;
 But we all the Children of Nature are bred :
 By her Hands alone we are painted and drest,
 For the Roses will bloom when there's Peace in
 the Breast.

The Giant, Ambition, we never can dread ;
 Our Roofs are too low for so lofty a Head ;
 Content and sweet Chearfulness open your Door ;
 They smile with the Simple, and feed with the Poor.

When Love has possess'd us, that Love we reveal;
Like the Flocks that we feed are the Passions we
feel;

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine Folk to deceive and betray.

S O N G CCXXX.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

AUSPICIOUS Spirits, guard my Love,
In Time of Danger near him 'bide;
With out-spread Wings around him move,
And turn each random Ball aside.

And you, his Foes, though Hearts of Steel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A sympathetic Passion feel,
Behold his Face, and drop the Sword.

Ye Winds, your blust'ring Fury leave;
Like Airs that o'er the Garden sweep,
Breath soft in Sighs, and gently heave
The calm, smooth Bosom of the Deep.

'Till Halcyon Peace return once more,
From Blasts secure, and hostile Harms,
My Sailor views his native Shore,
And harbours safe in these fond Arms.

S O N G CCXXXI.

WHEN once I with *Phyllida* stray'd,
Where Rivers run murmuring by,
I heard the soft Vows that she made;
What Swain was so happy a I?

My Breast was a Stranger to Care,
 For my Wealth by her Kisses I told ;
 I thought myself richer, by far,
 Than he that had Mountains of Gold.

But now I am poor and undone,
 Her Vows have prov'd empty and vain ;
 The Kisses, I once thought my own,
 Are bestow'd on a happier Swain :
 But cease, gentle Shepherd, to deem
 Her Vows shall be constant and true ;
 They're as false as a Midsummer Dream,
 As fickle as Midsummer Dew.

O *Phyllis*, so fickle and fair,
 Why did you my Love then approve ?
 Had you frown'd on my Suit, thro' Despair,
 I soon had forgotten to love :
 You smil'd, and your Smiles were so sweet,
 You spoke, and your Words were so kind,
 I could not suspect the Deceit,
 But gave my loose Sails to the Wind.

When Tempests the Ocean deform,
 And Billows so mountainous roar,
 The Pilot, secur'd from the Storm,
 Ne'er ventures his Bark from the Shore ;
 As soon as soft Breezes arise,
 And smiles the false Face of the Sea,
 His Art he too credulous tries,
 'And sailing is shipwreck'd like me.

S O N G CCXXXII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Mrs. Lampe.

NOW the happy Knot is ty'd,
Betty is my charming Bride,
 Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl,
 Revel all without Controul.
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !
 Who so fair as lovely *Bet* !
 Who so blest'd as *Colinet* !

Now adieu to Maiden Arts,
 Angling for unguarded Hearts ;
 Welcome *Hymen's* lasting Joys,
 Lispering wanton Girls and Boys,
 Girls as fair as lovely *Bet*,
 Boys as sweet as *Colinet*.

Tho' ripe Sheaves of yellow Corn,
 Now my plenteous Barn adorn ;
 Tho' I've deck'd my Myrtle Bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest Flow'rs ;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the Charms of lovely *Bet*.

Tho' on *Sundays* I was seen
 Dress'd like any *May-day* Queen ;
 Tho' six Sweethearts daily strove
 To deserve thy *Betty's* Love ;
 Them I quit without Regret,
 All my Joy's in *Colinet*.

Strike up then the Rustic Lay,
 Crown with Sports our Bridal Day ;

May

May each Lad a Mistress find,
Like my *Betsy*, fair and kind,
And each Lais a Husband get,
Fond and true as *Colinet*.

Ring the Bells, and fill the Bowl,
Revel all without Controul :
May the Sun ne'er rise or set,
But with Joy to happy *Bet*,
And her faithful *Colinet*.

S O N G CCXXXIII.

Sung in The Maid of the Mill.

H A R K ! 'tis I, your own true Lover ;
After walking three long Miles,
One kind Look, at least, discover,
Come and speak a Word to *Giles*.
You alone my Heart I fix on,
Ah, you little cunning Vixen !
I can see your roguish Smiles.

Adds ! my Mind is so possess'd,
'Till we're sped I shan't have rest ;
Only say the Thing's a Bargain,
Here, an you like it,
Ready to strike it,
There's at once an End of arguing ;
I am her's, she is mine ;
Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

SONG CCXXXIV.

In COMUS. Set by Dr. Arne.

NOR on Beds of fading Flow'rs,
 Shedding soon their gaudy Pride,
 Nor with Swains in Syren Bow'rs,
 Will true Pleasure long reside :
 On awful Virtue's Hill sublime
 Enthron'd sits the immortal Fair ;
 Who wins her Height must patient climb ;
 The Steps are Peril, Toil, and Care :
 So, from the first, did *Jove* ordain
 Eternal Blis for transient Pain.

SONG CCXXXV.

Set by Dr. Arne. Words from the Italian.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waste thy Prime,
 Stranger to the Joys of Love ?
 Thou hast Youth, and that's the Time
 Ev'ry Minute to improve :
 Round thee wilt thou never hear
 Little wanton Girls and Boys
 Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
 Sweetly sounding in thy Ear,
 Infant's Prate, and Mother's Joys ?
 Only view that little Dove,
 Softly cooing to his Mate ;
 As a farther Proof of Love,
 See her for his Kisses wait :
 Hark ! that charming Nightingale,
 As he flies from Spray to Spray,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous Tale,
 Sweetly tunes, &c.
 I love, I love, he strives to say.

Could

Could I to thy Soul reveal
 But the least, the thousandth Part
 Of those Pleasures Lovers feel,
 In a mutual Change of Heart;
 Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,
 Virgin Fears, from hence remove,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 All the Time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in Love.

S O N G CCXXXVI.

Set by Mr. Weldon. For four Voices.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind;
 Thou wert born o'er Man to reign,
 Not to follow Flocks design'd:
 Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feat;
 Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread;
 Joys incircling Joys shall meet,
 Which Way e'er thy Fancy's led.

Let not Toils of Empire fright;
 Toils of Empire Pleasures are:
 Thou shalt only know Delight,
 All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
 For the Blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

COLLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DE A R *Chloe*, whilst thus beyond Measure,
 You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
 You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,
 And hoard up an Old Age of Pain;
 Your Maxim, that Love is still founded
 On Charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill-grounded,
 When once you its Dictates obey.

The Passion, from Beauty first drawn,
 Your Kindness will vastly improve;
 Soft Smiles and gay Looks are the Dawn,
 Fruition's the Sunshine of Love:
 And though the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darkness possess all the Skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder;
 He's dropical, she is fore-ey'd;
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder:
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
 And at Night, when old *Darby's* Pot's out,
 His *Joan* will not smoak a Whiff more.

No Beauty or Wit they possess,
 Their several Failings to smother;
 Then what are the Charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments that Love did bestow;
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
 The best of all Blessings below.

Tho

Those Traces for ever will last,
 Which Sickneſs nor Time can remove;
 For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love,
 A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
 By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe;
 The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
 Which decripid Old Age cannot freeze.

S O N G CCXXXVIII.

To DELIA. Set by Dr. Arne.

SOFT pleaſing Pains, unknown before,
 My beating Boſom feels,
 When I behold the bliſſful Bow'r
 Where deareſt *Delia* dwells.
 That Way I daily drive my Flock;
 Ah! happy, happy Vale!
 There look, and wiſh; and while I look
 My Sighs increaſe the Gale;
 My Sighs increaſe the Gale.
 Sometimes at Midnight I do ſtray
 Beneath inclement Skies,
 And there my true Devotion pay
 To *Delia's* ſleep-ſeal'd eyes:
 So pious Pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious Travel faint;
 To kiſs alone the clay-cold Tomb
 Of ſome lov'd fav'rite Saint;
 Of ſome, &c.
 O tell, ye Shades, that fold my Fair,
 And all my Blifs contain,
 Ah! why ſhould ye thoſe Bleſſings ſhare,
 For which I fiſh in vain?

But let me not at Fate repine,
 And thus my Grief impart;
 She's not your Tenant;—she is mine;
 Her Mansion is my Heart;
 Her Mansion is my Heart.

S O N G CCXXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in The Fairy Tale.

YOU spotted Snakes with double Tongue,
 Thorny Hedge-hogs, be not seen,
 Newts and Blind-Worms, do no Wrong,
 Come not near the Fairy Queen.

Philomel, with Melody,

Sing in your sweet Lullaby.

Neither Harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,
 Come the Fairy's Pillow nigh,
 So good Night with Lullaby.

Weaving Spiders, come not here;
 Hence, ye Long-legg'd Spinners, hence;
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm nor Snail, do no Offence,
Philomel, with Melody,
 Sing in your sweet, &c.

S O N G CCXL.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG *Daphne* was the prettiest Maid
 The Eyes of Love cou'd see;
 And but one Fault the Charmer had,
 'Twas Cruelty to me;
 'Twas Cruelty to me.

No Swain that e'er the Nymph ador'd
 Was fonder, or was younger;
 Yet, when her Pity I implor'd,
 'Twas, Stay a little longer;
 'Twas, &c.

It chanc'd I met the blooming Fair,
 One *May* Morn, in the Grove;
 When *Cupid* wisper'd in my Ear,
 Now! now's the Time for Love;
 Now, &c.

I clasp'd the Maid; it wak'd her Pride:
 What! did I mean to wrong her!
 Not so, my gentle Dear, I cry'd;
 But Love will stay no longer;
 But Love, &c.

Then, kneeling at her Feet, I swore
 How much I lov'd, how well;
 And that my Heart, which beat for her,
 With her should ever dwell;
 With her, &c.

Consent stood speaking in the Eye
 Of all my Care's Prolonger:
 Yet *Daphne* utter'd with a Sigh,
 Oh! stay a little longer;
 Oh! stay, &c.

The Conflict in her Soul I saw
 'Twixt Virtue and Desire:
 Oh! come, I cry'd, let *Hymen's* Law
 Give Sanction to Love's Fire;
 Give Sanction, &c.

Ye Lovers, guess how great my Joy?
 Cou'd Rapture well prove stronger?
 When Virtue spoke in *Daphne's* Voice,
 You now—shall stay no longer;
 You now—shall stay no longer.

S O N G. CCXLI.

| Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

'T IS a Twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps, they
 are twain,
 Since *Thyrsis* neglected the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And would tempt me to walk the gay Meadows
 along,
 To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song;
 To hear a soft Tale, or to sing him a Song.

What at first was but Friendship soon grew to a
 Flame;
 In my Heart it was Love, in the Youth 'twas the
 same:
 From each other our Passion we fought not to hide;
 But who shou'd love most was our Contest and Pride;
 But who, &c.

But Prudence soon wisper'd us, "Love not too
 " well,
 " For Envy has Eyes, and a Tongue that will tell;
 " And a Flame, without Fortune's rich Gifts on
 " its Side,
 " The grave one's will scorn, and a Mother must
 " chide;
 " The grave, &c."

Afraid of Rebukes, he his Visits forbore,
 And we promis'd to think of each other no more,

Or

Or to tarry, with Patience, a Season more kind :
So I put the dear Shepherd quite out of my Mind ;
So I put, &c.

But Love breaks the Fences I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all Censure, and will be repaid :
If we sigh for each other, ah ! quit not your Care ;
Condemn the God *Cupid* ; but bless the fond Pair ;
Condemn the God *Cupid* ; but bless the fond Pair.

S O N G CCXLII.

A favourite Duetto, in the Serenata of SOLOMON.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

TOGETHER let us range the Fields
Impearled with the Morning Dew,
Or view the Fruit the Vineyard yields,
Or the Apple's clust'ring Bough ;
There, in close-embowered Shades,
Impervious to the Noon-tide Ray,
By tinkling Rills, on rosy Beds,
We'll love the sultry Hours away.

S O N G CCXLIII.

Sung by Mrs. Thompson, in The Maid of the Mill.

OH ! what a Simpleton was I,
To make my Bed at such a Rate !
Now lay thee down, vain Fool, and cry,
Thy true Love seeks another Mate.

No Tears, alack !
Will call him back,
No tender Words his Heart allure ;

I could

I could bite
My Tongue thro' Spite——
Some Plague bewitch me, that's for sure.

S O N G CCXLIV.

Sung in the Jovial Crew.

I Made Love to *Kate*,
Long I sigh'd for she,
Till I heard of late,
She'd a Mind for me :
I met her on the Green,
In her best Array ;
So pretty she did seem,
She stole my Heart away.
Oh ! then we kiss'd and press'd ; were we much
to blame ?
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the
same.
As I fonder grew,
She began to prate,
Quoth she—I'll marry you,
And you shall marry *Kate* :
But then I laugh'd, and swore,
I lov'd her more than so ;
Ty'd each to a Rope's End
Is tugging to and fro.
Again we kiss'd and press'd ; were we much to
blame ?
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the
same.
Then she sigh'd, and said,
She was wond'rous sick,
Dicky Katy led,
Katy she led *Dick* :

Long we toy'd and play'd
Under yonder Oak,
Katy lost the Game,
Tho' she play'd in Joke ;
For there we did, alas ! what I dare not name ;
Had you been in my Place, you'd have done the
same.

S O N G CCXLV.

JEALOUSY, *Set by Dr. Arne.*

J E A L O U S Y, begone, and leave me !
From my Bosom, ah ! remove :
While thou stay'st, thou dost but grieve me ;
Hence, thou Foe to sacred Love !
Whilst by thee the Heart's directed,
All Things double Faces wear ;
Ghloe, in thy Glafs reflected,
Seems as false as she is fair.

Harmless Looks and slight Expressions,
Where Love's Eye no Meaning reads,
To some Rival are Confessions
Of a Heart that for him bleeds.
Cruel Spy ! that ne'er discovers
What may ease the frantic Mind,
Hence ! nor blast the Bliss of Lovers ;
Leave us happy, leave us blind.

S O N G CCXLVI.

PEGGY, or the FICKLE FAIR. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

Y E Shepherds, who, blest in your Loves,
Live Strangers to Sorrow and Fear,

O !

O! pity a Brother that proves
 The Heart-breaking Pangs of Despair;
 What boots it my Heifers and Ewes
 All thriving and pregnant I find?
 Poor Blessings, poor Comforts are these,
 Since *Peggy* is false and unkind!

Bear witness, each Fountain and Vale,
 Bear witness, each Garden and Grove,
 How oft' she has heard my fond Tale,
 And smil'd on the Suit of my Love.
 But, oh! cruel Change that I find,
 The Gentle has now grown severe,
 More cold than the North's chilling Wind,
 That blasts the young Buds of the Year.

Range wildly, my Flocks and my Herds;
 Begone from your Master, poor *Tray*:
 My Pipe shall no more wake the Birds;
 I'll break it, and fling it away.
 Some Desert, all barren and bleak,
 Shall shield me from every Eye:
 There, *Peggy*, I'll weep for thy Sake;
 I'll weep, cruel Maid, and I'll die.

S O N G CCXLVII.

The Song of DIANA, Set by Dr. Boyce.

*Sung by Mrs. Baker, in Apollo and Daphne,
 at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

W I T H Horns. and with Hounds I wake
 the Day,
 And hie to my Woodland Walks away;

I tuc

I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my Forehead a waxing Moon;
 With Shouting, and Hooting, we pierce thro' the
 Sky,
 And Echo turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

S O N G CCXLVIII.

Sung in the Opera of ELIZA.

W H O'D know the Sweets of Liberty?
 'Tis to climb the Mountain's Brow;
 Thence to discern rough Industry
 At the Harrow or the Plough:
 'Tis where my Sons their Crops have sown,
 Calling the Harvest all their own.
 'Tis where the Heart to Truth ally'd,
 Never felt unmanly Fear;
 'Tis where the Eye with milder Pride,
 Nobly sheds sweet Pity's Tear,
 Such as *Britannia* yet shall see;
 These are the Sweets of Liberty.

S O N G CCXLIX.

The NON-PAREILLE. Set by Dr. Boyce.

T H E Nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as
 Day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming Hawthorn in *May*;
 Her Temper was smooth as the Down on the Dove;
 And her Face was as fair as the Mother's of Love:
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds,
 And receives gentle Odours from flow'ry Beds;
 Yet warm in Affection as *Phæbus* at Noon,
 And as chaste as the Silver-white Beams of the
 Moon. Her

Her Mind was unfully'd as new-falling Snow,
 And as lively as Tints from young *Iris* his Bow ;
 As clear as the Stream, and as deep as the Flood ;
 She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good :
 The Sweets that each Virtue, or Grace, had in
 Store,

She cull'd, as the Bee does, the Bloom of each
 Flow'r,

Which, treasur'd for me, O ! how happy was I !
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy !

S O N G C C L.

A Hunting Song, sung by Mr. Fawcet, at Richmond.

Set by Mr. Hook.

C O M E, rouze, Brother Sportsmen, the Hun-
 ters all cry,
 We've got a good Scent, and a fav'ring Sky ;
 The Horn's sprightly Notes, and the Lark's early
 Song,

Will chide the dull Sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright *Phæbus* has shewn us the Glimpse of his Face
 Peep'd in at our Windows, and call'd to the Chase
 He soon will be up, for his Dawn wears away,
 And makes the Fields blush with the Beams of his
 Ray.

Sweet *Molly* may tease you, perhaps, to lie down
 And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown ;
 But tell her that Love must to Hunting give Place
 For as well as her Charms there are Charms in the
 Chace.

Look

Look yonder, look yonder, old *Reynard* I spy,
 At his Brush nimbly follows brisk *Chanter* and *Fly*;
 They seize on their Prey, see his Eye-balls they
 roll,
 We're in at the Death—now let's home to the
 Bowl.

There we'll fill up our Glasses, and toast to the King,
 From a Bumper fresh Loyalty ever will spring :
 To George—Peace and Glory may Heaven's dis-
 pense,
 And Foxhunters flourish a thousand Years hence.

S I O N G C C L I.

A Pastoral Dialogue, called *THYRSIS* and *LAURA*.

Sung by Mr. Fawcet, and Miss Slack, at Richmond.

Set by Mr. Hook.

Thyrsis.

SEE Nature sheds her Sweets around,
 And fragrant Violets deck the Ground;
 And warbling Birds do sweetly sing,
 And tune their Notes to hail the Spring :
 Then haste, my Fair-one, haste away,
 Let us, like them, enjoy the May.

Laura.

Your pleasing Form and artful Tale,
 Which can o'er any Heart prevail,
 Would only to my Ruin prove,
 Hymen doth not crown our Love ;
 Your Virtue's Dictates I'll obey,
 Tho' Love and you say—Taste the May.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis.

Behold, my Fair, yon Turtle Dove,
 With what Delight she meets her Love;
 No Bands their mutual Fondness cloy;
 Restraint but weakens every Joy;
 They never yield to *Hymen's* Sway,
 But live and frolick in the *May*.

Laura.

Should we, from them, Example take,
 And trust our Fame to every Rake,
 The Swains might boast despotic Rules,
 And we be—Nature's only Fools.
 When bound by *Hymen's* Bands I'll stray,
 And with my Shepherd hail the *May*.

Thyrsis.

Adieu to Roving—or the Fair;
 No more both Blessings I must share;
 But I my *Laura* will not lose:
 Thee, charming Maid, alone I choose:
 Then haste to Church without Delay,
 Where Love and *Laura'll* crown the *May*.

Laura.

No more shall Swains your Conduct blame;
 Th' inconstant *Damon* did the same:
 He for *Pastora* felt the Fire,
 Nor scorn'd to own his chaste Desire:
 United now, Joy crowns the Day,
 And ev'ry Month to them is *May*.

Duetto.

Till then ne'er trust the Swain you love,
 Nor Shepherds from your Nymphs e'er rove;

For if you real Joys would claim,
 Let Hymen crown the gen'rous Flame:
 Then may you safely sport and play,
 And revel in the Sweets of May.

S O N G CCLII.

Set by Dr. Arne, in the Oratorio of ALFRED.

IF those who live in Shepherd's Bow'r,
 Press not the gay and stately Bed;
 The new-mown Hay and breathing Flow'r
 A softer Couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at Shepherd's Board,
 Soothe not their Taste with wanton Art;
 They take what Nature's Gifts afford,
 And take it with a chearful Heart.

If those who drain the Shepherd's Bowl,
 No high and sparkling Wines can boast;
 With wholesome Cups they chear the Soul,
 And crown them with the Village Toast.

If those who join in Shepherd's Sport,
 Dancing on the daisy'd Ground,
 Have not the Splendor of a Court;
 Yet Love adorns the merry Round.

S O N G CCLIII.

Set by Dr. Arne, in the Oratorio of ALFRED.

THE Shepherd's plain Life,
 Without Guilt, without Strife,
 Can only true Blessings impart:

As Nature directs,
That Bliss he expects
From Health, and from Quiet of Heart.

Vain Grandeur and Pow'r,
Those Joys of an Hour,
Tho' Mortals are toiling to find;
Can Titles or Show
Contentment bestow?
All Happiness dwells in the Mind.

Behold the gay Rose,
How lovely it grows,
Secure in the Depth of the Vale.
Yon Oak, that on high
Aspires to the Sky,
Both Lightning and Tempests assail.

DUETTO.

Then let us the Snare
Of Ambition beware,
That Source of Vexation and Smart;
And sport on the Glade,
Or repose in the Shade,
With Health and with Quiet of Heart.

S O N G CCLIV.

Sung at Ranelagh.

AS Colin rang'd early one Morning in Spring
To hear the Wood's Choristers warble and sing;
Young *Phæbe* he saw supinely was laid,
And thus in sweet Melody sung the fair Maid;
And thus, &c.

Of all my Experience how vast the Amount,
 Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count !
 Was ever poor Damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live to these Years, and yet still be a Maid ?
 To live, &c.

Ye Heroes, triumphant by Land and by Sea,
 Sworn Vot'ries to Love, yet unmindful of me ;
 Of Prowess approv'd, of no Dangers afraid,
 Will you stand by like Dastards, and see me a Maid ?
 Will you, &c.

Ye Counsellors sage, who, with eloquent Tongue,
 Can do what you please, with Right and with
 Wrong ;
 Can it be or by Law, or by Equity said,
 That a comely young Girl ought to die an old Maid ?
 That a comely, &c.

Ye learned Physicians, whose excellent Skill
 Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill ;
 To a poor forlorn Damsel contribute your Aid,
 Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a Maid ;
 Who is sick, &c.

Ye Fops, I invoke not to list to my Song,
 Who answer no End, and to no Sex belong ;
 Ye Echoes of Echo, ye Shadows of Shade ;
 For if I had you, I might still be a Maid ;
 For if, &c.

Young Colin was melted to hear her complain,
 When whisper'd Relief, like a kind-hearted Swain ;
 And Phæbe, well pleas'd, is no longer afraid
 Of being neglected, and dying a Maid ;
 Of being neglected, and dying a Maid.

SONG CCLV.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

RESOLV'D, as her Poet, of *Celia* to sing,
For Emblems of Beauty I search thro' the
Spring;

To Flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet
Maid,

But Flowers, tho' blooming, at Ev'ning may fade
Of Sunshine and Breezes I next thought to write,
Of Breezes so calm, and of Sunshine so bright;
But these with my Fair no Resemblance will hold,
For the Sun sets at Night, and Breezes grow cold.

The Clouds of mild Evening array'd in pale Blue,
While the Sun-Beams behind them peep'd glit-
tering through,

Tho' to rival her Charms they can never arise,
Yet methought they look'd something like *Celia's*
sweet Eyes:

These Beauties are transient; but *Celia's* will last,
When Spring, and when Summer, and Autumn,
are past;

For Sense and Good-humour no Season disarms,
And the Soul of my *Celia* enlivens her Charms.

At length on a Fruit Tree a Blossom I found,
Which Beauty display'd, and shed Fragrance
around.

I then thought the Muses had smil'd on my Pray'r
This Blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my Fair;
These Colours so gay, and united so well,
This delicate Texture, and ravishing Smell,
Be her Person's dear Emblem: But where shall I
find,

In Nature, a Beauty that equals her Mind?

This Blossom, now pleasing, at Summer's gay Call
 Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall ;
 But behind it the Fruit, its Successor, shall rise,
 By Nature disrob'd of its beauteous Disguise :
 So *Celia*, when Youth, that gay Blossom is o'er,
 By her Virtues improv'd, shall engage me the
 more,
 Shall recallev'ry Beauty that brighten'd her Prime,
 When her Merit is ripen'd by Love and by Time.

S O N G CCLVI.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

YE Fair, who shine thro' Britain's Isle,
 And triumph o'er the Heart ;

For once attentive be a-while
 To what I now impart.

Would you obtain the Youth you love,
 The Precepts of a Friend approve,
 And learn the Way to keep him.

As soon as Nature has decreed

The Bloom of eighteen Years,

And *Isabel* from School is freed,

Then Beauty's Force appears ;

The youthful Blood begins to flow,

She hopes for Man, and longs to know

The surest Way to keep him.

When first the pleasing Pain is felt

Within the Lover's Breast ;

And you by strange Persuasion melt,

Each wishing to be blest ;

Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
 With Prudence lure the happy Boy,
 And that's the Way to keep him.

At Court, at Ball, at Park or Play,
 Assume a modest Pride;
 And, lest your Tongue your Mind betray,
 In fewer Words confide:
 The Maid, who thinks to gain a Mate
 By giddy Chat, will find too late,
 That's not the Way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the Hours kill,
 That Bane to all the Sex;
 Nor let the Arts of dear *Spadille*
 Your Innocence perplex.
 Be always decent as a Bride;
 By virtuous Rules your Reason guide;
 For that's the Way to keep him.

But when the nuptial Knot is fast,
 And both its Blessings share,
 To make those Joys for ever last,
 Of Jealousy beware:
 His Love with kind Compliance meet;
 Let Constancy the Work complete,
 And you'll be sure to keep him.

S O N G CCLVII.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Signor Giardini.

NOT on Beauty's transient Pleasure,
 Which no real Joys impart,
 Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure,
 Did I fix my youthful Heart.

'Twas not *Chloe's* perfect Feature
 Did the fickle Wand'rer bind ;
 Nor her Form, the Boast of Nature ;
 'Twas alone her spotless Mind,

Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure,
 Which no real Joys impart,
 Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure,
 Did I fix my youthful Heart.

Take, ye Swains, the real Blessing,
 That will Joys for Life ensure ;
 The virtuous Mind alone possessing,
 Will your lasting Bliss secure.

Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure,
 Which no real Joys impart,
 Nor on Heaps of sordid Treasure,
 Did I fix my youthful Heart.

SONG CCLVIII.

An ODE for the LORD-MAYOR'S DAY.

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend ; I sing, in merry Lay,
 The Feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-Mayor's
 Day :

What Surfeits caught, what Feeding when they
 dine ;

What sober Citizens get drunk by Nine ;

What Sights are seen ; what Rattling, Fufs and
 Noise,

Of Coaches, Carts, Men, Women, Girls, and Boys,

Who

Who Streets, Bulks, Windows, Tops of Houses
throng,
To view his Lordship pass in State along.

A I R.

(Oh! London is a fine Town, &c.)

Oh! Lord-Mayor's Show, so brave and gay, does
Honour to the City;
And Old and Young, and Rich and Poor, much
own 'tis vastly pretty,
To see the gilded Coach and Six, and Man in
Armour ride,
In Pomp and Splendor, from Guildhall, unto the
Water-side.
And when, in Barges closely pent, such Plenty
good Cheer,
What Pity 'tis so fine a Sight should come but
once a Year!

Oh! Lord-Mayor's Show, so brave, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Bustle o'er, the Cavalcade gone by,
The Mob dispers'd, To Dinner's all the Cry.
With hasten'd Steps, as keenest Hunger calls,
The starv'd Mechanicks seek their diff'rent Halls
At the full-groaning Board each takes his Seat,
With brandish'd Knife and Fork, prepar'd to eat

A I R.

(Ghosts of every Occupation, &c.)

Cits of ev'ry Occupation,
Ev'ry Age, and ev'ry Station,

Parson

Parsons, Justices of Quorum,
All with Napkins tuck'd before 'em,
Prest to have their Plates fill'd first.
With the Viſuals here ſuch Work is,
Snatching Turtles, Geefe, and Turkeys,
Hares with Puddings in their Bellies,
Cheeſecakes, Cuſtards, Tarts and Jellies :

Bawling, ſwearing,
Cutting, tearing,
Sweating, puffing,
Licking, ſtuffing.

Juſt as if they all would burſt.

RECITATIVE.

Their Proweſs now in eating having prov'd,
The Diſhes empty'd, and the Cloth remov'd ;
Again the Table ſmiles with Wine and Ale,
And Toaſts and Bumpers ev'ry where prevail ;
Some talk, ſome laugh, ſome ſmoak, ſome ſnoring
lie,

And ſome with jovial Songs old Care deſy.

AIR.

(Come hither, my Country 'Squire, &c.)

Come fill the Glaſs to the Brink ;
Brisk Wine ſoon away Sorrow drives :
Like Cowards ne'er ſhrink, but valiantly drink
Confuſion to Bailiffs and Wives.

CHORUS.

Such Soaking, ſuch Smoaking and Joking,
Such Guzzling here you ſee ;
The Buck and furr'd Gown together ſit down,
And all are good Company.

To enjoy Life while we may,
I'll prove from the Scripture, is right;
Old *Lot* us'd, they say, to fuddle all Day,
And lie with his Doxy at Night.

CHORUS.

Such Soaking, such Smoaking, and Joking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But soon the luscious Grape too potent grows;
Mirth and Good-humour turn to Words and Blows;
Now *Rogue* and *Cuckold* through the Hall resound,
And Wigs, and Canes, and Cravats strew the
Ground;

Till bright *Aurora* rears her rosy Head,
And bids the noisy Crew reel home to Bed.

AIR.

(*There was a jovial Beggar, &c.*)

Let Heroes, both by Land and Sea,
Their Deeds in Battle boast;
They only Fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the most.
Then a Guttling we will go, will go, will go;
Then a Guttling we will go.

In Story we are told, of one
An Ox flew with his Fist;
Then at a Meal he eat him up;
Gods! what a glorious Twist!
Then a Guttling, &c.

If then good Eating's so renown'd,
Be this each *Briton's* Pray'r,
"God bless the Court of Aldermen,
"The Sheriffs and Lord-Mayor,
"When a Guttling they do go, do go, do go;
"When a Guttling they do go."

SONG

S O N G CCLIX.

KITTY; or, The Female Phaëton.

Set by Dr. Arne. Words by Mr. Prior. Sung at Vauxhall.

FAIR *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
 And wild as Colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the Fair from whence she sprung,
 With little Rage inflam'd:
 Inflam'd with Rage and sad Restraint,
 Which wise Mamma ordain'd,
 And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd;
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd:
 And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Must Lady *Jenny* frisk about,
 And visit with her Cousins?
 At Balls must she make all the Rout,
 And bring home Hearts by Dozens?
 What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden Charms to boast,
 That all Mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a Toast?
 While I am scarce a Toast?
 That all Mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a Toast?

Dear, dear Mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,
 Or know the Reason why.

Fond Love prevail'd, Mamma gave way ;
Kitty, at Heart's Desire,
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire ;
 And set the World on Fire :
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire.

S O N G CCLX.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

NO Nymph, that trips the verdent Plains,
 With *Sally* can compare ;
 She wins the Hearts of all the Swains,
 And rivals all the Fair :
 The Beams of *Sol* delight and clear,
 While Summer Seasons roll ;
 But *Sally's* Smiles can all the Year
 Give Pleasure to the Soul.

When from the East the Morning Ray
 Illumes the World below,
 Her Presence bids the God of Day
 With Emulation glow :
 Fresh Beauties deck the painted Ground,
 Birds sweeter Notes prepare ;
 The playful Lambkins skip around,
 And hail the Sister fair.

The Lark but strains his livid Throat,
 To bid the Maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his Note,
 The Sweetness of her Voice :
 The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
 While *Flora* she'll perfume,

And ev'ry Flow'ret seems to say,
I but for *Sally* bloom.

The am'rous Youths her Charms proclaim,
From Morn to Eve their Tale ;
Her Beauty and unspotted Fame
Make vocal every Vale ;
The Stream meand'ring thro' the Mead,
Her echo'd Name conveys ;
And ev'ry Voice, and ev'ry Reed,
Is tun'd to *Sally's* Praise.

No more shall blithesome Lads and Swain
To mirthful Wake resort,
Nor ev'ry *May*-Morn on the Plain
Advance in rural Sport :
No more shall gush the purling Rill,
Nor Music wake the Grove,
Nor Flocks look snow-like on the Hill,
When I forget to love.

SONG CCLXI.

In the Serenata of SOLOMON. Set by Dr. Boyce.

BALMY Sweetness ever flowing,
From her dropping Lip distils ;
Flowers on her Cheeks are blowing ;
And her Voice with Music thrills :

Zephyrs o'er the Spices flying,
Wafting Sweets from ev'ry Tree,
Sick'ning Sense with Odours cloying,
Breathe not half so sweet as she.

SONG CCLXII.

The SHEPHERDESS. Set by Dr. Arne.

I Seek my Shepherd gone astray ;
 He left our Cot the other Day :
 Tell me, ye gentle Nymphs and Swains,
 Pass'd the dear Rebel thro' your Plains ?
 Oh ! whither, whither, must I roam,
 To find and charm the Wand'rer home ?

Sports he upon the shaven Green,
 Or joys he in the Mountain Scene ?
 Leads he his Flocks along the Mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler Shade ?
 Oh ! teach a wretched Nymph the Way
 To find her Lover gone astray.

To paint, ye Maids, my truant Swain ;
 A manly Softness crowns his Mien ;
Adonis was not half so fair ;
 And when he talks, 'tis Heav'n to hear !
 But oh ! the soothing Poison shun,
 To listen, is to be undone.

He'll swear no Time shall quench his Flame ;
 To me the Perjur'd swore the same,
 Too fondly loving to be wise,
 Who gave my Heart an easy Prize ;
 And when he tun'd his Syren Voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by Choice.

But sated now, he shuns the Kiss
 He counted once his greatest Bliss ;
 Whilst I with fiercer Passions burn,
 And pant and die for his Return.
 Oh ! whither, whither, shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying Love ?

SONG

S O N G CCLXIII.

THE MEN WILL ROMANCE.

WHEN I enter'd my Teens, and threw
 Playthings aside,
 I conceiv'd myself Woman, and fit for a Bride;
 By the Men I was flatter'd, my Pride to inhance,
 For the Maids will believe, and the Men will
 romance.

They swore that my Eyes the bright Di'mond
 excell'd,
 Such a Face, and such Tresses, sure ne'er were be-
 held!
 That to gaze on my Neck was all Rapture and
 Trance!
 Oh! the Maids will believe, and the Men will
 romance.

Young *Polydore* saw me one Night at the Ball,
 And swore, to my Charms he a Conquest must fall;
 On his Knees he entreated my Hand for a Dance:
 Ah! the Maids will believe, and the Men will
 romance.

He conducted me home, when the Pastime was
 o'er,
 And declar'd he ne'er saw so much Beauty before;
 He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance:
 Ah! the Maids will believe, and the Men will
 romance.

Then Day after Day I his Company had:
 At length he declar'd all his Flame to my Dad;
 But my Father lov'd Money, and would not ad-
 vance,
 And reply'd to my Lover, Young Men will ro-
 mance. But

But tho' my Papa would not give us a Shilling,
 My *Polydore* swore he to wed me was willing :
 So to Church we both went, and at Night had a
 Dance,
 And, believe me, my *Polydore* did not romance.

S O N G CCLXIV.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YE Fair, possess'd of ev'ry Charm
 To captivate the Will ;
 Whose Smiles can Rage itself disarm,
 Whose Frowns at once can kill ;
 Say, will you deign the Verse to hear,
 Where Flatt'ry bears no Part ;
 An honest Verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the Heart ?

Great is your Pow'r ; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a Net,
 Ye all could make a Cage :
 Each Nymph a thousand Hearts may take ;
 For who's to Beauty blind ?
 But to what End a Pris'ner make,
 Unless we've Strength to bind ?

Attend the Counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learnt that best Art, the Art to hold,
 And lock the Lover's Chain.
 Gamesters to little Purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Tho' Beauty may the Charm begin,
 'Tis Sweetness makes it last.

S O N G

SONG CCLXV.

The HONEST FELLOW. Set by Dr. Arne.

PHO! Pox o'this Nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your *Phillis* and *Chloe* no more;
Their Face, and their Air, and their Mien, what
a Rout!

Here's to thee, my Lad, push the Bottle about;
Here's to thee, my Lad, push the Bottle about.

Let finical Fops play the Fool and the Ape;
They dare not confide in the Juice of the Grape:
But we honest Fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think
Of pulling for Love, while he's able to drink?
Of pulling, &c.

'Tis Wine, only Wine, that true Pleasure bestows;
Our Joys it increases, and lightens our Woes;
Remember what Toppers of old us'd to sing,
The Man that is drunk is as great as a King;
The Man, &c.

If *Cupid* assaults you, there's Law for his Tricks;
Anacreon's Cases see, Page Twenty-six:
The Precedent's glorious, and just by my Soul;
Lay hold on, and drown the young Dog in a Bowl;
Lay hold, &c.

What's Life but a Frolic, a Song, and a Laugh?
My Toast shall be this, whilst I've Liquor to quaff;
May Mirth and good Fellowship always abound;
Boys, fill up a Bumper, and let it go round;
Boys, fill up a Bumper, and let it go round.

SONG

S O N G CCLXVI.

A BALLAD in the modern Taste. Set by Dr. Arne.

ONE Morning young *Roger* accosted methus,
Come here, pretty Maiden, and give me a
Buss.

Lord ! Fellow, said I, mind your Plough and your
Cart ;

Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for no-
thing, thank you for nothing with all my
Heart.

Well, then, to be sure he grew civil enough,
He gave a Box with a Paper of Snuff ;
I took it, I own, yet had still so much Art
To cry, Thank you for nothing with all my Heart.

He said, If so be, he might make me his Wife—
Good Lord ! I was never so dash'd in my Life ;
Yet could not help laughing to see the Fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my Heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my Consent,
And with him, on *Sunday*, to Chapel I went,
But said 'twas my Goodness more than his Desert,
Not to thank him for nothing with all my Heart.

The Parson cry'd, Child, you must after me say,
And then talk of Honour, and Love and Obey ;
But faith, when his Reverence came to that Part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my Heart.

At Night our brisk Neighbours the Stocking
would throw ;

I must not tell Tales, but I know what I know :
Young *Roger* confesses I cur'd all his Smart,
And I thank'd him for something with all my Heart.

S O N G

SONG CCLXVII.

A HUNTING SONG.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the Horn calls away;
 Come the Grave, come the Gay;
 Wake to Music that wakens the Skies,
 Quit the Bondage of Sloth, and arise.

A I R.

From the East breaks the Morn,
 See the Sun-beams adorn
 The wild Heath, and the Mountains so high;
 The wild Heath, and the Mountains so high:
 Shrilly opes the staunch Hound,
 The Steed neighs to the Sound,
 And the Floods and the Vallies reply;
 And the Floods and the Vallies reply.

Our Forefathers, so good,
 Prov'd their Greatness of Blood,
 By encount'ring the Hart and the Boar;
 By encount'ring, &c.
 Ruddy Health bloom'd the Face,
 Age and Youth urg'd the Chace,
 And taught Woodlands and Forests to roar;
 And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble Descent,
 Hills and Wilds we frequent,
 Where the Bosom of Nature's reveal'd,
 Where the, &c.

Tho'

Tho' in Life's busy Day,
 Man of Man makes a Prey,
 Still let ours be the Prey of the Field;
 Still let our's, &c.

With the Chace in full Sight,
 Gods! how great the Delight!
 How our mortal Sensations refine!
 How our, &c.

Where is Care, where is Fear?
 Like the Winds, in the Rear,
 And the Man's lost in something divine;
 And the Man's, &c.

Now to Horse, my brave Boys:
 Lo! each pants for the Joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole;
 That anon shall enliven the whole;
 Then at Eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and Pleasures recount,
 And renew the Chace over the Bowl;
 And renew the Chace over the Bowl.

S O N G CCLXVIII.

The FRUITLESS ENDEAVOUR.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN gentle Harriot first I saw,
 Struck with reverential Awe,
 I felt my Bosom mov'd;
 Her easy Shape, her charming Face,
 She smil'd and talk'd with so much Grace,
 I gaz'd, admir'd and lov'd.

Up to the busy Town I flew,
 And wander'd all its Pleasures thro',
 In Hopes to ease my Care:
 The busy Town but mocks my Pain,
 Its gayest Pleasures all are vain,
 For *Harriot* haunts me there.

The Labours of the learned Sage,
 The comic Humour of the Stage,
 By Turns my Time employ;
 I relish not the Sage's Lore,
 The Stage's Humour please no more,
 For *Harriot*'s all my Joy.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial Throng,
 Sometimes the Female Train among,
 To chase her Form away;
 The jovial Throng is noisy, rude,
 Nor other Female dares intrude
 Where *Harriot* bears a Sway.

Since then nor Art nor Learning can,
 Nor Company of Maid or Man,
 For Want of thee atone;
 O come with all thy conqu'ring Charms,
 O come! and take me to thy Arms,
 For thou art all in one.

SONG CCLXIX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MYRTILLA, demanding the Aid of my Pen,
 To tell what of her were the Thoughts of
 the Men,

Insisted

Insisted for once I would alter my Tune,
 And write Panegyrics as well as Lampoon :
 With Candor describing the Woman I see,
 When I steal from my Glafs, to *Myrtilla* and Tea.

If the Eyes sweet Employ to the Soul give Delight,
 And Beauty's an Object engaging to Sight ;
 How kind is my Fair-one, whose Studies confess,
 Her Aim is at Nature's Amendment in Dress !
 Tho' oft in the Structure, mistaking the Plan,
 She spoils what she meant shou'd give Pleasure to
 Man.

When I hear her sweet Voice, in its natural Key,
 Her good-humour'd Prattle is Music to me ;
 Her Kiss would soon make the dull Hermit forego
 His Cell and high Views, for that Heaven below :
 But when for a Trifle with Anger grown bold,
 Her Words are but Discord, her Kisses are cold.

Like Dew to the Flow'rs is Love to Mankind ;
 Each Sense's Employment in Woman we find,
 Unless Affectation, that Bane to the Fair,
 Unfeters the Heart they attempt to insnare :
 Let Nature the Science of Pleasing direct,
 A Charm ill-display'd soon becomes a Defect.

S O N G CCLXX.

*Sung by Mr. Champnes, at the Theatre Royal in
 Drury-Lane, in the Entertainment called Arcadia.*

Set by Mr. Battishill.

A Fond Father's Bliss is to number his Race,
 And exult on the Bloom that just buds on
 their Face ;

With

With their Prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
 And read in their Smiles their lov'd Mother again.
 Men of Pleasures, be mute; this is Life's lovely
 View;

When we look on our young ones, our Youth we
 renew.

Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy;
 No Deceit here distracts, no Debauches destroy;
 From the *May* Morn of Youth to Winter's white
 Age,

Hand in Hand with Contentment we sing thro'
 Life's Stage;

And when Death bids us stop, we end easy our Song,
 Then give the Gods Thanks that we've liv'd well
 so long.

S O N G CCLXXI.

MAY-EVE, or KATE OF ABERDEEN.

Set by Mr. Battishill, and sung at Vauxhall.

THE Silver Moon's enamour'd Beam
 Steals softly through the Night,
 To wanton with the winding Stream,
 And kifs reflected Light:
 To Courts be gone! Heart-soothing Sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I *May's* wakeful Vigil keep
 With *Kate of Aberdeen*.

Thy Nymphs and Swains expectant wait,
 In Primrose Chaplets gay,
 Till Morn unbars her Golden Gate,
 And gives the promis'd *May*:

The

The Nymphs and Swains shall all declare
 The promis'd *May*, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As *Kate of Aberdeen*.

I'll tune my Pipe to playful Notes,
 And rouse yon nodding Grove,
 Till new-wak'd Birds distend their Throats,
 And hail the Maid I love:
 At her Approach the Lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd Green;
 Fond Birds, 'tis not the Morning breaks,
 'Tis *Kate of Aberdeen*.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy Mead,
 Where Elves disportive Play,
 The festal Dance young Shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd Lay,
 Till *May* in Morning-Robe draws nigh,
 And claims a Virgin Queen;
 The Nymphs and Swains exulting cry,
 "Here's *Kate of Aberdeen*."

S O N G CCLXXII.

STREPHON of the HILL. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

LET others *Damon's* Praise rehearse,
 Or *Colin's* at their Will;
 I mean to sing, in rustic Verse,
 Young *Strephon* of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath a Shade,
 Beside a purling Rill;
 Who shoud my Solitude invade,
 But *Strephon* of the Hill?

He tapt my Shoulder, snatch'd a Kiss,
I cou'd not take it ill ;
For nothing, sure, is done amiss
By *Strephon* of the Hill.

Consent, O lovely Maid ! he cry'd,
Nor aim thy Swain to kill :
Consent this Day to be the Bride
Of *Strephon* of the Hill.

Observe the Doves on yonder Spray,
See how they fit and bill ;
So sweet your Time shall pass away
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

We went to Church with hearty Glee,
O Love propitious still !
May ev'ry Nymph be blest, like me,
With *Strephon* of the Hill.

SONG CCLXXIII.

FEMALE ADVICE.

Set by Mr. Battisill.

rne.

PURSUING Beauty, Men desert
The distant Shore, and long to prove,
Still richer in Variety,
The Treasures of the Land of Love.

Ye Women, like weak *Indians*, stand,
Inviting from our Golden Coast
The wand'ring Rovers to our Land ;
But she who trades with them is lost.

With

With humble Vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the Heart;
But, by Possession settled in,
They quickly act another Part.

For Beads and Baubles we resign
In Ignorance our shining Store,
Discover Nature's richest Mine,
And yet the Tyrants will have more.

Ye Fair, take heed, forbear to try
How Men can court, or you be won;
For Love is but Discovery,
When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

S O N G CCLXXIV.

KITTY FELL. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

WHILE Beaus to please the Ladies write,
Or Bards, to get a Dinner by't,
Their well-feign'd Passions tell,
Let me in humble Verse proclaim
My Love for her who bears the Name
Of charming *Kitty Fell*.
Charming *Kitty*, lovely *Kitty*,
Oh—charming *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

That *Kitty's* beautiful and young,
That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
Alas! I know full well:
I feel, and I shall ever feel,
The Dart more sharp than pointed Steel,
That came from *Kitty Fell*.
Charming *Kitty*, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by Reason's Aid,
To cure the Wounds which Love had made,

And bade a long Farewell :

But t'other Day she cross'd the Green ;

I saw, I wish I had not seen,

My charming *Kitty Fell*.

Charming *Kitty*, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that Way ?

To Church, she cry'd—I cannot stay :

Why, don't you hear the Bell ?

To Church——oh ! take me with thee there,

I pray'd : She would not hear my Prayer,

Ah ! cruel *Kitty Fell*.

Cruel *Kitty*, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,

I live to love, and to complain,

Condemn'd in Chains to dwell :

For tho' she casts a scornful Eye,

In Death my fault'ring Tongue will cry,

Adieu ! dear *Kitty Fell*.

Charming *Kitty*, cruel *Kitty*,

Adieu, sweet *Kitty*, *Kitty Fell*.

S O N G CCLXXV.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

A Cantata, taken from a celebrated Print of the
ingenious Mr. Hogarth.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the Gate of *Calais*, *Hogarth* tells
Where sad Despair and Famine alway dwells,
A meagre *Frenchman*, *Madam Grandfire's* Cook,
As home he steer'd his Carcase, that Way took ;

M

Bend-

Bending beneath the Weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine :
 Good Father *Dominick* by chance came by,
 With rosy Gills, round Paunch, and greedy Eye;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy Load,
 His Benediction on it he bestow'd :
 And as the solid Fat his Fingers press'd ;
 He lick'd his Chaps, and thus the Knight address'd.

A I R.

(*A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.*)

Oh rare roast Beef ! lov'd by all Mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my Mind,
 And swimming in thy Gravy,
 Not all thy Country's Force combin'd
 Should from my Fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft-times decreed
 The Theme of *English* Ballad ;
 On thee e'en Kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to *Frenchman's* Palate :
 Then how much doth thy Taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, Frogs and Sallad !

R E C I T A T I V E.

A half-starv'd Soldier, pale and lean,
 Who such a Sight before had never seen,
 Like *Garrick's* frighted *Hamlet*, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with Wonder on the *British* Food.
 His Morning's Mess forsook the friendly Bowl,
 And in small Streams along the Pavement stole.
 He heav'd a Sigh, which gave his Heart Relief,
 And then in plaintive Tone declar'd his Grief.

A L R.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar, it is de roast Beef from *Londre*;
 Oh! grant to me von letel Bite.
 But to my Guts if you give no Heeding,
 And cruel Fate dis Boon denies;
 In kind Compassion unto my Pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my Eyes.

RECITATIVE.

Fellow-Guard, of right *Hibernian* Clay,
 Whose brazen Front his Country did betray,
 Whom *Tyburn's* fatal Tree had hither fled,
 Whose honest Means to gain his daily Bread,
 As the well-known Prospect he descri'd,
 In blubb'ring Accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR.

(Ellen a Roan.)

Get Beef, that now causes my Stomach to rise,
 Get Beef, that now causes my Stomach to rise,
 So taking thy Sight is,
 My Joy, that so light is,
 To view thee, by Pailfuls runs out at my Eyes.
 While here I remain, my Life's not worth a Farthing,
 While here I remain, my Life's not worth a Farthing,
 Ah hard-hearted *Loui*!
 Why did I come to you?
 Gallows, more kind, would have say'd me
 From starving.

M 2

RECIT.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the Ground hard by poor *Sawney* fate,
 Who fed his Nose, and scratch'd his ruddy Pate
 But when *Old England's* Bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear lov'd Mull, alas! was thrown aside:
 With lifted Hand he bless'd his native Place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his Case

AIR.

(*The Broom of Cowden knows.*)

How hard, oh! *Sawney*, is thy Lot,
 Who was so blithe of late,
 To see such Meat as can't be got,
 When Hunger is so great!
 O the Beef! the bonny Beef,
 When roasted nice and brown;
 I wish I had a Slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down!

Ah *Charley*! hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me;
 I would the De'el had pick'd mine Ey'n,
 Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
 O the Beef! &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see! my Muse to *England* takes her Flight,
 Where Health and Plenty socially unite;
 Where smiling Freedom guards great *George's*
 Throne,
 And Whips, and Chains, and Tortures are
 known.
 Tho' *Britain's* Fame in loftiest Strains shall ring
 In rustic Fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a Time a young Frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large Ox grazing o'er the wide Plain,
He boasted his Size he could quickly attain.

O the Roast Beef of *Old England*,
And O the *Old English* Roast Beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little Frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old Dame,
Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."
O the Roast Beef, &c.

But deaf to Advice, he for Glory did thirst;
An Effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard made him
burst.

O the Roast Beef, &c.

Then, *Britons*, be valiant, the Moral is clear;
The Ox is *Old England*, the Frog is Monsieur,
Whose Puffs and Bravadoes we need never fear.
O the Roast Beef, &c.

For while by our Commerce and Arts we are able
To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on our Table,
The *French* may e'en burst like the Frog in the
Fable.

O the Roast Beef of *Old England*,
And O the *Old English* Roast Beef.

S O N G CCLXXVI.

*The SPINNING-WHEEL.**Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.*

YOUNG Colin, fishing near the Mill,
 Saw Sally underneath the Hill,
 Whose Heart Love's tender Pow'r cou'd feel,
 Whose Heart Love's tender Pow'r cou'd feel.
 The Mill was stopt, no Miller there :
 She smil'd to see the Youth appear,
 She smil'd to see the Youth appear,
 But turn'd about her Spinning-wheel,
 But turn'd about her Spinning-wheel.

Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom ;
 Thy Breath is like the Spring's Perfume ;
 On thy sweet Lips my Love I'll seal,
 On thy sweet, &c.
 Yon stately Swans, so white and sleek,
 Are like to Sally's Breast and Neck,
 Are like, &c.
 But still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel,
 But still, &c.

Though, Fair-one, Beauty's transient Pow'r
 Fades like the new-blown gaudy Flow'r ;
 Not so where Virtue loves to dwell,
 Not so, &c.
 For where sweet Modesty appears,
 We never see the Vale of Years,
 We never, &c.
 She smil'd, and stopp'd her Spinning-wheel,
 She smil'd, &c.

The Pomp of State, the Pride of Wealth,
Says she, I scorn for Peace and Health,
Where honest Labour earns her Meal,
Where honest, &c.

Who tells the Flatt'rer's common Tale,
Can never o'er my Heart prevail,
Can never, &c.

And make me leave my Spinning-wheel,
And make, &c.

The Swain who loves the virtuous Mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind;
For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,
For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel.

It is the Voice, says he, of Love,
Come hasten to yon Church above,
Come hasten to yon Church above.
She blush'd and left her Spinning-wheel,
She blush'd and left her Spinning-wheel.

S O N G CCLXXVII.

CURE for the VAPOURS.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

W H Y will *Delia* thus retire,
And languish all her Life away?

While the sighing Crowd admire,

'Tis too soon for Hartshorn-tea,

'Tis too soon for Hartshorn-tea:

All those dismal Looks and Fretting

Cannot *Damon's* Life restore;

Long ago the Worms have eat him;

You can never see him more,

You can never see him more.

Long ago the Worms have eat him;

You can never see him more.

Once again consult your Toilette,
 In the Glass your Face review ;
 So much Weeping soon will spoil it,
 And no Spring your Charms renew ;
 And no, &c.

I, like you, was born a Woman,
 Well I know what Vapours mean ;
 The Disease, alas ! is common,
 Single we have all the Spleen ;
 Single, &c.

All the Morals that they tell us,
 Never cur'd the Sorrow yet :
 Chuse, among the pretty Fellows,
 One of Humour, Youth and Wit ;
 One of, &c.

Prithee hear him ev'ry Morning,
 At the least an Hour or two ;
 Once again at Night returning,
 — I believe the Dose will do ;
 — I believe the Dose will do.
 Once again at Night returning,
 — I believe the Dose will do.

S O N G CCLXXVIII.

The SHEPHERD. Set by Dr. Arne.

NO more the festive Train I'll join :
 Adieu ! ye rural Sports, adieu !
 For what, alas ! have Griefs like mine
 With Pastimes or Delights to do ?
 Let Hearts at Ease such Pleasures prove,
 But I am all Despair and Love.

Ah well-a-day! how chang'd am I!
 When late I seiz'd the rural Reed,
 So soft my Strains, the Herds hard by
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed;
 But now my Strains no longer move,
 They're Discord all, Despair and Love.

Behold around my straggling Sheep,
 The fairest once upon the Lea;
 No Swain to guide, no Dog to keep,
 Unshorn they stray, nor mark'd by me:
 The Shepherds mourn to see them rove;
 They ask the Cause, I answer, Love.

Neglected Love first taught my Eyes
 With Tears of Anguish to o'erflow;
 'Tis that which fill'd my Breast with Sighs,
 And turn'd my Pipe to Notes of Woe;
 Love has occasion'd all my Smart,
 Dispers'd my Flocks, and broke my Heart.

S O N G CCLXXIX.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

ATTEND, ye Nymphs, while I impart
 The secret Wishes of my Heart,
 And tell what Swain, if one there be,
 Whom Fate designs for Love and me.

Let Reason o'er his Thoughts preside,
 Let Honour all his Actions guide;
 Stedfast in Virtue let him be,
 The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Let solid Sense inform his Mind,
 With pure Good-nature sweetly join'd;

M 5

Sure

Sure Friend to modest Merit be
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Where Sorrow prompts the pensive Sigh,
Where Grief bedews the drooping Eye;
Melting in Sympathy I see
The Swain design'd for Love and me.

Let fordid Av'rice claim no Part
Within his tender, gen'rous Heart;
Oh! be that Heart from Falshood free,
Devoted all to Love and me.

S O N G CCLXXX.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

HARK! the Birds begin their Lay,
Flowrets deck the Robe of May:
See the little Lambkins bound,
Playful o'er the Clover-ground;
While the Heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow Cowslips blow;
While the Heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow Cowslips blow.

Now the Nymphs and Swains advance
O'er the Lawn in perfect Dance;
Garlands from the Hawthorn Bough
Grace the happy Shepherd's Brow;
While the Lassies, in Array,
Wait upon the Queen of May;
While the, &c.

Innocence, Content and Love,
Fill the Meadows and the Grove;
Mirth that never wears a Frown,
Health with Sweetness all her own;

Labo

Labour puts on Pleasure's Smile,
And pale Care forgets his Toil;
Labour puts, &c.

Ah! what Pleasures Shepherds know!
Monarchs cannot such bestow;
Love improves each happy Hour,
Grandeur has not such in Store.
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is Innocence;
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
Happiness is Innocence.

S O N G CCLXXXI.

CELIA'S COMPLAINT.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT Sadness reigns over the Plain!
How droop the sweet Flowrets around!
How pensive each Nymph and each Swain!
How silent each musical Sound!
No more the soft Lute in the Bow'rs,
Beguild the cool Ev'nings away;
Sad Sighs measure out the long Hours,
Since *Damon* has wander'd away.

Oh! he was our Village's Pride,
This Change from his Absence is seen;
'Twas he that our Music supply'd,
When gaily we danc'd on the Green:
At Shearing, at Wake, and at Fair,
How jovial and frolic were we!
But now ev'ry Feast in the Year
Is joyless as joyless can be.

Ah ! why did he venture from home,
 To mix among hostile Alarms ?
 No Justice oblig'd him to roam,
 Or take up those terrible Arms :
 Let those who are cruel and rough,
 Be heedless of Life and of Limb ;
 The Country had Soldiers enough,
 Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where e'er the Adventurer goes,
 On Land or the dangerous Main,
 Kind Heaven protect him from Woes,
 And give him to *Celia* again.
 Oh ! give him to *Celia* again,
 My true Love in Safety restore ;
 I'll cease on his Breast to complain,
 From my Arms he shall wander no more.

S O N G CCLXXXII.

Sung at Ranelagh.

THAT *Jenny's* my Friend, my Delight and
 my Pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;
 I dwell on her Praises wherever I go ;
 They say, I'm in Love, but I answer, No, no ;
 They say, I'm in Love, but I answer, No, no.

At Ev'ning oft-times, with what Pleasure I see
 A Note from her Hand, " I'll be with you at Tea !"
 My Heart how it bounds when I hear her below !
 But say not 'tis Love, for I answer, No, no ;
 But say, &c.

She sings me a Song, and I echo its Strain ;
 Again, I cry, *Jenny*, sweet *Jenny*, again :

I kiss

I kiss her sweet Lips, as if there I could grow;
But say not 'tis Love, for I answer, No, no;
But say, &c.

She tells me her Faults as she sits on my Knee:
I chide her, and swear she's an Angel to me:
My Shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so:
Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no;
Who knows, &c.

From Beauty and Wit, and Good-humour, how I
Should Prudence advise, and compel me to fly:
Thy Bounty, O Fortune, make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No;
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

S O N G CCLXXXIII.

COLIN and PHILLIS, a *Dialogue. Sung at Vauxhall.*

He. **D**E A R *Phillis*, sweet Girl, be now kind
to my Pain,
Nor suffer me longer to court you in vain;
And I'll love you sincerely for ever,
And I'll love you sincerely for ever,
And I'll love, &c.

She. Ah! *Colin*, my Heart was about to comply;
But what my Hopewishes, my Fears will deny:
I can never be yours.

He. What never?

She. No never; I can never be yours.

He. What never?

She. No never; I ne'er can be yours.

He. Fie! *Phillis*, how can you still trifle with Love?
Away with your Fears! and my Passion approve.
When

When I tell you, I love you for ever,
 When I tell you, I love you for ever,
 When I tell you, &c.

She. Fie! *Colin*, how can you still teaze me in vain,
 When I told you before, and I tell you again,
 I can never be yours?

He. What never?

She. No never! I can never be yours.

He. What never!

She. No never! I ne'er can be yours.

He. Then adieu to all Joy, my Heart will sure
 break,

If my *Phillis* denies what I fondly did seek;
 I can never be happy, no never,
 I can never be happy, no never,
 I can never, &c.

She. Then away with my Doubts, I can fondly be-
 lieve,
 That *Colin* his *Phillis* will never deceive;
 That *Colin* will love me.

He. For ever.

She. You never, sure never, will leave me.

He. No never!

She. You never, sure never, will leave me.

He. No never, no never, will leave you.

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

In the REPRISAL.

FROM the Man whom I love tho' my Heart
 I disguise,
 I will freely describe the Wretch I despise;
 And if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,
 He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw

And if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,
He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.

A Wit without Sense, without Fancy a Beau ;
Like a Parrot he chatters, and struts like a Crow ;
A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Baboon ;
In Courage a Hind, in Conceit a Gascoon.
A Peacock, &c.

As a Vulture rapacious, in Falshood a Fox ;
Inconstant as Waves, and unfeeling as Rocks ;
As a Tyger ferocious, perverse as a Hog ;
In Mischief an Ape, and in sawning a Dog.
As a Tyger, &c.

In a Word, to sum up all his Talents together,
His Heart is of Lead, and his Brain is of Feathers :
Yet if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,
He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.
Yet if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,
He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.

S O N G CCLXXXV.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own Land,
Whose Sires were so brave, so victorious and
free,

Who always beat France when they took her in
Hand,

Come join, honest Britons, in Chorus with me ;

Come join, honest Britons, in Chorus with me.

Let us sing our own Treasures, Old England's good
Cheer,

The Profits and Pleasures of stout British Beer ;

Your

Your Wine-tipling, Dram-sipping Fellows retreat,
But your Beer-dinking *Britons* can never be beat.
Let us, &c.

The *French* with their Vineyards are meagre and
pale,
They drink of the Squeezings of half-ripen'd
Fruit ;

But we, who have Hop-grounds to mellow our Ale,
Are rosy and plump, and have Freedom to boot.
Let us sing, &c.

Shou'd the *French* dare invade us thus arm'd with
our Poles,

We'll bang their bare Ribs, make their Lan-
thorn-jaws ring ;

For your Beef-eating, Beer-drinking *Britons* are
Souls,

Who will shed their last Drop for their Country
and King.

Let us sing, &c.

S O N G CCLXXXVI.

The JOYS OF HARVEST.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

NOW Pleasure unbound resounds o'er the
Plains,

And brightens the Smiles of the Damsels and
Swains,

As they follow the last Team of Harvest along,
And end all their Toils with a Dance and a Song:

Possess'd of the Plenty that blesses the Year,

Bleak Winter's Approach they behold without Fear,

And when Tempests rattle and Hurricanes roar,

Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear

Dear *Chloe*, from them let us learn to be wise,
 And use every Moment of Life as it flies;
 Gay Youth is the Spring-tide, which all must improve,

For Summer to ripen an Harvest of Love:
 Our Hearts then a provident Care should engage,
 To lay Friendship in Store for the Winter of Age,
 Whose Frowns shall disarm ev'n *Chloe's* bright Eye,
 Damp the Flame in my Bosom, and pall ev'ry Joy.

S O N G CCLXXXVII.

INCONSTANCY REQUIRED.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

FROM Nymph to Nymph my Heart had rov'd,
 The Brown, the Fair, my Flame approv'd;
 The Pert, the Proud, by Turns have lov'd,
 And kindly fill'd my Arms.
 I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd;
 While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd;
 And ere the Kind with Kindness cloy'd,
 The Coy resign'd her Charms.

But now, alas! those Days are done,
 The Wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
 Who like a frighted Bird is flown,
 Yet leaves her Image here:
 Oh! could I yet her Heart recall,
 Before her Feet my Pride shou'd fall,
 And for her Sake, forsaking all,
 I'd fix for ever there.

SONG CCLXXXVIII.

LOVE'S ELEGY. *Set by Mr. Battisill.*

FAREWELL, *Iantbe*, faithless Maid,
 Source of my Grief and Pain;
 Who with fond Hopes my Heart betray'd,
 And fann'd Love's kindling Flame;
 Yet gave from me thy Hand, this Morn,
 To *Coridon*'s rich Heir,
 Who with gay Vestments did adorn
 Thee, false, yet beauteous Fair.

Adieu, my native Soil; ye Vales,
 High Woods, and tufted Hills:
 Adieu, ye Groves and flow'ry Dales,
 Clear Streams and crystal Rills:
 Adieu; ye bring into my Mind
 Those past, those happy Days,
 When *Iphis* found *Iantbe* kind,
 And Pleasure strew'd his Ways.

Ere Dawn my homely Steps I'll bend,
 Where distant Mountains rise,
 In Hopes that Reason there may send
 That Aid she here denies.
 That Time and Absence may efface
 Her Image from my Breast,
 Which, while she there maintains a Place,
 Can never taste of Rest.

SONG CCLXXXIX.

*The PRUDENT LOVER.**Set by Mr. Battisill.*

LUCINDA once my Soul possess'd,
 And triumph'd o'er my Heart;
 Each Hour was tranquil, calm, and bless'd,
 'Twas more than Death to part.
 No jealous Fears intruding came,
 No anxious Doubts t'annoy;
 Our Thoughts, our Hopes were all the same,
 All Transport, Love, and Joy.

But soon the blissful Scene was o'er,
 For soon she fickle prov'd,
 And left the Shepherd to deplore
 The Loss of her he lov'd.
 Yet think not that for thee I grieve,
 Or pine at thy Disdain;
 There needs no Comfort to relieve,
 Nor Balm to heal my Pain.

For when I think how false thou art,
 I thank the Gods above,
 Who gave me Pow'r to wean my Heart
 From thy inconstant Love.
 But this, *Lucinda*, this expect,
 Rewarded thou shalt be;
 Thou too, false Maid, shalt meet Neglect,
 While I am blest and free.

SONG CCXC.

RETIREMENT. *Set by Mr. Battishill.*

FAREWELL the smoaky Town, adieu
 Each rude and sensual Joy ;
 Gay, fleeting Pleasures, all untrue,
 That in Possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd Scene I'll fly,
 Where Folly keeps her Court,
 To wholesome, sound Philosophy,
 And harmless rural Sport.

How happy is the humble Cell,
 How blest the deep Retreat,
 Where Sorrow's Billows never swell,
 Nor Passion's Tempests beat !

But safely thro' the Sea of Life,
 Calm Reason wafts us o'er,
 Free from Ambition, Noise, and Strife,
 To Death's eternal Shore.

SONG CCXCI.

*The REMONSTRANCE.**Set by Mr. Battishill.*

UNgrateful Love, thus ev'ry Hour
 To punish me by her Disdain ;
 You tyrannize to shew your Pow'r,
 And she to triumph in my Pain.

You, who can laugh at human Woes,
 And Victims to her Pride decree,
 On me, your yielding Slave impose
 Your Chains, and leave the Rebel free.

How fatal are your poison'd Darts !
 Her conqu'ring Eyes the Trophies boast,
 While you ensnare poor wand'ring Hearts,
 That in her Charms and Scorn are lost.

Impious and cruel, you deny
 A Death, to ease me of my Care;
 Which she delays, to make me try
 The Force of Beauty and Despair.

S O N G CCXCII.

The HAPPY MEETING.

Set by Dr. Berg. Sung at Ranelagh.

A S Jamie gay gang'd blithe his Way,
 Along the Banks of Tweed;
 A bonny Lass, as ever was,
 Came tripping o'er the Mead;
 The hearty Swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom Nymph survey'd;
 And full of Glee, as Lad could be,
 Bespake the pretty Maid.

Dear Lassy, tell, why by thine sel
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here?
 My Ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
 Can't tell me, Laddy, where?
 To Town ise hie, he made reply,
 Some muckle Sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 Ise seek the Ewes with thee.

She gin her Hand, nor made a Stand,
 But like the Youth's Intent;
 O'er Hill and Dale, o'er Plain and Vale,
 Right merrily they went:

The

The Birds sang sweet the Pair to greet,
 And Flowers bloom'd around ;
 And as they walk'd, of Love they talk'd,
 And Joys which Lovers crown'd.

And now the Sun had rose to Noon,
 (The Zenith of his Pow'r,)
 When to a Shade their Steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day Hour :
 The bonny Lad raw'd, in his Plaid,
 The Lads who scorn'd to fawn ;
 She soon forgot the Ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to Town.

S O N G C C X C H I.

Sung in the Mask of ALFRED. Set by Dr. Arne.

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry Art,
 To warm and win the coldest Heart,
 In secret mine posselt,
 In secret mine posselt :
 The Morning Bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal Oak that straightest grows,
 His Face and Shape exprest ;
 His Face and Shape exprest.

In moving Sounds he told his Tale,
 Soft as the Sighings of the Gale,
 That wakes the flow'ry Year,
 That wakes, &c.
 What Wonder he could charm with Ease,
 Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
 Whom Love had made sincere ?
 Whom Love, &c.

At Morn he left me—fought and fell;
 The fatal Ev'ning heard his Knell,
 And saw the Tears I shed,
 And saw the Tears I shed:
 Tears that must ever, ever fall;
 For ah! no Sighs the past recall;
 No Cries awake the Dead,
 No Cries awake the Dead.

S O N G CCXCIV.

Set by Dr. Berg. Sung at Ranelagh.

MY Kitty cries, Was *Damon* wise,
 His Passion I'd approve;
 But like the Bee, so gay, so free,
 He merits not my Love:
 From Maid to Maid his Heart has stray'd,
 Which each new Face has won;
 My Spirit's great, a Share I hate,
 I'll have him all or none.

Her Reas'ning such, I wonder much,
 Herself she cannot see;
 For, oh! the Fawn, that skips the Lawn,
 Is not so wild as she:
 Each am'rous Swain breath'd out his Pain;
 To all she lends an Ear:
 The Case is thus, and which of us
 In Love's most insincere?

I often cry, Dear *Kitty*, why
 Should Youth in vain be spent!
 In *Hymen's* Bands let's join our Hands,
 And live with each content:
 But her Reply commands a Sigh,
 'Tis *Damon*, patient wait;

Grow wise and mend, I'll be your Friend,
And leave the rest to Fate.

Ye Pow'rs above, who rule o'er Love,
Our giddy Thoughts confine;
My Heart would her to all prefer,
Wou'd she be only mine :
She thinks 'tis strange ! that I shou'd range :
I think she wastes her Charms ;
And plainly see, we shan't agree,
'Till in each other's Arms.

S O N G CCXCV.

The Words from SHAKESPEAR. Sung at Ranelagh

COME, live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleasures prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dales and Fields,
And all the craggy Mountain yields :
There will we sit upon the Rocks,
And see the Shepherds feed their Flocks,
Near shallow Rivers, by whose Falls
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee Beds of Roses,
With a Thousand fragrant Posies,
A Cap of Flowers, with a Girdle
Embroider all with Leaves of Myrtle ;
A Gown made of the finest Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull.
If these Delights thy Mind may move,
Come, live with me, and be my Love.

Fur-lined Slipper for the Cold,
With Buckles of the purest Gold ;
A Belt of Straw with Ivy Buds,
And Coral Clasps, and Silver Studs :

The Shepherd Swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy Delight each *May Morning*.
 If these Delights thy Mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my Love.

S O N G CCXCVI.

A NEW DIALOGUE in the SORCERER.

DEAREST *Daphne*, turn thine Eyes,
 Jocund Day begins to rise ;
 See the Morn with Roses crown'd,
 Sprinkling Dew-drops on the Ground :
 Love invites to yonder Grove,
 Where only Lovers dare to rove :
 Let us haste, make no Delay,
Cupid's Call we must obey.
 Let us haste, make no Delay,
Cupid's Call we must obey.

Sbe. Ah, *Philander*, I'm afraid :
 There poor *Laura* was betray'd
 By Young *Strephon's* subtle Wiles,
 Soothing Words, and artful Smiles :
 Simple Maids are soon undone,
 When their simple Hearts are won :
 Press me not ; I must away,
 And Honour's strict Commands obey.
 Press me not, &c.

He. Gentle *Daphne*, fear not you ;
 I'll be ever kind and true :
 Think no more of *Laura's* Fate,
 View yon *Turtle* and its Mate ;
 See how freely they impart
 The Impulse of each other's Heart :

N

Like

Like them, my Fair, let's sport and play ;
 Nature prompts us to obey.
 Like them, &c.

She. Shepherd, I perceive your Aim,
 You and *Strephon* are the same ;
 You like him would me betray,
 Should I trust whate'er you say.

He. If *Daphne* doubts, let *Hymen's* Bands
 This Instant join our willing Hands.

She. The Invitation I obey,
 And Love with Honour will repay.
 The Invitation, &c.

Both. No longer then the Moments waste,
 But to the Altar let us haste;
 But to the Altar let us haste:
 The Invitation we obey,
 And Love with Honour each repay.
 The Invitation we obey,
 And Love with Honour each repay.

SONG CCXCVII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SAYS *Damon* to *Pbillis*, suppose my fond Eyes
 Reveal with what Ardour I glow ;
 Reveal with what Ardour I glow :
 Well, what if they do? there's no Harm sure, she
 cries ;

I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those Lips a sweet Kiss,
 Say, would you the Favour bestow?
 Say, would you the Favour bestow?

Lord

Lord bless me ! said she, what a Question is this !
 I can but deny you, you know, you know ;
 I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose not contented, I still ask for more ?

For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow ;

For Pleasure from Pleasure will grow.

Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,

I can but deny you, you know, you know ;

I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear Love, to the Wood let's repair,

Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go ;

Cry'd *Damon*, and offer'd to go.

No, no, with a Blush, answer'd *Phillis*, for there

I could not deny you, you know, you know ;

I could not deny you, you know.

S O N G CCXCVIII.

LOVE and CONSTANCY.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

LONG Time my Heart had rov'd,

Inconstant as the Wind ;

Each Girl I saw, I swore I lov'd,

'Till one my Heart confin'd ;

'Till one my Heart confin'd.

The Maid was blithe, was young and fair,

From Affectation free ;

The Maid was blithe, was young and fair,

From Affectation free :

No Imperfection did appear,

While she look'd kind on me ;

No Imperfection did appear,

While she look'd kind on me.

When her my Pain I told,
 And all my Grief confess'd,
 The Insolence of female Pride
 Her cold Disdain express'd;
 Her cold, &c.
 The Beauty I esteem'd before,
 Appear'd Deformity;
 The Beauty, &c.
 Each Charm I thought a Charm no more,
 She was unkind to me;
 Each Charm, &c.
 Forbear, fond Youth, no more
 The Sex's Weakness scan;
 'Twas not Inconstancy, or Pride,
 But Trial of the Man;
 But Trial of the Man:
 When Time had prov'd my Flame sincere,
 She own'd the same to me;
 When Time, &c.
 Not Love alone can win the Fair,
 But Love and Constancy;
 Not Love, &c.

S O N G CCXCIX.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

FANNY, fairer than a Flow'r,
 But uncertain as the Wind,
 Ever trifling with her Pow'r,
 Meant alone to bless Mankind;
 Now with Smiles her Face adorning,
 She to Love my Heart invites;
 She to Love my Heart invites:
 But if Love I offer, scorning,
 She with Frowns my Passion flights;
 She with Frowns my Passion flights.

OH! thou God of pleasing Anguish,
 If indeed a God you be,
 Teach the Tyrant how to languish,
 Make her Heart and Eyes agree :
 But if wilful she refuses
 To obey the Powers divine ;
 To obey the Powers divine ;
 Make the Man whom first she chuses,
 Treat her Heart as she does mine ;
 Treat her Heart as she does mine.

S O N G CCC.


Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

I Search the Fields of ev'ry Kind,
 The fairest Flow'rs I chose,
 And sent them in a Wreath to bind
 My *Rosalinda's* Brows ;
 My *Rosalinda's* Brows.

Here *Hyacinthus*, ting'd with Blood,
 In purple Beauty glows ;
 There, bursting from the swelling Bud,
 Appears the blushing Rose ;
 Appears the blushing Rose.

Here Violets of purple Hue,
 Chaste Lilies white as Snow,
 Narcissuses, that drink of the Dew,
 And near the Fountain blow ;
 And near the Fountain blow.

To boast thy Charms when crown'd with those,
 Cease, cease, O beauteous Maid !
 Thy Face, that blooms so like the Rose,
 Like that, alas ! will fade ;
 Like that, alas ! will fade.

 Every Verse to be repeated.

S O N G C C C I.

The DUST-CART. A favourite Cantata.

R E C I T A T I V E.

AS tink'ring *Tom* thro' Streets his Trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely *Sylvia* passing by ;
 In Dust-Cart high advanc'd, the Nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich Cinders round her lovely Waist :
Tom with uplifted Hands th' Occasion blest,
 And thus, in soothing Strains, th' Maid address.

A I R.

O *Sylvia*, while you drive your Cart,
 To pick up Dust, you steal our Hearts ;
 You take up Dust, and steal our Hearts :
 That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
 And dwells among the Dust with you ;
 And dwells among the Dust with you :
 Ah ! lovely *Sylvia*, ease my Pain ;
 Give me my Heart, you stole, again ;
 Give me my Heart, out of your Cart ;
 Give me my Heart, you stole, again.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble Rout,
 Exulting roll'd her sparkling Eyes about :
 She heav'd her swelling Breast, as black as Sloe,
 And look'd Disdain on little Folks below :
 To *Tom* she nodded, as the Cart drew on,
 And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop, *John*.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry Croud oppress ?

Ambition

Ambition now my Soul does fire ;
 The Youths shall languish and admire,
 And ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart
 Shall long to ride in my Dust-Cart;
 And ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart
 Shall long to ride in my Dust-Cart.

S O N G CCCII.

A favourite Two-part Song.

WHEN *Phæbus* the Tops of the Hills does
 adorn,
 How sweet is the Sound of the echoing Horn !
 When the antling Stag is rous'd with the Sound,
 Erecting his Ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the Ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the Plain :
 But still we pursue, and now come in View of the
 glorious Game.

O see how again he rears up his Head,
 And winged with Fear he redoubles his Speed :
 But, oh ! 'tis in vain that he flies,
 That his Eyes lose the Huntsman, his Ears lose
 the Cries :

For now his Strength fails him, he heavily flies,
 And he pants till with well-scented Hounds sur-
 rounded he dies.

S O N G CCCIII.

Sung in The Custom of the Manor.

WHEN the Rose is in Bud, and blue Violets
 blow,
 And the Birds sing us Love Songs from every Bough,
 When Cowslips and Daisies, and Daffodils, spread
 Adorning, perfumes the flowery Mead,

Our cleanly Milk-Pail
 Is fill'd with brown Ale ;
 Our Table, our Table's the Grass :
 There we sit and we sing,
 And we dance in a Ring,
 And every Lad has his Lafs ;
 There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a Ring,
 And every Lad, every Lad has his Lafs.

When without the Plough the fat Oxen do low,
 The Lads and the Lasses a Sheep-shearing go ;
 Our Shepherd shears his jolly, jolly Fleece,
 How much richer than that which they say was
 in *Greece* !

'Tis our Cloth, and our Food,
 And our politic Blood ;
 'Tis the Seat which our Nobles all sit on :
 'Tis a Mine above Ground,
 Where our Treasure's all found,
 'Tis the Gold, and the Silver of *Britain* ;
 'Tis a Mine above Ground, where our Treasure's
 all found,
 'Tis the Gold, and the Silver of *Britain*.

S O N G CCCIV.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Arne.

SURE Sally is the loveliest Lafs
 That e'er gave Shepherd Glee ;
 Not *May-Day*, in its Morning-Dress,
 Is half so fair as she :
 Let Poets paint the *Paphian* Queen,
 And fancy'd Forms adore ;
 Ye Bards, had ye my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No

No more ye'd prate of *Hybla's* Hill,
 Where Bees their Honey sip,
 Did ye but know the Sweets that dwell
 On *Sally's* Love-taught Lip :
 But, ah ! take heed, ye tuneful Swains,
 The ripe Temptation shun ;
 Or else like me you'll wear her Chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my Cot secure I slept,
 And Lark-like hail'd the Morn ;
 More sportive than the Kid I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the Lawn :
 To ev'ry Maid Love-Tales I told,
 And did my Truth aver ;
 Yet, ere the parting Kifs was cold,
 I laugh'd at Love and her.

But now the gloomy Grove I seek,
 Where Love-lorn Shepherds stray ;
 There to the Winds my Grief I speak,
 And sigh my Soul away :
 Nought but Despair my Fancy paints,
 No Dawn of Hope I see ;
 For *Sally's* pleas'd with my Complaints,
 And laughs at Love and me.

Since these my poor neglected Lambs,
 So late my only Care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy Dams,
 And stray'd I know not where :
 Alas ! my Ewes, in vain ye bleat :
 My Lambkins lost, adieu !
 No more we on the Plains shall meet,
 For lost's your Shepherd too.

SONG CCCV.

SICK of the Town, fair *Delia* flew
 To Contemplation's rural Seat;
 Adieu, she cry'd, vain World, adieu,
 Fools only study to be great:
 The Book, the Lamp, the Hermit's Cell,
 The Moss-grown Roof, the matted Floor;
 All these she had—'twas mighty well;
 But yet she wanted something more.
 Back to the busy World again
 She soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary Pain,
 Quiet of Heart, and Peace of Mind:
 Gay Scenes of Grandeur ev'ry Hour,
 By Turns her fickle Fancy fill;
 The World seem'd all within her Power;
 But yet she wanted something still.
 Cities and Groves by Turns were try'd;
 'Twas all, ye Fair, an idle Tale,
Delia at length became a Bride,
 A Bride to *Damon* of the Vale:
 Behold, at once the Gloom was clear'd;
Damon was kind;—and from that Hour
 Each Place a Paradise appear'd,
 And *Delia* wanted nothing more.

SONG CCCVI.

Set by Dr. Arne. In THOMAS and SALLY.

THAT * *May-day* of Life is for Pleasure,
 For Singing, for Dancing, and Show;
 Then why will you waste such a Treasure
 In sighing, and crying—Heigho!

* Youth,

Let's

Let's copy the Bird in the Meadows;
By hers tune your Pipe when 'tis low:
Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
And never sit crying—Heigho!

Though, when in the Arms of a Lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all your Toying is over,
We cannot help crying—Heigho!

In Age ev'ry one a new Part takes;
I find to my Sorrow 'tis so:
When old, you may cry till your Heart aches,
But no one will mind you—Heigho!

S O N G CCCVII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in ARTAXERXES.

THE Soldier, tir'd of War's Alarms,
Forswears the Clang of hostile Arms,
And scorns the Spear and Shield;
But if the brazen Trumpet sound,
He burns with Conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the Field.

S O N G CCCVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

TIS not Wealth, it is not Birth,
Can Value to the Soul convey:
Minds possess superior Worth,
Which Chance nor gives, nor takes away.

Like the Sun true Merit shews,
 By Nature warm, by Nature bright ;
 With inbred Flames he nobly glows,
 Nor needs the Aid of borrow'd Light.

S O N G CCCIX.

DAMON and FLORELLA. *A Dialogue.*

Sung in The SORCERER.

He. C A S T, my Love, thine Eyes around,
 See the sportive Lambkins play ;
 Nature gaily decks the Ground,
 All in Honour of the May :
 Like the Sparrow and the Dove,
 Listen to the Voice of Love.

She. Damon, thou hast found me long
 List'ning to thy soothing Tale,
 And thy soft persuasive Tongue
 Often held me in the Dale :
 Take, oh ! Damon, while I live,
 All which Virtue ought to give.

He. Not the Verdure of the Grove,
 Not the Garden's fairest Flow'r,
 Nor the Meads where Lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal Hour,
 Can delight thy Damon's Eye,
 If Florella is not by.

She. Not the Water's gentle Fall,
 By the Bank with Poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd Songsters all,
 Nor the Flute's melodious Sound,
 Can delight Florella's Ear,
 If her Damon is not near.

Both.

Both. Let us love, and let us live,

Like the chearful Season gay :

Banish Care, and let us give

Tribute to the fragrant May :

Like the Sparrow and the Dove,

Listen to the Voice of Love.

S O N G CCCX.

THE FAIREST of the FAIR.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Joseph Baildon.

O *Betsy!* wilt thou gang with me,
Nor figh to leave the flaunting Town?
Can silent Glens have Charms for thee,
The lowly Cot and russet Gown?
Nae longer drest in silken Sheen,
Nae longer deckt wi' Jewels rare;
Say, canst thou quit each courtly Scene,
Where thou wert *Fairest of the Fair?*

O *Betsy!* when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a Wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky Snaw,
Nor shrink beneath the northern Wind?
Say, can that fast and gentlest Mein,
Severest Hardships learn to bear?
Nor sad regret each courtly Scene,
Where thou wert *Fairest of the Fair?*

O *Betsy!* canst thou love sa true,
Thro' Perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or when mishap the Swain should rue,
To share with him the Pang of Woe?
Or when invading Pains befall,
Wilt thou assume the Nurse's Care?

Nor

Nor wishful those gay Scenes recall,
Where thou wert *Fairest of the Fair*?

And when at last thy Love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting Breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling Sigh,
And chear with Smiles the Bed of Death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd Clay
Strew Flowers, and drop the tender Tear?
Nor then regret those Scenes so gay,
Where thou wert *Fairest of the Fair*?

S O N G CCCXI:

The B I R D.

Sung by Mr. Raworth, at Marybone-Gardens.

THE Bird that hears her Nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for Food,
Returns impatient thro' the Sky,
To nurse the callow Brood:
The tender Mother knows no Joy,
But bodes a thousand Harms;
And sickens for the darling Boy,
When absent from her Arms.

Such Fondness with Impatience join'd,
My faithful Bosom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my Fair behind,
The Queen of my Desires:
The Pow'rs of Verse too languid prove,
All Similes are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my Pain.

The

The Saint with fervent Zeal inspir'd,
 For Heav'n and Joy divine;
 The Saint is not with Rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine:
 I take what Liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more;
 Convey my Longings to the Fair,
 The Goddess I adore.

S O N G CCCXII.

The QUEEN of MAY.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

EV'RY Nymph and Shepherd, bring
 Tributes to the Queen of May;
 Rife for her Brows the Spring;
 Make her as the Season gay;
 Make her as the Season gay.
 Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting Hour;
 Teach her then, from ev'ry Flow'r,
 How to use the fleeting Hour;
 How to use the fleeting Hour.
 Now the fair Narcissus blows,
 With his Sweetness now delights;
 By his Side, the maiden Rose
 With her artless Blush invites;
 With her, &c.
 Such, so fragrant and so gay,
 Is the blooming Queen of May;
 Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair Narcissus dies,
 Soon he droops his languid Head;

From

From the Rose her Purple flies,
 None inviting to her Bed;
 None, &c.

Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,
 Soon shall be the Queen of *May*;
 Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural Queen,
 By the Suffrage of the Swains,
 Beauty, like the vernal Green,
 In thy Shrine not long remains;
 In thy Shrine not long remains.

Bless then, quickly bless the Youth,
 Who deserves thy Love and Truth:
 Bless then, quickly bless the Youth,
 Who deserves thy Love and Truth;
 Who deserves thy Love and Truth.

S O N G CCCXIII.

A M A N D A.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

BY the dew-besprinkled Rose;
 By the Blackbird piping clear;
 By the Western Gale, that blows
 Fragrance on the vernal Year;
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 Nor let him longer sigh in vain:
 Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
 Nor let him longer sigh in vain.

By the Cowslip, clad in Gold;
 By the silver Lily's Light;
 By those Meads, where you behold
 Nature rob'd in Green and White;

Hear,

Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
And to his Sighs, oh! sigh again :
Hear, &c.

By the Riv'let's rambling Race ;
By the Music that it makes ;
By bright *Sol's* inverted Face,
Who for the Stream his Sky forsakes ;
Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
And into Joy convert his Pain :
Hear, *Amanda*, hear thy Swain,
And into Joy convert his Pain.

S O N G CCCXIV.

PHILANDER and SYLVIA : *A Pastoral Dialogue.*

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

Phil. **W**HILE Blossoms deck each verdant
Spray,
And *Flora* breathes the Sweets of *May*,
I'll leave my Flock to frolic free,
And tune my Pipe alone for thee ;
And tune my Pipe alone for thee.

Sylvia. What if thy Flock should leave the Plain,
While *Tray* is sleeping by my Swain ?
Would'st thou not think the Minutes dear,
And rail at me that kept thee hear ?
And rail, &c.

Phil. First shall the Lark forget his Note,
The Linnet stop his liquid Throat.

Sylvia. So oft you game, some Shepherds say,
And only jest, when you betray ;
And only, &c.

Deck

Deck but your Song with Truth alone,
My Virgin Heart shall be your own.

Phil. The Turtle shall forsake his Love,
Ere I to thee inconstant prove ;
Ere I, &c.

Both. When Beauty opens all her Charms,
And Honour flies to Beauty's Arms,
Sweet Peace and Love take up their Crowns
And Virtue then ascends her Throne ;
And Virtue then ascends her Throne.

S O N G CCCXV.

Set by Dr. Arne. Words by Mr. Shenstone.

WHEN forc'd from dear *Hebe* to go,
What Anguish I felt at my Heart ;
And I thought, but it might not be so,
She was sorry to see me depart.
She cast such a languishing View,
My Path I could scarcely discern ;
And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought she had bade me return.

Methinks she might like to retire
To the Grove I had labour'd to rear ;
For whatever I heard her admire,
I hasted, and planted it there.
Her Voice such a Pleasure conveys,
So much I her Accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the Plain,
Come, Shepherds, and tell of her Ways ;
I could lay down my Life for the Swain
Who would sing me a Song in her Praise.

Whil

While he sings, may the Maids of the Town
 Come flocking, and listen the while;
 Nor on him let *Hebe* once frown,
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my Charmer goes by,
 Some Hermit peep out of his Cell,
 How he thinks of his Youth with a Sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well:
 On him she may smile if she please,
 It will warm the cool Bosom of Age;
 Yet cease, gentle *Hebe*, O cease,
 Such Softness will ruin the Sage.

I've stole from no Flowrets that grow,
 To deck the dear Charms I approve,
 For what can a Blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as Love?
 I sing in a rustical Way,
 A Shepherd, and one of the Throng;
 Yet *Hebe* approves of my Lay:
 Go, Poets, and envy my Song.

S O N G CCCXVI.

Sung in COMUS.

NOW *Phæbus* sinketh in the West,
 Welcome Song, and welcome Jest;
 Midnight Shouts and Revelry,
 Tipsy Dance, and Jollity:
 Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine;
 Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
 Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.

Rigour

Rigour now is gone to Bed,
And Advice with scrup'lous Head;
Strict Age, and four Severity,
With their grave Saws in Slumber lie;
With their grave Saws in Slumber lie.

S O N G CCCXVII.

Sung in the Serenata of SOLOMON.

TELL me, lovely Shepherd, where
Thou feed'st at Noon thy fleecy Care :
Direct me to the sweet Retreat
That guards thee from the Mid-day Heat;
Lest by thy Flocks I lonely stray,
Without a Guide, and lose my Way :
Where rest at Noon thy bleating Care,
Gentle Shepherd, tell me where.

S O N G CCCXVIII.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE.

The Words by Mr. Wotty, Set by Mr. Baildon.

WITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry Care,
For Life without these is a Bubble of Air;
For Life without these, &c.
Each helping the other, in Pleasure I roll,
And a new Flow of Spirits enlivens my Soul ;
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober Mortals my Maxims condemn,
I never shall alter my Conduct for them ;
I care not how much they my Measures decline,
Let 'm have their own Humour, and I will have
mine. Wine

Wine prudently us'd will our Senses improve,
 'Tis the Spring-Tide of Life, and the Fuel of Love;
 And *Venus* ne'er look'd with a Smile so divine,
 As when *Mars* bound his Head with a Branch from
 the Vine.

Then come, my dear Charmer, thou Nymph
 half-divine,

First pledge me with Kisses, next pledge me with
 Wine;

Then giving and taking, in mutual Return,
 The Torch of our Loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my Passion for Wine disapprove,
 My Bumper I'll quit, to be blest with thy Love;
 For rather than forfeit the Joys of my Laps,
 My Bottle I'll break, and demolish my Glafs.

S O N G CCCXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the JOVIAL CREW.

Set by Dr. Arne.

NO Woman her Envy can smother,
 Tho' never so vain of her Charms;
 If a Beauty she spies in another,
 The Pride of her Heart it alarms.
 New Conquests she still must be making,
 Or fancies her Power grows less;
 Her poor little Heart is still aching
 At Sight of another's Success.

But Nature design'd, in Love to Mankind,
 That different Beauties shou'd move,
 Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever shou'd reign,
 Sole Monarch in Empire of Love.

Then

Then learn to be wise, new Triumphs despise,
And leave to your Neighbours their Due ;
If one cannot please, you'll find by Degrees,
You'll not be contented with two ;
No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

S O N G C C C X X .

CANTATA. *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

R E C I T A T I V E .

FA R Northward as the *Dane* extends his Sway,
Where the Sun glances but a sloping Ray,
Beneath the Thicket of a shady Grove,
Cleonicus petitioned thus to *Jove*:

A I R .

Where, *Jove*, shall I a Fair-one find,
With ev'ry Beauty grac'd ;
To please a fond desiring Mind,
And suit an am'rous Taste ?

R E C I T A T I V E .

Indulgent *Jove*, the Swain's Petition heard,
And thus, in Strains harmonious, Answer made :

A I R .

If you would with Beauty meet,
Love inspiring, sparkling Wit ;
To *Britain's* happy Isle remove,
The Seat of Beauty, and of Love.

S O N G CCCXXI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in LETHE.

Y E Mortals, whom Fancies and Troubles perplex,
 Whom Folly misguides and Infirmities vex;
 Whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
 Who rise without Joy, and lie down without Rest;
 Obey the glad Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your
 Care;
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your
 Care.

Old Maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
 And young ones the Rovers they cannot regain;
 The Rake shall forget how last Night he was cloy'd,
 And *Chloe* again be with Passion enjoy'd:
 Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care
 And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

The Wife at one Draught may forget all her Wants,
 Or drench her fond Fool to forget her Gallants;
 The Troubled in Mind may go chearful away,
 And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy Today:
 Obey then the Summons, to *Lethe* repair,
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your
 Care;
 Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all your
 Care.

SONG

S O N G CCCXXII.

DELIA: *A Pastoral.**Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

THE gentle Swan, with graceful Pride,
 Her glossy Plumage laves;
 And sailing down the silver Tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring Waves:
 The silver Tide that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the Bird must be;
 But not so sweet, blithe *Cupid* knows,
 As *Delia* is to me.

A parent Bird, in plaintive Mood,
 On yonder Fruit-Tree sung;
 And still the pendant Nest she view'd,
 That held her feather'd Young:
 Tho' dear to her maternal Heart,
 The genial Brood must be;
 They're not so dear, the thousandth Part,
 As *Delia* is to me.

The Roses that my Brow surround,
 Were Native of the Dale;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a Garland bound,
 Before their Hue grew pale:
 My vital Blood would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee;
 For what the Root is to the Rose,
 My *Delia* is to me.

Two Doves I found like new-fall'n Snow,
 So white the beauteous Pair;
 The Birds to *Delia* I'll bestow,
 They're like her Bosom fair:

May they, of our connubial Love,
 A happy Omen be;
 Then such fond Bliss as Turtles prove,
 Shall *Delia* share with me.

S O N G CCCXXIII.

By Mr. Pope.

HAPPY the Man whose Wish and Care
 A few paternal Acres bound,
 Content to breath his native Air
 In his own Ground:

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
 Whose Flocks supply him with Attire;
 Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
 In Winter Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, Days, and Years, slide soft away,
 In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
 Quiet by Day.

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Ease
 Together mix'd, sweet Recreation,
 And Innocence, which most doth please,
 With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the World, and not a Stone
 Tell where I lie.

S O N G CCCXXIV.

Sung in Comus.

BY the gaily-circling Glass
 We can see how Minutes pass ;
 By the hollow Cask are told
 How the waning Night grows old ;
 How the waning Night grows old :
 Soon, too soon, the busy Day
 Drives us from our Sport and Play :
 What have we with Day to do ?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you ;
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

S O N G CCCXXV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

I Met in our Village a Swain t'other Day :
 He stopp'd me, and begg'd me a Moment to
 stay :
 Then blush'd, and, in Language I ne'er heard be-
 fore,
 He talk'd much of Love, and some Pains that he
 bore :
 But what was his Meaning I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor Heart felt, I cannot tell how.
 Each Morning the Jessamine, Vi'let and Rose,
 He brings me, and ev'ry sweet Flower that grows ;
 The sweetest, and gayest, he picks from the rest,
 And begs me to wear these fine Things in my Breast :
 But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At

At my Feet the young Shepherd for ever I see,
 Protesting he never lov'd any but me ;
 He gazes with Transport, and kisses me too,
 And swears that he'll ever be constant and true :
 But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the Tears streaming fast from his Eyes,
 And hear him, poor Youth ! breathe a thousand
 of Sighs ;
 He tells me, no Nymph in the World is like me,
 Nor Shepherd alive so unhappy as he :
 But what is his Meaning, I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor Heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear Shepherd to me thus complain,
 And say that my Eyes are the Cause of his Pain ?
 Indeed, ever since, his sad Fate I deplore,
 And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more.
 I'll do all I can to relieve him, I vow,
 If he will be so kind as to teach me but how.

S O N G CCCXXVI.

Set by Dr. Arne. The Words by Mr. Prior.

AS *Chloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you stay ?
 In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour ;
 You promis'd at Two, but—look, Child ! 'tis Four :
 A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures or Wheels ;
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals :
 A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear.—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute Air ;
 Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.

Lord bless me! said she, let a Body but speak;
 Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fall'n into my Neck;
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a Degree;
 Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the Left Side my Breast what a Mark it has
 made!

So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd:
 That Scene of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

S O N G CCCXXVII.

NE A R the Side of a Pond, at the Foot of a
 Hill,

A free-hearted Fellow attends on his Mill;
 Fresh Health blooms her strong rosy Hue o'er his
 Face,

And Honesty gives e'en to Aukwardness Grace:
 Besflour'd with his Meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at Night is as blest as a King;
 After heartily eating, he takes a full Swill
 Of Liquor home-brew'd, to Success of the Mill.

He makes no nice Scruples of Toll for his Trade,
 For that's an Excise to his Industry paid:
 His Conscience is free, and his Income is clear,
 And he values not them of Ten Thousand a Year:
 He's a Freehold sufficient to give him a Vote;
 At Elections he scorns to accept of a Groat:
 He hates your proud Placemen; and, do what they
 will,

They ne'er can seduce the staunch Man of the Mill.

On Sunday he talks with the Barber and Priest,
 And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best;

That the *Spaniards* shall ne'er interrupt our free
Trade,

Nor good *British* Coin be in Subsidies paid :
He fears the *French* Navy and Commerce increase,
And he wishes poor *Germany* still may have Peace :
Tho' *Old England*, he knows, may have Strength,
and have Skill,

To protect all her Manors, and save his own Mill:

With this honest Hope he goes home to his Work,
And if Water is scanty he takes up his Fork,
And over the Meadows he scatters his Hay,
Or with the stiff Plough turns up Furrows of Clay :
His Harvest is crown'd with good *English* Glee,
That his Country may ever be happy and free :
With his Hand and his Heart to King *George* does
he fill,

May all loyal Souls act the Man of the Mill.

S O N G CCCXXVIII.

A CANTATA.

Set by Dr. Arne, and sung by Mrs. Pinto, at
Vauxhall.

A I R.

WH Y, *Damon*, wilt thou strive in Vain,
My firm Resolves to move ;
My Heart, alas ! may feel the Pain,
But scorns the Guilt of Love.

RECITATIVE.

Perfidious too, like all the rest,
Is faithless *Damon* grown :
Ah ! can'st thou seek to wound the Breast,
That pants for thee alone ?

AIR.

No—for a Thought so meanly base,
 Ungrateful thou shalt find,
 The Heart that could admire thy Face,
 Can hate thee for thy Mind.

S O N G CCCXXIX.

H A P P Y H O U R S .

Sung by Miss Davies, at Marybone Gardens.

H A P P Y Hours, all Hours excelling,
 When retir'd from Crowd and Noise ;
 Happy is that silent Dwelling,
 Fill'd with soft possessing Joys :
 Happy's that contented Creature,
 Who with fewest Things is pleas'd,
 And consults the Voice of Nature,
 When of roving Fancy eas'd.

Ev'ry Passion wisely moving,
 Just as Reason turns the Scale ;
 Ev'ry State of Life improving,
 That no anxious Thoughts prevail :
 Happy Man, who thus possesses
 Life with some Companion dear ;
 Joy imparted still increases,
 Grievs when told soon disappear.

S O N G CCCXXX.

The YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Arne.*

IN *April* when *Primroses* paint the sweet Plain,
 And *Summer* approaching rejoiceth the Swain,
 The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go,
 To Wilds and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn
 Trees grow :

There under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,
 With Freedom he sung his Loves Evening and
 Morn :

He sung with so soft and enchanting a Sound,
 That Sylvens and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus said : Tho' young *Molly* be fair,
 Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud Air ;
 But *Susy* is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
 Her Breath, like the Breeze, gives Perfumes to
 the Spring :

There's *Jenny* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
 Like the Moon is inconstant, and never speaks
 Truth ;

But *Susy* is faithful, good-humour'd and free,
 And fair as the Goddess that sprung from the Sea.

My Lady's fine Daughter, with all her great Dower,
 Is awkwardly airy, and frequently sour ;

But *Susy*, who knows neither Riches nor Scorn,
 Is mild as the Blushes that paint the new Morn :
 Ah ! Friends, how delighted, how blest should I be,
 Wou'd my *Susy* but smile, and her Parents agree ;
 What more could I wish for ?—My *Susy's* the whole,
 The Joy of my Eyes, and the Pride of my Soul.

S O N G CCCXXXI.

Sung by Mrs. Clive, in AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHEN Daifies py'd, and Vi'lets blue,
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow Hue,
 And Lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the Meadows with Delight;
 The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
 Mocks marry'd Men; for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear;
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear.

When Shepherds pipe on oaten Straws,
 And merry Larks are Ploughmen's Clocks;
 When 'Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks;
 The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
 Mocks marry'd Men; for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear;
 Unpleasing to a marry'd Ear.

S O N G CCCXXXII.

An ODE to ECHO. Set by Dr. Hayes.

A I R.

DAUGHTER sweet of Voice and Air,
 Gentle *Echo*, haste thee here;
 From the Vale, where all around
 Rocks to Rocks return the Sound;
 From the swelling Surge that roars
 'Gainst the Tempest-beaten Shores;

From

From the silent moss-grown Cell,
Haunt of warbling *Philomel*;
Where, unseen of Man, you lie,
Queen of Woodland Harmony.

RECITATIVE.

Listen, Nymph divine, and learn
Strains to make *Narcissus* burn;
Hark! the heav'nly Song begins;
Air, be still; breathe soft, ye Winds;
Peace, ye noisy feather'd Choir,
While *Dione* strikes the Lyre.

AIR.

See, each Eye, each ravish'd Ear,
Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear;
All around Enchantment reigns,
Such the Magick of her Strains;
Strains which, if thou can'st but learn,
Soon will make *Narcissus* burn.

RECITATIVE.

Echo, should they fail to move
His obdurate Heart to Love;
Borrow, for she well can spare,
Borrow her enchanting Air.

AIR.

Learn her Ease and Elegance
Of Motion, in the airy Dance;
Learn the Grace with which she strays
Thro' the light fantastic Maze:
Add a thousand Charms untold,
Should *Narcissus* still be cold;
Charms, the least of which would move
His obdurate Heart to Love.

S O N G CCCXXXIII.

Sung in the DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

W Herever I'm going, and all the Day long,
Abroad or at home, or alone in a Throng,
I find that my Passion's so lively and strong,
That your Name, when I'm silent, runs still in
my Song.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Balinamone Ora, a Kifs of your sweet Lips for me.

Since the first Time I saw you I take no Repose;
I sleep all the Day to forget half my Woes:
So hot is the Flame in my Bosom which glows,
By St. *Patrick* I fear it will burn thro' my Clothes.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black Hair for me.

In my Conscience, I fear I shall die in my Grave,
Unless you comply, and poor *Phelim* will shave,
And grant the Petition your Lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your Slave.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black Eyes for me.

On that happy Day, when I make you my Bride,
With a swinging long Sword, how I'll strut and
I'll stride!

In a Coach and Six Horses with Honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the Church by your Side.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white Fist for me.

S O N G CCCXXXIV.

Sung in C O M U S.

TH E wanton God, who pierces Hearts,
 Dips in Gall his pointed Darts ;
 But the Nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wine ;
 Rosy Wine, rosy Wine,
 Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wine.

Farewel Lovers, when they're cloy'd,
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd ;
 Sure the squeamish Fops are free
 To rid me of dull Company ;
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull Company.

They have Charms, whilst mine can please ;
 I love them much, but more my Ease :
 No jealous Fears my Love molest,
 Nor faithless Vows shall break my Rest ;
 Break my Rest, break my Rest,
 Nor faithless Vows shall break my Rest.

Why should they e'er give me Pain,
 Who to give me Joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal Man,
 Is to love me while he can ;
 While he can, while he can,
 Is to love me while he can.

S O N G CCCXXXV.

Sung at Vauxhall.

L E T me wander not unseen,
 By hedge-row Elms on Hillocks green ;
 O 6 There

There the Ploughman, near at Hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land;
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
And ev'ry Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

Or let the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund Rebeck's found,
To many a Youth and many a Maid
Dancing in the chequer'd Shade.

S O N G CCCXXXVI.

The SYCAMORE SHADE.

*Set by Dr. Arne, and sung by Mrs. Pinto, at
Vauxhall.*

T'OTHER Day, as I sat in the *Sycamore Shade*,
Young *Damon* came whistling along;
I trembled, I blush'd—a poor innocent Maid,
And my Heart caper'd up to my Tongue:
Silly Heart, I cry'd, fie! what a Flutter is here,
Young *Damon* designs you no Ill;
The Shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear,
Then prithee, fond Urchin, lie still.

Sly *Damon* drew near, and knelt down at my Feet,
One Kiss he demanded, no more;
But urg'd the soft Pressure with Ardour so sweet,
I could not begrudge him a Score:
My Lambkins I've kiss'd, and no Change ever found,
Many Times as we play'd on the Hill;
But *Damon's* dear Lips made my Heart to rebound,
Nor would the fond Urchin lie still.

When

When the Sun blazes fierce, to the *Sycamore Shade*,
 For Shelter, I'm sure to repair;
 And Virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear Shepherd be there :
 At ev'ry fond Kiss that with Freedom he takes,
 Hy Heart may rebound if it will ;
 There's something so sweet in the Buffle it makes,
 I'll die e'er I bid it lie still.

S O N G CCCXXXVII.

*A favourite Song. Set by Mr. Barthelemon, and
 sung by Mrs. Weichfel, at Vauxhall.*

GENTLE *Damon*, cease to woo me,
 'Tis in vain you thus pursue me ;
 Sighs and Tears cannot subdue me ;
 Nor can change my constant Heart.

Young *Philander's* generous Passion
 Taught me first soft Inclination ;
 Never shall your sly Persuasion
 Make me act a treacherous Part.
 Gentle *Damon*, cease, &c.

Cease, O cease, then, this Complaining,
 Such perfidious Arts disdaining ;
 Let bright Honour, once more reigning,
 To your Soul its Rays impart.
 Gentle *Damon*, cease, &c.

S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

The FAIRY. Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

I N Days of Yore, when on the Plain
 Queen *Mab*, with all her fairy Train,

In

In sportive Gambols took Delight,
By *Cyntha's* borrow'd silver Light,
If e'er our Grandames did amiss,
The Punishment, ye Fair, was this:

Was Lady *Mary* ever known,
To toy with *Celadon* alone;
Did Avarice her Bosom fill
With Passion strong for dear Quadrille;
Or did her Heart for Dancing beat,
Then blistered were her Hands and Feet.

If once too small her Ruff she wore,
Her Petticoat too short before;
Or if to catch the Gazer's Sight,
She us'd the Arts of Red and White;
The little spiteful pigmy Crew,
Was sure to pinch her black and blue.

But far more happy Days we fix,
The *British* Dames of Sixty-six
Are not afraid of rigid Elves,
They know no Guardian but themselves:
The Tell-tale Race at length subdu'd,
Hear me—nor think the Lesson rude.

Since present Times are just as bad,
And ev'ry one is Pleasure-mad,
This Method I should think the best,
To keep a Fairy in your Breast,
Who ne'er for Trifles should make War,
But when you chance to go too far.

SONG:

S O N G CCCXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Dunstal, in LOVE in a VILLAGE:

A Plague of those Wenches! they make such a
 Pother,
 When once they have let'n a Man have his Will;
 They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry he's unkind in his Carriage.
 What thof he speak 'em ne'er so fairely,
 Still they keep teasing, teasing on:
 You cannot persuade 'em,
 'Till Promise you've made 'em;
 And after they've got it,
 They'll tell you——*ad rot* it!
 Their Character's plasted, they're ruin'd, undone:
 And then, to be sure, Sir,
 There is but one Cure, Sir;
 And all their Discourse is of Marriage.

S O N G CCCXL.

Set and written by Lord Middlesex.

W H E N here, *Lucinda*, first we came,
 Where *Arno* rolls his Silver Stream,
 How brisk the Nymphs, the Swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural Lay:
 The Birds in livelier Concert sung,
 The Grapes in thicker Clusters hung;
 All look'd as Joy could never fail
 Among the Sweets of *Arno's* Vale.

But since the good *Palemon* dy'd,
 The chief of Shepherds, and their Pride,
 Now

Now *Arno's* Sons must all give Place
 To Northern Men, an Iron Race :
 The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er ;
 Thy Notes, *Lucinda*, please no more ;
 The Muses droop, the *Goths* prevail ;
 Adieu the Sweets of *Arno's* Vale !

S O N G CCCXLI.

CHARMING BESSY.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful Nine,
 With Numbers soft and witty ;
 To *Bessy* I inscribe the Line,
 Then raise my humble Ditty :
 To *Bessy* I inscribe the Line,
 Then raise my humble Ditty.
 Catch, catch, ye Groves, the am'rous Song ;
 And, as ye waft the Sound along,
 Attend, ye list'ning sylvan Throng,
 To praise my charming *Bessy* ;
 My lovely, charming *Bessy*.

Let others sing the cruel Fair,
 Who glories in undoing,
 And proudly bids the Wretch despair,
 Rejoicing in his Ruin ;
 And proudly, &c.
 Such haughty Tyrants I detest ;
 And let me scorn them, while I rest
 Upon thy gentle-swelling Breast,
 My lovely, charming *Bessy* ;
 My lovely, &c.

The

The Rose I'll pluck to deck her Head,

The Vi'let and the Pansy :

The Cowslip too shall quit the Mead,

To aid my am'rous Fancy ;

The Cowslip, &c.

Ye fragrant Sisters of the Spring,

Who shed your Sweets on Zephyr's Wing,

Around my Fair your Odours fling,

Around my charming *Bessy* ;

Around, &c.

When Ev'ning dapples o'er the Skies,

The Sun no longer burning,

Methinks I see before my Eyes

Thy well-known Form returning.

On Hill or Dale, by Wood or Stream,

Thou art alone my constant Theme,

My waking Wish, my Morning Dream,

Thou lovely, charming *Bessy* ;

Thou lovely, charming *Bessy*.

S O N G CCCXLII.

COLIN and PHOEBE.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

WHERE the Jessamine sweetens the Bow'r,

And Cowslips adorn the gay Green,

The Roses, refresh'd by the Show'r,

Contribute to brighten the Scene ;

The Roses, refresh'd by the Show'r,

Contribute to brighten the Scene.

In a Cottage, retir'd, there live

Young Colin, and Phæbe the Fair ;

The

The Blessings each other receive,
 In mutual Enjoyments they share;
 The Blessings each other receive,
 In mutual Enjoyments they share.
 And the Lads and the Lasses that dwell on the Plain,
 Sing in Praise of fair *Phæbe*, and *Colin* her Swain.

The Sweets of Contentment supply
 The Splendor and Grandeur of Pride;
 No Wants can the Shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful Bride;
 No Wants, &c.

He wishes no greater Delight
 Than to tend on his Lambkins by Day,
 And return to his *Phæbe* at Night,
 His innocent Toil to repay;
 And return, &c.

And the Lads tell the Lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as *Colin*, who lives in the Dale.

If delightful her Lover appears,
 The Fair-one partakes of his Bliss:
 If dejected, she soothes all his Cares,
 And heals all his Pains with a Kiss?
 If dejected, &c.

She despises the artful Deceit,
 That is practis'd in City and Court;
 Thinks Happiness no where complete,
 But where Shepherds and Nymphs do resort;
 Thinks Happiness, &c.

And the Lads tells the Lasses they die in Despair,
 Unless they're as kind as *Phæbe* the Fair.

Ye Youths, who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent Fair-one betray,
 No longer be faithless in Love,
 The Dictates of Honour obey;

No longer be faithless in Love,
 The Dictates of Honour obey.
 Ye Nymphs, who with Beauty are blest,
 With Virtue improve ev'ry Grace ;
 The Charms of the Mind, when posselt,
 Will dignify those of the Face ;
 The Charms of the Mind, when posselt,
 Will dignify those of the Face :
 And, ye Lads and ye Lasses, whom *Hymen* has join'd,
 Like *Colin*, be constant, like *Phaëbe*, be kind.

S O N G CCCXLIII.

The COUNTRY WEDDING.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

WELL met, pretty Nymph, says a jolly
 young Swain,
 To a lovely young Shepherdess crossing the Plain ;
 Why so much in haste ? (now the Month it was
May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair Maiden, which Way ?
 Then straight to this Question the Nymph did
 reply,
 With a Smile on her Look, and a Leer on her Eye,
 I came from the Village, and homeward I go ;
 And now, gentle Shepherd, pray why would you
 know ?
 I hope, pretty Maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you the Reason of asking you this ;
 I would see you safe home, (the Swain was in Love)
 Of such a Companion if you would approve.
 Your Offer, kind Shepherd, is civil, I own,
 But see no great Danger in going alone ;

Nor

Nor yet can I hinder, the Road being free
For one as another, for you as for me.

No Danger in going alone, it is true,
But yet a Companion is pleasanter too ;
And if you could like (now the Swain he took
Heart)

Such a Sweetheart as me, we never would part :
Oh ! that's a long Word, said the Shepherdess then ;
I've often heard say, there's no minding you Men :
You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true ;
Then leave a young Maiden, the first Thing you do.

Oh ! judge not so harshly, the Shepherd reply'd ;
To prove what I say, I will make you my Bride ;
To-morrow the Parson (well said, little Swain)
Shall join both our Hands, and make one of us
twain :

Then what the Nymph answer'd, to this is not said ;
The very next Morn to be sure they were wed :

Sing ~~hey~~ diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down ;
Now when shall we see such a wedding in Town ?

S O N G CCCXLIV.

Set by Dr. Pepush. Words by Mr. Hughes.

RECITATIVE.

SEE ! from the silent Grove *Alexis* flies,
And seeks with ev'ry pleasing Art
To ease the Pain which lovely Eyes
Created in his Heart :
To shining Theatres he now repairs,
To learn *Camilla's* moving Airs,
Where thus to Music's Pow'r the Swain address'd
his Pray'rs.

AIR.

A I R.

Charming Sounds, that sweetly languish;
Music, oh, compose my Anguish!

Ev'ry Passion yields to thee;

Ev'ry Passion yields to thee:

Phæbus, quickly then relieve me,

Cupid shall no more deceive me;

I'll to sprightlier Joys be free;

I'll to sprightlier Joys be free.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Apollo heard the foolish Swain;

He knew, when *Daphne* once he lov'd,
How weak, t'assuage an am'rous Pain,

His own harmonious Voice had prov'd,
And all his healing Herbs how vain:

Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
Preluding to his Voice, and sings,

A I R.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;

Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee;

Music is the Voice of Love;

Music is the Voice of Love:

If the tender Maid believe thee,

Soft Relenting, kind Consenting,

Will alone thy Pain remove;

Will alone thy Pain remove.

S O N G CCCXLV.

Set by Mr. Baildon, and sung at Ranelagh.

ON Pleasure's smooth Wings, how old Time
steals away,

And Love's fatal Flame leads the Shepherd astray!

My

My Days, O ye Swains! were a Round of Delight,
From the Cool of the Morn to the Stillness of
Night:

No Care found a Place in my Cottage, or Breast;
But Health and Content all the Year was my Guest.

'Twas then no fair *Phyllis* my Heart could ensnare
With Voice or with Feature, with Dress or with
Air:

So kindly young *Cupid* had pointed the Dart,
That I gather'd the Sweets, but I miss'd of the
Smart:

I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a Bee;
But still all my Song was, "I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry Object fresh Raptures did yield:
If I stray'd thro' the Garden, or travers'd the Field,
Ten Thousand gay Scenes were display'd to my
Sight;

If the Nightingale sung, I could listen all Night;
With my Reed I could pipe to the Tune of the
Stream,

And wake to new Life from a rapturous Dream.

But now, since for *Hebe* in secret I sigh,
Alas! what a Change! and how wretched am I!
Adieu to the Charms of the Valley and Glade;
Their Sweets now all sicken, their Colours all fade;
No Music I find in soft *Philomel's* Strain,
And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in
vain.

They say that she's kind, but no Kindness I see;
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me:
Then teach me, bright *Venus*, Persuasion's soft Art,
Or aid me, by Reason, to ransom my Heart;
To crown my Desire, or to banish my Pain,
Give Love to the Nymph, or give Ease to the Swain.

SONG

S O N G CCCXLVI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT means that tender Sigh, my Dear?
 Why silent drops that crystal Tear?
 What jealous Fears disturb thy Breast,
 Where Love and Peace delight to rest?
 What tho' my *Jockey* has been seen
 With *Molly* sporting on the Green,
 'Twas but an artful Trick to prove
 The matchless Force of *Jenny's* Love.

'Tis true, a Noddy I had drest
 To grace the witty *Daphne's* Breast;
 But 'twas at her Desire to try
 If *Damon* cast a jealous Eye:
 These Flow'rs will fade by Morning Dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the Lawn;
 But in thy fragrant Bosom lies
 A sweet Perfume that never dies.

S O N G CCCXLVII.

A CANTATA.

Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive Board was met, the social Band
 Round fam'd *Anacreon* took their silent Stand;
 My Sons, (began the Sage) be this the Rule;
 No Brow austere must dare approach my School,
 Where Love and *Bacchus* jointly reign within:
 Old Care, begone! Here Sadness is a Sin.

Air.

A I R.

Tell not me the Joys that wait
 On him that's learn'd, or him that's great :
 Wealth and Wisdom I despise ;
 Cares surround the Rich and Wise :
 The Queen that gives soft Wishes Birth,
 And *Bacchus*, God of Wine and Mirth,
 Me their Friend and Fav'rite own,
 And I was born for them alone :
 Bus'ness, Title, Pomp, and State,
 Give them to the Fools I hate.

But let Love, let Life be mine :
 Bring me Women, bring me Wine :
 Speed the dancing Hours away ;
 Mind not what the Grave-ones say :
 Gaily let the Minutes fly,
 In Wit and Freedom, Love and Joy :
 So shall Love, shall Life be mine ;
 Bring me Women, bring me Wine.

S O N G CCCXLVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in COMUS.

WOULD you taste the Noon-tide Air,
 To yon fragrant Bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the Poplar Bough,
 The mantling Vine will shelter you ;
 The mantling Vine will shelter you :
 Down each Side a Fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
 Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round,
 Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round.

Round

Round the languid Herds, and Sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny Hillocks, sleep;
 While on the Hyacinth and Rose
 The Fair does all alone repose;
 The Fair does all alone repose:
 All alone; yet in her Arms
 Your Breast shall beat to Love's Alarms,
 Till, blest and blessing, you shall own,
 The Joys of Love are Joys alone;
 The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

S O N G CCCXLIX.

Sung in the CHAPLET, by Mr. Vernon.

DECLARE, my pretty Maid,
 Must my fond Suit miscarry?
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
 But hang me if I marry—hang me if I marry:
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
 But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your Mind at once,
 Nor let me longer tarry:
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
 But hang me if I marry.
 With you, &c.

Tho' Charms and Wit assail,
 The Stroke I well can parry:
 I love to kiss, to toy and play;
 But do not chuse to marry:
 I love, &c.

Young Molly of the Dale
 Makes a mere Slave of Harry;

P

Because,

Because, when they had toy'd and kifs'd,
The foolish Swain would marry :
Because, &c.

These fix'd Resolves, my Dear,
I to the Grave will carry ;
With you I'll toy and kifs and play ;
But hang me if I marry—hang me if I marry :
With you I'll toy, and kifs and play ;
But hang me if I marry.

S O N G CCCL.

Sung by Mr. Morris, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

O NS! Neighbour, ne'er blush for a Trifle
like this ;
What Harm with a Fair-one to toy and to kifs ?
The Greatest and Gravest (a Truce with Grimace)
Wou'd do the same Thing, were they in the same
Place.

No Age, no Profession, no Station is free ;
To sovereign Beauty Mankind bends the Knee :
That Power, resistless, no Strength can oppose ;
We all love a pretty Girl—under the Rose.

S O N G CCCLI.

Sung by Mrs. Thompson, in THOMAS and SALLY.

Set by Dr. Arne.

W HEN I was a young one, what Girl was
like me ?
So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a Bee ;

I tat-

I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A Fiddle was heard,—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
'Twas, This, Sir—and That, Sir—but scarce ever
Nay ;

And *Sundays*, dress'd out in my Silks and my Lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the Place.

At Twenty I got me a Husband, poor Man !
Well rest him—We all are as good as we can ;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for Straws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some Cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone ;
Egad ! I've a Tongue, and I paid him his own :
Ye Wives, take the Hint, and when Spouse is un-
tow'rd,

stand firm to your Charter, and have the last Word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my Woe ;
I'm not what I was Forty Summers ago :
This *Time's* a sore Foe ; there's no shunning his
Dart ;

However, I keep up a pretty good Heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
I still love a Tune, though unable to dance ;
And, Books of Devotion laid by on my Shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

SONG CCCLII.

A Pastoral Dialogue. Sung at Vauxhall.

HASTE, haste, *Phillis*, haste, 'tis the First
of the *May* !
Hark, the Goldfinches sing, to the Wood
let's away ;

We'll pluck the pale Primrose ; nay, start
not, my Dear,

I've something to whisper alone in your Ear ;
I've something to whisper alone in your Ear.

She. Excuse me, fond Swain, it has often been said,
The Wood is unsafe for a Maiden to tread ;
And a wither'd old Gipsy, one Day I espy'd,
Bid me shun the thick Wood, and said some-
thing beside ;
Bid me shun, &c.

He. 'Tis all mere Fable ; there's nothing to fright ;
There's Music all Day, and no Spectres at
Night :
No Creature but *Cupid*, believe me, is there,
And *Cupid's* an Urchin you surely can't fear,
And *Cupid's*, &c.

She. For all I could say, when arriv'd at the Wood,
Who knows your Design ? You may dare to
be rude :
So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid
Lest *Cupid* and you be too hard for a Maid ;
Lest *Cupid*, &c.

He. His Dictates you wisely at once should ap-
prove,
For pray what is Life ? It is pain without
Love :
Think how Youth, like the Rose, tho' un-
gather'd, will fade ;
Then quickly comply, lest you die an old Maid
Then quickly, &c.

She. By Language as artful young *Daphne* was wont
Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd, and
undone ;

And, rather than trust the fine Things you
have said,

Let my Beauty decay, and I'll die an old Maid;
Let my Beauty, &c.

He. Believe not I'm faithless, and false as the Wind;
I'll be true as the Turtle, as fond and as kind;
Will lead you to Pleasure untasted before,
And make you a Bride; can a Mortal do more?
And make you, &c.

Sbe. Then at once I'll comply, for I cannot say No;
To-morrow to Church with my Shepherd
I'll go;

To the Wood next, tho' *Cupid*, so talk'd of
be there,

With Joy I'll away, and adieu to all Fear;

With Joy, &c.

Both. Ye Nymphs, to the Woods never venture
to go;

Till the Priest joins your Hands, you must
answer, No, no:

Ye Swains, should your Fair-ones be deaf to
you still,

You must wear the soft Chain; then they'll
go where you will;

You must wear the soft Chain; then they'll
go where you will.

S O N G C C C L I I I .

Sung at Drury-Lane, by Mrs. Clive.

HOW brim-full of nothing's the Life of a Beau!
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
to do;

And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know:

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau;

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh Air ;
Spend the Morning in nothing, but curling their
Hair ;

And do nothing all Day, but sing, saunter, and
stare :

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau ;

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing, at Night, to the Play-House they
croud ;

To mind nothing done there, they always are proud ;

But to bow, and to grin, and talk *nothing* aloud :

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau ;

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing they run to th' Assembly and Ball ;

And for nothing at Cards, a fair Partner they call ;

For they still must be basted, who've nothing at all :

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau ;

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing, on *Sundays*, at Church they appear ;

They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to
fear :

They can be nothing no where, who nothing are
here.

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau ;

Such, such, is the Life of a Beau.

S O N G CCCLIV.

A CANTATA, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Ranelagh.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A Wretch long tortur'd with Disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,

At

At length the God of Wine address,
Sure Refuge of a wounded Breast.

A I R.

Vouchsafe, O Pow'r, thy healing Aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel Maid;
Thy Juices take the Lover's Part,
Flush his wan Looks, and chear his Heart.

R E C I T A T I V E.

To *Bacchus* thus the Lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly God reply'd :

A I R.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking Form away :
With dauntless Mien approach the Fair;
The Way to conquer is—to dare.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The Swain pursu'd the God's Advice ;
The Nymph was now no longer nice.

A I R. —

She smil'd, and spoke the Sex's Mind ;
When you grow daring, we grow kind :
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us Tyrants by their Fear.

S O N G CCCLV.

Sung by Mr. Dunstal, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

WELL, well, say no more ;
So you told me before ;

I know the full Length of my Tether.

Do you think I'm a Fool,

That I need go to School ?

I can spell you, and put you together.

A Word to the Wise

Will always suffice :

Addsniggers ! go talk to your Parrot.

I'm not such an Elf,

Thof' I say't of myself,

But I know a Sheep's Head from a Carrot.

SONG CCCLVI.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

THE new-flown Birds the Shepherds sing,
And welcome in the May ;

Come, *Pastorella*, now the Spring

Makes ev'ry Landskip gay :

Wide-spreading Trees their leafy Shade

O'er half the Plain extend,

Or, in reflecting Fountains play'd,

Their quiv'ring Branches bend ;

Or, in reflecting Fountains play'd,

Their quiv'ring Branches bend.

Come, taste the Season in its Prime,

And bless the rising Year ;

Oh ! how my Soul grows sick of Time,

Till thou, my Love, appear !

Then shall I pass the gladsome Day,

Warm in thy Beauty's Shine,

When thy dear Flock shall feed and play,

And intermix with mine ;

And intermix, &c.

For

For thee, of Doves a Milk-white Pair
 In Silken Bands I hold ;
 For thee a firstling Lambkin fair
 I keep within the Fold :
 If Milk-white Doves Acceptance meet,
 Or tender Lambkins please,
 My spotless Heart, without Deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these ;
 Be offer'd up with these.

S O N G CCCLVII.

CROSS PURPOSES. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

TOM loves *Mary* passing well,
 And *Mary* she loves *Harry* ;
 But *Harry* sighs for bonny *Bell*,
 And finds his Love miscarry ;
 For bonny *Bell* for *Thomas* burns,
 Whilst *Mary* flights his Passion :
 So strangely freakish are the Turns
 Of human Inclination.

Moll gave *Hal* a Wreath of Flow'rs,
 Which he, in am'rous Folly,
 Consign'd to *Bell*, and in few Hours
 It came again to *Molly* :
 Thus all by Turns are woo'd and woo,
 No Turtles can be truer ;
 Each loves the Object they pursue,
 But hates the kind Pursuer.

As much as *Mary Thomas* grieves,
 Proud *Hal* despises *Mary* ;
 And all the Flouts which *Bell* receives
 From *Tom*, she vents on *Harry* :

If one of all the four has frown'd,
 You ne'er saw People grummer;
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,
 And all are in Good-humour.

Then, Lovers, hence this Lesson learn,
 Throughout the *British* Nation;
 How much 'tis ev'ry one's Concern
 To smile at Reformation.
 And still, thro' Life, this Rule pursue,
 Whatever Objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

S O N G CCCLVIII.

The ROVER.

IN all the Sex some Charms I find,
 I love to try all Womankind,
 The Fair, the Smart, the Witty;
 The Fair, the Smart, the Witty.
 In *Cupid's* Fetters, most severe,
 I languish'd out a long, long Year,
 The Slave of wanton *Kitty*;
 The Slave of wanton *Kitty*.

At length I broke the galling Chain,
 And swore that Love was endless Pain,
 One constant Scene of Folly;
 One constant, &c.
 I vow'd no more to wear the Yoke;
 But soon I felt a second Stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd *Molly*;
 And sigh'd, &c.

With Tresses next of flaxen Hue,
 Young *Jenny* did my Soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder Valley ;
 That lives, &c.

Then *Cupid* threw another Snare,
 And caught me in the curling Hair
 Of little tempting *Sally*;
 Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with Charms, tho' blithe and young,
 My roving Heart from Bondage sprung,
 This Heart of yielding Mettle ;
 This Heart of yielding Mettle :
 And now it wanders here and there,
 By Turns the Prize of Brown and Fair,
 But never more will settle ;
 But never more will settle.

S O N G CCCLIX.

Sung at Ranelagh.

THE Women all tell me I'm false to my Lads,
 That I quit my poor *Chloe*, and stick to my
 Glass ;

But to you, Men of Reason, my Reasons I'll own ;
 And, if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the Truth I'll declare :
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair ;
 But Goodness and Charms in a Bumper I see,
 That make it as good and as charming as she.

My *Chloe* had Dimples and Smiles, I must own :
 But, tho' she could smile, yet in Truth she could
 frown :

But tell me, ye Lovers of Liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a Frown in a Bumper of Wine ?

Her Lilies and Roses were just in their Prime ;
 Yet Lilies and Roses are conquer'd by Time :
 But in Wine, from its Age, such a Benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me, my Love would in Time have been
 cloy'd,

And that Beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
 But in Wine I both Time and Enjoyment defy ;
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let Murders, and Battles, and History prove
 The Mischiefs that wait upon Rivals in Love :
 But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no Rival contends ;
 For the more we love Liquor, the more we are
 Friends.

She too might have poison'd the Joy of my Life
 With Nurses and Babies, and Squalling and Strife :
 But my Wine neither Nurses nor Babies can bring ;
 And a big-belly'd Bottle's a mighty good Thing.

We shorten our Days when with Love we engage ;
 It brings on Diseases, and hastens Old Age :
 But Wine from grim Death can its Votaries save,
 And keep out t'other Leg, when there's one in the
 Grave.

Perhaps, like her Sex, ever false to their Word,
 She has left me, to get an Estate, or a Lord :
 But my Bumper (regarding nor Title or Pelf)
 Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear *Chloe* no longer complain ;
 She's rid of her Lover, and I of my Pain :
 For in Wine, mighty Wine, many Comforts I spy :
 Should you doubt what I say, take a Bumper and
 try.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLX.

Set by Mr. Howard.

AT setting Day and rising Morn,
 With Soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,
 With all that can improve thee :
 I'll visit oft the birken Bush,
 Where first you kindly told me
 Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our Haunts thou didst repair,
 By Green-wood, Shaw, or Fountain ;
 Or where the Summer's Day I'd share
 With you upon yon Mountain :
 There will I tell the Trees and Flow'rs,
 With Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By Vows you're mine, my Love is yours,
 My Heart, which cannot wander.

S O N G CCCLXI.

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

ADawn of Hope my Soul revives,
 And banishes Despair ;
 If yet my dearest *Damon* lives,
 Make him, ye Gods, your Care.

Dispel these gloomy Shades of Night,
 My tender Grief remove ;
 Oh ! send some chearing Ray of Light,
 And guide me to my Love.

Thus,

Thus, in a secret friendly Shade,
 The penfive *Cælia* mourn'd,
 While courteous Echo lent her Aid,
 And Sigh for Sigh return'd.

When, sudden, *Damon's* well-known Face
 Each rising Fear disarms,
 He eager springs to her Embrace,
 She sinks into his Arms.

S O N G CCCLXII.

Sung in HARLEQUIN SORCERER. Set by Dr. Arne.

COME *Roger* and *Nell*, come *Simkin* and *Bell*,
 Each Lad with his Lads hither come,
 With Singing and Dancing, in Pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate Harvest Home :
 'Tis *Ceres* bids play, and keep Holiday,
 To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full Store
 Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land ;
 Let each Man then take, for his Prong and his Rake,
 His Can and his Lads in his Hand :
 For *Ceres*, &c.

No Courtier can be so happy as we,
 In Innocence, Pastime, and Mirth,
 While thus we carouse with our Sweetheart or
 Spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,
 When *Ceres* bids play and keep Holiday,
 To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXIII.

JENNY of the GREEN.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n Snows,
 And steal its Fragrance from the Rose,
 To dress their Fancy's Queen ;
 Fain would I sing, but Words are faint,
 All Music's Powers too weak to paint
 My *Jenny* of the Green.

Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite Theme,
 And told my Tale unseen !
 While, faithful in the Lover's Cause,
 The Winds would murmur soft Applause
 To *Jenny* of the Green.

With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
 When, deck'd in all the Pride of *May*,
 She hail'd the Sylvan Scene ;
 Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the Grace and Ease
 Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry Rival's Sigh,
 On me she cast her partial Eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble Mien ;
 The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
 That Day adorn'd the lovely Hair
 Of *Jenny* of the Green.

Through all the Fairy Land of Love
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring Dove,
 The Pride of gay Fifteen ;
 Though now she treads some distant Plain,
 Though far apart, I'll meet again
 My *Jenny* of the Green.

But

But thou, old Time, till that blest'd Night
 That brings her back with speedy Flight,
 Melt down the Hours between ;
 And when we meet, the Loss repay,
 On loit'ring Wing prolong my Stay
 With *Jenny* of the Green.

S O N G CCCLXIV.

Sung in the MASK of ALFRED.

YE Warblers, while *Strepbon* I mourn,
 To cheer me your Harmony bring ;
 Unless, since my Shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor *Phillis*, to sing :
 Each Flower declines its sweet Head,
 Nor Odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft Lamb on the Mead
 Seems kindly to pity my Woe.

Each rural Amusement I try
 In vain to restore my past Ease ;
 What charm'd when my *Strepbon* was by,
 Has now lost the Power to please :
 Ye Seasons, that brighten the Grove,
 Not long for your Absence we mourn ;
 But *Strepbon* neglects me and Love,
 He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the Spring is my Dear,
 And sweet as all Flowers combin'd ;
 His Smiles like the Summer can cheer,
 Ah ! why then, like Winter, unkind ?
 Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be ;
 To *Celia* and *Chloe* makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.

SONG CCCLXV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

HOW much superior Beauty awes,
The coldest Bosoms find;
But with resistless Force it draws,
To Sense and Virtue join'd.
The Casket, where to outward Show
The Artift's Hand is seen,
Is doubly valu'd when we know
It holds a Gem within.

SONG CCCLXVI.

The INVITATION. Sung at Marybone-Gardens.

COME, ye party-jangling Swains,
Leave your Flocks, and quit the Plains;
Friends to Country, or to Court,
Nothing here shall spoil your Sport.

CHORUS.

Ever welcome to our Feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly Guest.

Sprightly Widows, come away;
Laughing Dames, and Virgins gay;
Little gaudy flutt'ring Misses,
(Smiling Hopes of future Bliss.)
Ever welcome, &c.

All that rip'ning Sun can bring,
Beauteous Summer, beauteous Spring,
In one varying Scene we show,
The Green, the Ripe, the Bud, the Blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Comus

Comus jesting, Music charming,
 Wine inspiring, Beauty warming;
 Rage and Party-malice dies,
 Peace returns, and Discord flies.
 Ever welcome to our Feast,
 Welcome ev'ry friendly Guest.

S O N G CCCLXVII.

Set by Dr. Boyce. Sung at Vauxhall.

A *SThyrsis* reclin'd by her Side he lov'd best,
 With a Sigh, her soft Hand to his Bosom he
 prest,

While his Passion he breath'd in the Grove;
 As the Bird to his Nest still returns for Repose,
 As back to its Fountain the constant Stream flows,
 So true and unchang'd is my Love.

If e'er this Heart roves, or revolts from its Chains,
 May *Ceres* in Rage quit the Vallies and Plains,
 May *Pan* his Protection deny:
 In vain wou'd young *Pbillis* and *Laura* be kind;
 On the Lips of another no Rapture I find;
 With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More still had he swore, but the Queen of the *May*,
 Young *Jenny* the Wanton, by Chance, tript that
 Way,

And sought sweet Repose in the Shade:
 With Sorrow, young Lovers, I tell the soft Tale,
 The Lads was alluring, the Shepherd was frail,
 And forgot ev'ry Vow he had made.

To comfort the Nymph, and her Loss to supply,
 In Form of *Alexis* young *Cupid* drew nigh,
 Of Shepherds the Envy and Pride:

Ah!

Ah! blame not the Maid, if, o'ercome by his Truth,
Her Hand and her Heart she bestow'd on the Youth,
And the next Morn beheld her his Bride.

Learn rather from *Sylvia's* Example, ye Fair,
That a pleasing Revenge shall take Place of De-
spair;

Give Sorrow and Care to the Wind:
If faithful the Swain, to his Passion be true;
If false, seek Redress in a Lover that's new,
And pay each Inconstant in Kind.

SONG CCCLXVIII.

A favourite CANTATA. Set by Mr. Stanley.

WHO'll buy a Heart, *Myrtilla* cries,
And throws around her wanton Eyes;
An easy Shape, a graceful Air,
A Face, like lovely *Hebe's*, fair;
A Pair of Eyes that wound at Sight,
And foil the Di'mond's piercing Light?
Come hither, ye that long to prove
The Soul-enchanting Joys of Love;
Come, quickly come, for he
Buys that bids the most for me:
But let no fordid Wretch presume,
With even *Cræsus'* Wealth, to come,
Nor vainly hope for Gems, or Gold,
Such Charms as these can e'er be sold;
So vile a Change I scorn to make,
For Love's the only Coin I take.

SONG

S O N G CCCLXIX.

Sung in the SHEPHERD'S LOTTERY.

WHEN Fairies dance round on the Grass,
And revel to Night's awful Noon,

O say, will you meet me, sweet Lass,
All by the clear Light of the Moon?

My Passion I seek not to screen;

Then can I refuse you your Boon?

I'll meet you at Twelve on the Green,

All by the clear Light of the Moon.

I'll meet you at Twelve on the Green,

All by the clear Light of the Moon.

The Nightingale perch'd on a Thorn,

Then charms all the Plains with his Tune;

And glad of the Absence of Morn,

Salutes the pale Light of the Moon:

How sweet is the Jessamine Grove!

And sweet are the Roses of June;

But sweeter the Language of Love,

Breath'd forth by the Light of the Moon;

But sweeter, &c.

Too slow rolls the Chariot of Day,

Unwilling to grant me my Boon:

Away, envious Sunshine! away,

Give Place to the Light of the Moon.

But say, will you never deceive

The Lass whom you conquer'd too soon,

And leave a soft Maiden to grieve

Alone by the Light of the Moon?

And leave, &c.

The Planets shall start from their Spheres,

Ere I prove so fickle a Loon;

Believe me, I'll banish thy Fears,

Dear Maid, by the Light of the Moon:

Our

Our Loves when the Shepherds shall view,
 To us they their Pipes shall attune,
 While we our soft Pleasures renew,
 Each Night, by the Light of the Moon :
 While we our soft Pleasures renew,
 Each Night, by the Light of the Moon.

S O N G CCCLXX.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHEN the Nymphs were contending for
 Beauty and Fame,
 Bright *Sylvia* stood foremost in Right of her Claim;
 And, to crown the high Transports dear Conquest
 excites,

At Court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's* ;
 At Court she was envy'd, and toasted at *White's*.

But how shall I whisper this Fair-one's sad Case ?
 A cruel Disease has destroy'd her sweet Face ;
 Her Vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled Red,
 And all the gay Graces of Beauty are fled ;
 And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye Fair, lest you triumph in vain ;
 For *Sylvia*, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging, since Reason took Place,
 Than when she possess the Perfections of Face ;
 Than when, &c.

Convinc'd, she no more can coquette it, and tease,
 Instead of tormenting, she studies to please ;
 Makes Truth and Discretion the Guide of her Life ;
 Tho' spoil'd for a Toast, she's well form'd for a Wife,
 Tho' spoil'd for a Toast, she's well form'd for a Wife.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXXI.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto and Mrs. Mattocks,
In Love in a Village.*

Mrs. Pinto.

H OPE! thou Nurse of young Desire,
Fairy Promiser of Joy,
Painted Vapour, Glow-worm Fire,
Temp'rate Sweet that ne'er can cloy.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Hope! thou Earnest of Delight,
Softest Soother of the Mind,
Balmy Cordial, Prospect bright,
Surest Friend the Wretched find,

Both.

Kind Deceiver, flatter still;
Deal out Pleasures unpossess;
With thy Dreams my Fancy fill,
And in Wishes make me blest.

S O N G CCCLXXII.

Sung in COMUS, by Mrs. Pinto.

RECITATIVE.

H O W gentle was my *Damon's* Air!
Like sunny Beams his golden Hair;
His Voice was like the Nightingale's;
More sweet his Breath than flow'ry Vales:
How hard such Beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel Task is mine.
How hard such Beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel Task is mine.

AIR.

A I R.

On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Grove,
 Along the Margin of each Stream,
 Dear conscious Scenes of former Love
 I mourn, and *Damon* is my Theme :
 The Hills, the Groves, the Streams remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.
 The Hills, &c.

From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled ;
 Groves, Flocks and Fountains please no
 more ;
 Each Flow'r in Pity droops its Head ;
 All Nature does my Loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless Swain,
 Yet *Damon* still I seek in vain.
 All, all, &c.

Now to the mossy Cave I fly,
 Where to my Swain I oft have sung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing Goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy Steep they hung :
 The mossy Cave, the Goats remain,
 But *Damon* still I seek in vain.
 The mossy, &c.

Now thro' the winding Vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known Shade ;
 I weep and kiss the bended Grass,
 Where Love and *Damon* fondly play'd :
 The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.
 The Vale, the Shade, the Grass remain,
 But *Damon* there I seek in vain.

SONG

S O N G CCCLXXIII.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung at Vauxhall.

COME give your Attention to what I unfold,
 The Moral is true, tho' the Matter is old ;
 The Moral is true, tho' the Matter is old :
 My honest Confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid, is Life without Love.
 My honest Confession's intended to prove,
 How tasteless, insipid, is Life without Love.

In Works of old Sophists my Mind I employ'd ;
 My Bottle and Friend too by Turns I enjoy'd ;
 My Bottle, &c.
 I laugh'd at the Sex; and presumptuously strove
 Their Charms to forget, and bid Farewel to Love
 I laugh'd, &c.

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,
 A Patriot in Politicks, fond of Debate ;
 A Patriot, &c.
 Each Passion indulging, my Doubts did remove ;
 They center'd in Pleasure, and Pleasure in Love.
 Each Passion, &c.

How sweet my Resolves I confess'd with a Sigh,
 When *Phillis*, sweet *Phillis*, tripp'd wantonly by ;
 When *Phillis*, &c.
 I caught her, and mention'd a Turn in the Grove
 Consenting she made me a Convert to Love.
 I caught her, &c.

Ye Lovers of Freedom, no longer complain ;
 We're born Fellow-Subjects of Beauty's soft Chains
 We're born Fellow-Subjects of Beauty's soft Chains

My purchas'd Experience this Maxim will prove,
 That Life is not Life, when divided from Love.
 My purchas'd Experience this Maxim will prove,
 That Life is not Life, when divided from Love.

S O N G CCCLXXIV.

A favourite TRIO.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung at Vauxhall.

FLY hence, grim Melancholy's Train !
 Hence wasting Thought and Years of
 Pain !

What to us is Age and Care,
 Eyes of Grief, and Looks of Fear ?
 Join the Laughter-loving Train ;
 This is Pleasure's boundless Reign.

Mind not what the Stoicks say ;
 Life is only for a Day :
 Banish far Reflection's Pow'r ;
 Lose not one important Hour :
 Fly the meagre hideous Train ;
 This is Pleasure's boundless Reign.

Make the most of Beauty's Pride ;
 Youth and Beauty soon subside ;
 Courted, yield, while yet you may,
 Cupid else will fly away :
 Join the sportive harmless Train ;
 This is Pleasure's golden Reign.

Bacchus all his Treasure lends,
 (Mirth and Wine are constant Friends)
 Lifts on high the human Soul :
 Dread no Poison in the Bowl.
 Seek the jovial Rosy Train ;
 This is Pleasure's boundless Reign.

Q

In

In the Meadows safely stray,
 Innocence shall guard the Way ;
 And by Moon-light, on the Green,
 View the Fairies with their Queen :
 Go where Love directs the Train ;
 For 'tis Pleasure's golden Reign.

Envy's Snakes, all-murd'ring War,
 With Phantom Honour, hence are far ;
 Hope, and Peace, and Joy sincere,
 And Love, maintain their Revels here ;
 Haste to join the festive Train ;
 This is Pleasure's golden Reign.

Nor to scornful Airs inclin'd,
 Know the Season to be kind :
 What would all your Beauty do,
 Should Shepherds once neglect to woo ?
 See the beck'ning sportive Train ;
 Hark ! they cry, 'tis Pleasure's Reign.

Freedom, with immortal Shield,
 Guards the Blessings we can yield ;
 Freedom hails thee to resign
 All thy Cares in Love and Wine ;
 Stay no longer, join the Train ;
 This is Pleasure's golden Reign.

Hymen's graceful Altars smoke,
 Haste, and wear the filken Yoke :
 Endless Peace, unfading Youth,
 Rise the sure Rewards of Truth :
 Hasten then to join the Train ;
 For 'tis Pleasure's golden Reign.

S O N G CCCLXXV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

HOW blithe was I each Morn to see
My Swain come o'er the Hill !

He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me ;

I met him with good Will :

Neither wanted Ewe, nor Lamb,

When his Flocks near me lay ;

He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,

And chear'd me all the Day.

Oh ! the Broom, the bonny Broom,

Where lost was my Repose ;

I wish I was with my dear Swain,

With his Pipe and my Ewes.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed so sweet,

The Birds stood list'ning by ;

The fleecy Flock stood still and gaz'd,

Charm'd with his Melody :

While thus we spent our Time, by Turns,

Betwixt our Flocks and Play,

I envy'd not the fairest Dame,

Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Oh ! the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour ;

Con'd I but faithful be ;

He stole my Heart ; cou'd I refuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

Hard Fate ! that I must banish'd be,

Gang heavily and mourn,

Because I lov'd the kindest Swain

That ever yet was born.

Oh! the Broom, the bonny Broom,
Where lost was my Repose;
I wish I was with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ewes.

SONG CCCLXXVI.

Set by Dr. Boyce. The Words by Mr. Moore.

HOW blest has my Time been! what Days have
I known,
Since Wedlock's soft Bondage made *Jessy* my own!
So joyful my Heart is, so easy my Chain,
That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving a Pain;
That Freedom is tasteless, and Roving a Pain.

Thro' Walks grown with Woodbines, as often we
stray,
Around us, our Boys and Girls frolic and play;
How pleasing their Sport is, the wanton ones see,
And borrow their Looks from my *Jessy* and me;
And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet Temper oft'times am I seen
In Revels all Day with the Nymphs of the Green;
Tho' painful my Absence, my Doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at Night with Compliance and Smiles;
And meets, &c.

What tho' on her Cheeks the Rose loses its Hue,
Her Ease and Good-humour bloom all the Year
through:
Time still, as he flies, adds Increase to her Truth,
And gives to her Mind what he steals from her Youth;
And gives, &c.

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make Love to insnare,
And cheat with false Vows the too credulous Fair;
In Search of true Pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for Life, you must find it at home;
To hold it for Life, you must find it at home.

S O N G CCCLXXVII.

In the Oratorio of SUSANNA. Set by Mr. Handel.

ASK if yon Damask Rose is sweet,
That scents the ambient Air;
Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
If dear *Susanna's* fair.

Say, will the Vulture quit his Prey,
And warble thro' the Grove?
Bid wanton Linnets quit the Spray,
Then doubt thy Shepherd's Love.

The Spoils of War let Heroes share,
Let Pride in Splendor shine;
Ye Bards, unenvy'd Laurels wear,
Be fair *Susanna* mine.

S O N G CCCLXXVIII.

Set by Mr. Worgan. Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

ALL Attendants apart,
I examin'd my Heart,
Last Night when I laid me to Rest;
And, methinks, I'm inclin'd
To a Change of my Mind,
For you know second Thoughts are the best.

To retire from the Croud,
 And make ourselves good,
 By avoiding of ev'ry Temptation,
 Is in Truth to reveal,
 What we'd better conceal,
 That our Passions want some Regulation.

It will much more redound
 To our Praise, to be found,
 In a World so abounding with Evil,
 Unspotted and pure,
 Tho' not so demure,
 To wage open War with the Devil.

In bidding farewell
 To the Nymphs of the Cell,
 I'll prepare for a militant Life;
 And, if brought to Distress,
 Why then I'll confess,
 And do Penance in Shape of a Wife.

S O N G CCCLXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

FAIR *Hebe* I left with a cautious Design
 To 'scape from her Charms, and to drown 'em
 in Wine;
 I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The Wine in my Head, and still Love in my Heart.
 I repair'd to my Reason, intreated her Aid,
 Who paus'd on my Case, and each Circumstance
 weigh'd;
 Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my Pray'r,
 That *Hebe* was fairest of all that was fair.

That's

That's a Truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your Counsel, to find out a Fault:

If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with *Hebe*, would forfeit my Name.

What Hopes then, alas! of Relief from my Pain,
While, like Light'ning, she darts thro' each throbbing Vein?

My Senses surpriz'd, in her Favour took Arms,
And Reason confirms me a Slave to her Charms.

S O N G CCCLXXX.

An ADDRESS to the LADIES.

Sung at Ranelagh.

YE Belles, and ye Flirts, and ye pert little Things,
Who trip in this frolicksome Round,

Pray tell me from whence this Indecency springs,
The Sexes at once to confound?

What means the cock'd Hat, and the masculine Air,
With each Motion design'd to perplex?

Bright Eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And Softness the Test of your Sex—dear Girls,
And Softness the Test of your Sex.

The Girl who on Beauty depends for Support,
May call ev'ry Art to her Aid;

The Bosom display'd, and the Petticoat short,
Are Samples she gives of her Trade:

But you on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom Pride has preserv'd from the Snare,

Shou'd slyly attack us with Coyness and Wiles,
Not with open and insolent Air—brave Girls,
Not with, &c.

The *Venus*, whose Statue delights all Mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the View,
 And kindly shou'd seem, by the Artist design'd,
 To serve as a Model for you.
 Then learn, with her Beauties, to copy her Air;
 Nor venture too much to reveal:
 Our Fancies will paint what you cover with Care,
 And double each Charm you conceal--sweet Girls,
 And double, &c.

The Blushes of Morn, and the Mildness of May,
 Are Charms which no Art can procure:
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our Homage we'll pay,
 And your Empire is solid, and sure:
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,
 And put us in Fear of our Lives,
 You may do very well for Sisters or Aunts;
 Believe me, you'll never be Wives--poor Girls,
 Believe me, you'll never be Wives.

S O N G CCCLXXXI.

DAMON and SYLVIA. *A Dialogue.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

He. **D**EAR *Sylvia*, no longer my Passion despise,
 Nor arm thus with Terror those beautiful Eyes;
 Nor arm thus with Terror those beautiful Eyes;
 They become not Disdain, but most charming
 would prove,
 If once they were soften'd with Smiles and
 with Love.

She. While I with a Smile can each Shepherd subdue,
 Oh *Damon*, I must not be soften'd by you;
 Oh *Damon*, &c.

Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded Hour,
The Pride of us Women, unlimited Pow'r;
The Pride, &c.

He. Tho' Pow'r, my Dear, be to Deities giv'n,
Yet generous Pity's the Darling of Heav'n;
Yet generous, &c.
Oh then be that Pity extended to me,
I'll kneel and acknowledge no Goddess but
thee;
I'll kneel, &c.

She. Suppose to your Suit I should listen awhile,
And only for Pity's Sake grant you a Smile;
And only, &c.

He. Nay, stop not at that, but your Kindness im-
prove,
And let gentle Pity be ripen'd to Love;
And let, &c.

She. Well then, faithful Swain, I'll examine my
Heart,
And if it be possible, grant you a Part;
And if, &c.

He. Now that's like yourself, like an Angel ex-
press'd;
For grant me but Part, and I'll soon steal the
rest;
For grant, &c.

Both. Take heed, ye fair Maids, and with Caution
believe,
For Love's an Intruder, and apt to deceive;
For Love's an Intruder, and apt to deceive:

When once the least Part the sly Urchin has
 gain'd,
 You'll ne'er be at Ease till the whole is ob-
 tain'd;
 You'll ne'er be at Ease till the whole is ob-
 tain'd.

S O N G CCCLXXXII.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

WHEN first by fond *Damon Flavella* was seen,
 He slightly regarded her Air and her Mien;
 He slightly regarded her Air and her Mien :
 The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a Lover, but cool as a Friend ;
 From Friendship, not Passion, his Raptures did
 move,

And he boasted his Heart was a Stranger to Love;
 And he boasted his Heart was a Stranger to Love.

New Charms he discover'd, as more she was known;
 Her Face grew a Wonder, her Taste was his own ;
 Her Face, &c.

Her Manners were gentle, her Sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear Virtue beam'd forth in her Mind :
 Still, still for the Sanction of Friendship he strove,
 Till a Sigh gave the Omen, and shew'd it was Love;
 Till a Sigh, &c.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the Fair,
 Grows dull to all Pleasure, but being with her ;
 Grows dull, &c.

He's mute, till his Heart-strings are ready to break ;
 For Fear of offending forbids him to speak ;
 And wanders a willing Example to prove,
 That Friendship with Woman is Sister to Love ;
 That Friendship, &c.

A Lover

A Lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give Offence;
 Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her Sense;
 Not a Dupe to her Smiles, but a Slave to her Sense:
 His Passion nor Wrinkles nor Age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay;
 And Time, that can Beauty's short Empire remove,
 Increasing her Reason, increases his Love;
 Increasing her Reason, increases his Love.

S O N G CCCLXXXIII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

COME, *Rosalind*, oh, come and see
 What Pleasures are in Store for thee;
 The Flow'rs in all their Sweets appear,
 The Fields their gayest Beauties wear;
 The Fields their gayest Beauties wear:
 The joyful Birds, in ev'ry Grove,
 Now warble out their Songs of Love,
 Now warble out their Songs of Love;
 For thee they sing, and Roses bloom,
 And *Colin* thee invites to come;
 And *Colin* thee invites to come.

Come, *Rosalind*, and *Colin* join;
 My tender Flocks and all are thine:
 If Love and *Rosalind* be near,
 'Tis *May* and Pleasure all the Year;
 'Tis *May* and Pleasure all the Year.
 Come, see a Cottage and a Swain:
 Can'st thou my Love or Gifts disdain?
 Can'st thou my Love or Gifts disdain?
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For *Colin* calls, then haste away;
 For *Colin* calls, then haste away.

SONG CCCLXXXIV.

Set by Mr. Holcombe.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how true)
 And easy and chatty, and good-humour'd too;
 That my Lips are as red as the Rose-bud in *June*,
 And my Voice, like the Nightingale's, sweetly in
 Tune:

All this has been told me by twenty before;
 But he that would win me, must flatter me more;
 But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

If Beauty from Virtue receive no Supply,
 Or Prattle from Prudence, how wanting am I!
 My Ease and Good-humour short Raptures will
 bring;

My Voice, like the Nightingale's, knows but a
 Spring:

For Charms such as these then your Praises give o'er;
 To love me for Life, you must still love me more;
 To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a Shape, or an Air;
 For *Chloe* the Wanton can rival me there:
 'Tis Virtue alone that makes Beauty look gay,
 And brightens Good-humour as Sun-shine the Day:
 For if that you love me, your Flame may be true,
 And I, in my Turn, may be taught to love too;
 And I, in my Turn, may be taught to love too.

S O N G - CCCLXXXV.

CYMON and IPHIGENIA. *A Cantata.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

NEAR a thick Grove, whose deep embow'ring
Shade

Seem'd most for Love and Contemplation made,
A crystal Stream with gentle Murmurs flows,
Whose flow'ry Banks are form'd for soft Repose :
Thither retir'd from *Phæbus'* sultry Ray,
And lull'd in Sleep, fair *Iphigenia* lay.

Cymon a Clown, who never dreamt of Love,
By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring Grove;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of Thought :
But when he first beheld the sleeping Maid,
He gap'd - he star'd—her lovely Form survey'd ;
And while with artless Voice he sweetly sung,
Beauty and Nature thus inform'd his Tongue.

A I R.

The Stream that glides in Murmurs by,
Whose glassy Bosom shews the Sky,
Completes the rural Scene ;
Completes the rural Scene :
But in thy Bosom, charming Maid,
All Heav'n itself is sure display'd,
Too lovely *Iphigene* ;
Too lovely *Iphigene*.

R E C I T A T I V E.

She wakes, and starts— poor *Cymon* trembling stands ;
Down falls the Staff from his unnerved Hands :

Bright

Bright Excellence, said he, dispel all Fear;
 Where Honour's present, sure no Danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle Accent, she replies,
 Oh *Cymon* ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
 Thy honest Heart no Wrong can entertain :
 Pursue thy Way, and let me sleep again.
 The Clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with Extacy pursu'd his Song.

A I R.

Thy jetty Locks, that careless break,
 In wanton Ringlets, down thy Neck ;
 Thy Love inspiring Mien ;
 Thy Love inspiring Mien ;
 Thy swelling Bosom, Skin of Snow,
 And taper Shape, inchant me so,
 I die for *Iphigene* ;
 I die for *Iphigene*.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former Clod is thus inspir'd with Sense :
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and straight,
 And thinks he might improve his auk'ard Gait ;
 Bids him be secret, and next Day attend,
 At the same Hour, to meet his faithful Friend.
 Thus mighty Love cou'd teach a Clown to plead ;
 And Nature's Language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred Fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste Desire ;
 Love can Rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the human Soul.

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of that, our wretched State
Had made our Lives of too long Date;
But blest with Beauty, and with Love,
Blest with Beauty, and with Love!
We taste what Angels do above;
What Angels do above.

S O N G CCCLXXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in LOVE in a VILLAGE:

MY Heart's my own, my Will is free,
And so shall be my Voice:
No mortal Man shall wed with me,
Till first he's made my Choice.
Let Parents rule, cry Nature's Laws,
And Children still obey:
And is there then no saving Clause
Against tyrannic Sway?

S O N G CCCLXXXVII.

A TOUCH on the TIMES.

The Words by James Worfsdale, Esq; Set by Dr. Arne:

COME listen, and laugh at the Times,
Since Folly was never so ripe;
For ev'ry Man laughs at those Rhimes,
That give his own Follies a Wipe:
We live in a Kind of Disguise;
We flatter, we lye, and protest;
While each of us artfully tries
On others to fasten the Jest.

The Virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry Sigh with Disdain;

And

And while by her Lover pursu'd,
 Can laugh at his Folly and Pain:
 But when from her Innocence won,
 And doom'd for her Virtue to mourn,
 When she finds herself lost and undone,
 He laughs (tho' unjust) in his Turn.

The Fools, who at Law do contend,
 Can laugh at each other's Distress,
 And while the dire Suit does depend,
 Ne'er think how their Substance grows less;
 Till hamper'd by tedious Expence,
 Altho' to compound they are loth,
 They'll find, when restor'd to their Sense,
 The Lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the Fashion
 For each Fool to laugh at each other,
 Let us strive, with a gen'rous Compassion,
 To correct, not contemn one another.
 We all have some Follies to hide,
 Which, known, wou'd dishonour the best,
 And Life; when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
 Like Friendship, will seem but a jest.

SONG CCCLXXXVIII.

The MODEST QUESTION.

CAN Love be controul'd by Advice?
 Can Madnes and Reason agree?
O Molly! who'd ever be wise,
 If Madnes is loving of thee?
 Let Sages pretend to despise
 The Joys they want Spirits to taste;
 Let me seize old Time as he flies,
 And the Blessings of Life while they last.

Dull

Dull Wisdom but adds to our Cares ;
 Brisk Love will improve ev'ry Joy ;
 Too soon we may meet with grey Hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy.
 Then, *Molly*, for what should we stay,
 Till our best Blood begins to run cold ?
 Our Youth we can have but To-day ;
 We may always find Time to grow old.

S O N G CCCLXXXIX.

ON FRIENDSHIP. *Set by Mr. Gerard.*

THE World, my dear *Myra*, is full of Deceit,
 And Friendship's a Jewel we seldom can
 meet ;

How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This Source of Content is so rare to be found ?
 O, Friendship ! thou Balm, and rich Sweetner of
 Life ;

Kind Parent of Ease, and Composer of Strife ;
 Without thee, alas ! what are Riches and Pow'r,
 But empty Delusion, the Joys of an Hour ?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend,
 On whom we may always with Safety depend ?
 Our Joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And Griefs, when divided, are hush'd into Peace :
 When Fortune is smiling, what Crouds will appear,
 Their Kindness to offer, and Friendship sincere ;
 Yet change but the Prospect, and point out Distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SONG

SONG CCCXC.

The REASONABLE LOVER.

Set by Dr. Arne.

I Seek not at once in a Female to find
 The Form of a *Venus* with *Pallas's* Mind;
 Let the Fair-one I love have but Prudence in View,
 That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true:
 Be her Person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean;
 Let her Temper be cloudless, and open her Mien:
 By Folly, Ill-nature, nor Vanity led,
 Nor indebted to Paint,—nor indebted to Paint,
 For White or for Red,—for White or for Red.

May her Tongue, that dread Weapon in most of
 the Sex,

Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex;
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a Jest,
 For Prudes I despise, and Coquettes I detest:
 May her Humour the Taste of the Company hit,
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her Wit:
 Go find out the Maid that is form'd on my Plan,
 And I'll love her for ever,—I'll love her for ever,
 —I mean, if I can,—I mean, if I can.

SONG CCCXCI.

Sung in the MERCHANT OF VENICE.

TO keep my gentle *Jesse*,
 What Labour wou'd seem hard!
 Each toilsome Task how easy,
 Her Love the sweet Reward!
 Her Love the sweet Reward!

The Bee, thus uncomplaining,
Esteems no Toil severe ;
The sweet Reward obtaining,
Of Honey all the Year ;
Of Honey all the Year.

S O N G CCCXCII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

O H! how shall I, in Language weak,
My ardent Passion tell,
Or form my fault'ring Tongue to speak
That cruel Word, Farewell!
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My Thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will, my constant Heart
Must with my Charmer stay.

S O N G CCCXCIII.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

C U P I D, God of soft Persuasion,
Take the helpless Lover's Part:
Seize, oh seize some kind Occasion
To reward a faithful Heart.

Justly those we Tyrants call,
Who the Body would enthrall;
Tyrants of more cruel Kind,
Those who would enslave the Mind.
Cupid, God of, &c.

What is Grandeur? Foe to Rest;
Childish Mummery at best.
Happy I in humble State!
Catch, ye Fools, the glitt'ring Bait.
Cupid, God of, &c.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXCIV.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

WHEN once Love's subtle Poison gains
 A Passage to the female Breast;
 Rushing, like Lightning, thro' the Veins,
 Each Wish, and ev'ry Thought's posselt.
 To heal the Pangs our Minds endure,
 Reason in vain its Skill applies;
 Nought can afford the Heart a Cure,
 But what is pleasing to the Eyes.

S O N G CCCXCV.

Set by Dr. Green. The Words by Mr. Gay.

GO, Rose, my *Chloe's* Bosom grace,
 My *Chloe's* Bosom grace;
 How happy should I prove,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envied Place
 With never-fading Love!
 With never-fading Love!

There, Phoenix-like, beneath her Eye,
 Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die,
 Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die.

Know, hapless Flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant Roses there,
 More fragrant Roses there:
 I see thy with'ring Head reclin'd
 With Envy and Despair,
 With Envy and Despair.

One common Fate we both must prove;
 You die with Envy, I with Love,
 You die with Envy, I with Love.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXCVL

Set by Mr. Howard.

WHY heaves my fond Bosom! ah! what can
it mean?

Why flutters my Heart that was once so serene?

Why this Sighing and Trembling when *Daphne* is
near;

Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear?

Or why, when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear?

Methinks I for ever with Wonder could trace

The Thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face;

Each Moment I view thee, new Beauties I find;

With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
Mind;

With thy Face, &c.

Untainted with Folly, unfully'd by Pride,

'There native Good-humour and Virtue reside:

Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply

With Compassion for him who without thee must die;

With Compassion for him who without thee must die.

S O N G CCCXCVII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD the sweet Flowers around,

With all the bright Beauties they wear,

With all the bright Beauties they wear;

Yet none on the Plains can be found,

So lovely, so lovely as *Celia* is fair,

So lovely as *Celia* is fair:

Ye Warblers, come raise your sweet Throats,

No longer in Silence remain,

No longer in Silence remain;

Oh!

Oh ! lend a fond Lover your Notes,
 To soften, to soften my *Celia's* Disdain,
 To soften my *Celia's* Disdain.

Oft-times in yon Flowery Vale
 I breathe my Complaints in a Song,
 I breathe my Complaints in a Song ;
 Fair *Flora* attends the sad Tale,
 And sweetens, and sweetens the Borders along,
 And sweetens the Borders along.

But *Celia*, whose Breath might perfume
 The Bosom of *Flora* in *May*,
 The Bosom of *Flora* in *May*,
 Still frowning, pronounces my Doom,
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
 Regardless of all I can say.

S O N G CCCXCVIII.

Set by Mr. Howard.

THE blitheft Bird that sings in *May*,
 Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
 Than I, ah well-a-day !
 Than I, ah well-a-day !
 Ere *Colin* yet had learn'd to sigh,
 Or I to guess the Reason why,
 Oh Love ! ah well-a-day !
 Oh Love ! ah well-a-day !
 We kiss'd, we toy'd, we neither knew
 From whence these fond Endearments grew,
 Till he, ah well-a-day !
 Till he, &c.
 By Time and other Swains made wise,
 Began to talk of Hearts and Eyes,
 And Love, ah well-a-day !
 And Love, &c.

Kind

Kind Nature now took *Colin's* Part ;
My Eyes inform'd against my Heart :

My Heart, ah well-a-day !

My Heart, &c.

Strait glow'd with thrilling Sympathy,

And echo'd back each gentle Sigh,

Each Sigh, ah well-a-day !

Each Sigh, &c.

Can Love, alas ! by Words be won ?

He ask'd a Proof, a tender one,

While I, ah well-a-day !

While I, ah well-a-day !

In Silence blush'd a fond Reply :

Can she who truly loves, deny ?

Ah, no, ah well-a-day !

Ah, no, ah well-a-day !

SONG CCCXCIX.

Sung by Mrs. Stephens, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

HOW happy were my Days till now !

I ne'er did Sorrow feel ;

With Joy I rose to milk my Cow,

Or take my Spinning-Wheel.

My Heart was lighter than a Fly,

Like any Bird I sung,

Till he pretended Love, and I

Believ'd his flatt'ring Tongue.

O the Fool ! the filly, filly Fool,

That trusts what Man may be !

I wish I was a Maid again,

And in my own Country.

SONG

SONG CCCC.

Sung in the CHAPLET, by Mr. Vernon.

PUSH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the
Heart,

While thus we sit round on the Grass :
The Lover, who talks of his Suff'rings and Smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass, an Ass ;
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

The Wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten Pelf,
And wishes to add to the Mass,
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass ;
Deserves, &c.

The Beau, who so smart with his well-powder'd
Hair,
An Angel beholds in his Glass,
And thinks with Grimace to subdue all the Fair,
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass ;
Deserves, &c.

The Merchant from Climate to Climate will roam,
Of *Cræsus* the Wealth to surpass ;
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my Lady at home
Claps the Horns of an Ox on the Ass ;
Claps the Horns, &c.

The Lawyer so grave, when he puts in his Plea,
With Forehead well fronted with Brass,
Tho' he talks to no Purpose, he pockets your Fee :
There you, my good Friend, are an Ass ;
There you, &c.

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry Ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this Class ;

The sick Man a while may confide in his Skill,
 But Death proves the Doctor an Ass;
 But Death, &c.

Then let us, Companions, be jovial and gay,
 By Turns take our Bottle and Laff;
 For he who his Pleasure puts off for a Day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass, an Ass;
 Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.

S O N G C C C C I.

Sung by Miss Froud. Set by Mr. Hook.

THE Lark proclaim'd Return of Morn,
 When *Dolly* tript across the Lawn;
 Young *Colin* follow'd with his Flail,
 She went to fill her Milking-Pail:
 He lov'd, and begg'd she'd hear him now;
 She answer'd, She must milk her Cow.

He sighing, vow'd he lov'd her more
 Than ever Swain did Nymph before;
 With Rapture prais'd her blooming Charms,
 And prest the Fair-one in his Arms.
 She bid him keep his Distance now,
 Nor hinder her to milk her Cow.

Fair Maid, he cry'd, wou'd you approve
 An artless Shepherd's honest Love,
 Yon' little Farm, yon' Flocks are mine;
 All, with their Master's Heart, are thine.
 Then begg'd she wou'd his Flame allow;
 She answer'd, She must milk her Cow.

Not so repuls'd, the comely Youth
 With Kisses, Pray'rs, and Vows of Truth,

R

So

So pleas'd the Maid, she smil'd Consent,
 And to the Church they instant went :
 His Flame she did not disallow,
 But quite forgot to milk her Cow.

S O N G CCCCII.

The H A P P Y P A I R.

Sung by Mrs. Weischel. Set by Mr. Hook.

AT dewy Dawn, as o'er the Lawn
 Young *Jockey* early stray'd,
 He chanc'd to meet with *Jenny* sweet,
 That blooming lovely Maid :
 Her Cheeks so red, with Blushes spread,
 Shew'd like the Break of Day ;
 Her modest Look the Shepherd took,
 She stole his Heart away.

With tender Air he woo'd the Fair,
 And movingly address ;
 For Love divine can Clowns refine,
 And warm the coldest Breast.
 Her Eyes he prais'd, and fondly gaz'd
 On her enchanting Face,
 Where Innocence and Health dispense
 Each blooming rosy Grace.

Young *Jenny's* Breast, Love's Pow'r confess,
 And felt an equal Fire ;
 Nor had she Art to hide her Smart,
 Or check the fond Desire.
Hymen unites in blissful Rites,
 The fair, the matchless two ;
 And Wedlock ne'er cou'd boast a Pair
 More loving, or more true.

S O N G CCCCIII.

*A favourite Scotch Song.**Sung by Miss Froud. Set by Mr. Hook.*

MY Laddie is gang'd far away o'er the Plain,
While in Sorrow behind I am forc'd to re-
remain ;

Tho' Blue-bells and Vi'lets the Hedges adorn,
Tho' Trees are in Blossom, and sweet blows the
Thorn ;

No Pleasure they give me ; in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please me now *Jockey's* away ;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my Strain,
Haste, haste, my dear *Jockey*, to me back again.

When Lads and their Lasses are on the Green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat;
Contented and happy, with Hearts full of Glee,
I can't without Envy their Merriment see :
Their Pastimes offend me, my Laddie's not there,
No Pleasure I relish that *Jockey* don't share ;
It makes me to sigh, I can scarce Tears refrain,
I wish my dear *Jockey* return'd back again.

But Hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair ;
He promis'd he wou'd in a Fortnight be here ;
On fond Expectation my Wishes I'll feast,
For Love my dear *Jockey* to *Jenny* will haste :
Then farewell each Care, adieu each vain Sigh,
Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I ?
I'll sing thro' the Meadows, and alter my Strain,
When *Jockey* returns to these Arms back again.

S O N G CCCCIV.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Miss Froud. Set by Mr. Hook.

FREEDOM is a real Treasure,
 Love a Dream, all false and vain;
 Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,
 Sure and lasting is the Pain.
 A sincere and tender Passion,
 Some ill Planet over-rules;
 Ah! how blind is Inclination?
 Fate and Women doat on Fools.

S O N G CCCCIV.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Smith at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Smith.

THO' the Winds are whistling round me,
 And the Midnight Rains descend;
 Painful Fear shall near confound me,
 Guardian Love will be my Friend.

Night! how much I can defy thee!
 Laugh at all thy Negro Train!
 Day returning, *Damon's* nigh me,
 Storms may beat, but beat in vain.

Tho' the Winds, &c.

On my Shepherd, fond reclining,
 Pleasing Safety sooths my Breast:
 Welcome Winds to Peace inclining!
 Winds that lull to downy Rest!

Tho' the Winds, &c.

SONO

S O N G CCCCVI.

Sung by Mrs. Smith at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Smith.

YE gliding Minutes fleetly move,
 Bring to my wishing Arms my Love;
 But when he comes to crown my Ease,
 Ye then may loiter as ye please.
 But swifter now than Light'ning moye,
 For much I long to meet my Love.

S O N G CCCCVII.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Sung by Mrs. Smith at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Smith.

MY Colin leaves fair London Town,
 Its Pomp and Pride and Noise;
 With eager Haste he hies him down,
 To taste of rural Joys.
 Soon as my much-lov'd Swain's in Sight,
 My Heart is mad with Glee;
 I never know such true Delight,
 As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all Day to rove,
 And range the Meadows wide!
 Nor yet less sweet the Moon-light Grove,
 All by the River's Side!
 The gaudy Seasons pass away,
 How swift, when Colin's by!
 How swiftly glides the flow'ry May!
 How fast the Summers fly!

When Colin comes to grace the Plains,
 An humble Crook he bears;
 He tends the Flock like other Swains,
 A Shepherd quite appears.

All in the verdant Month of *May*,
 The Rake is all his Pride;
 He helps to make the new-mown Hay,
 With *Moggy* by his Side.

'Gainst yellow *Autumn's* milder Reign,
 His Sickle he prepares;
 He reaps the Harvest on the Plain,
 All pleas'd with rural Cares.
 With jocund Dance the Night is crown'd,
 When all the Toil is o'er,
 With him I trip it on the Ground,
 With bonny Swains a Score.

When Winter's gloomy Months prevail,
 If *Colin* is but here,
 His jovial Laugh and merry Tale,
 To me are muckle Cheer.
 The Folk that chuse in Town to dwell,
 Are from my Envy free;
 For *Moggy* loves the Plains too well,
 And *Colin's* all to me.

S O N G CCCCVIII.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Smith.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

SEE! see, *Aurora* 'gins to rise,
 And paints with ruddy Streaks the Skies!
 Ere *Phæbus* does his Beams display,
 Let's to our jocund Sports away.

AIR.

Brouze the Game with Hounds and Horn,
 With chearful Cries I wake the Morn;
 Who rising with her rosy Face,
 Enjoys the Glory of the Chace.

See the swift Stag flies o'er the Ground,
 And Hills and Dales, and Woods resound,
 Whilst Health and Joy lead on the Train,
 Provoke the Chace and scour the Plain:

"And join," the jovial Sportsman cries,
 "'Till the stout Prey, o'ertaken—dies."

S O N G CCCCIX.

A D V I C E to the F A I R.

*Sung by Master Busby at Vauxhall. Set by Mr.
 Battishill.*

TO Reason, ye Fair-ones, assert your Pretence,
 Nor hearken to Language beneath Common
 Sense:

When Angels Men call ye, and Homage would pay,
 If you credit the Tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten thousand gay Scenes are presented to View,
 Ten thousand Oaths swore, but not one of them
 true;

Such Passions, O heed not, unless to deride,
 Lest a Victim you fall to an ill-grounded Pride.

Prefer ye the Dictates of Virtue to Sound,
 True Blessings can ne'er without Goodness be found;
 Leave Folly and Fashions, Misguiders of Youth,
 And stick to their Opposites, Freedom and Truth.

S O N G CCCCX.

B A L L A D.

*Sung by Master Busby at Vauxhall. Set by Mr.
Worgan.*

GENTLE Ladies, kindly stay,
You need not surely run away ;
I can do no Mortal Harm,
I'm too young to raise Alarm.

Not a *Cupid* arm'd with Darts,
To wound your still unguarded Hearts ;
Nor a Swain your Breasts to move,
Or who knows the Thing call'd Love.

Safely I may here abide,
You shall never need to chide ;
I will run, or fly, or stay,
Ladies, will you take me, say ?

But if Love hereafter deigns,
To fill with Warmth these little Veins ;
What I can, I still will do,
Then I'll serve both Love and You.

S O N G CCCCXI.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel at Vauxhall.
Set by Mr. Vincent.*

CUPID, from his favourite Nation,
Care and Envy will remove ;
Jealousy, that poisons Passion,
And Despair, that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love ;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,
Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove ;
And as these excel in Beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for Love.

S O N G CCCCXII.

Sung by Mr. Dennis at Sadler's Wells, in the Pantomime Entertainment of the HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

SINCE Pimping is a Science, Sir,
The only Mode in Fashion ;
To Virtue bid Defiance, Sir,
'Tis the Glory of the Nation :
In City, Country, Camp, or Court,
It is the *Coup de Grace*, Sir ;
If you your Patron's Vice support,
You need not fear a Place, Sir.

The Lawyers pimp to gain a Cause,
While Porters pimp for Hire ;
Kind *Betty* serves his Worship's Wife,
The Page pimps for the 'Squire :
So Pimping gains a large Estate,
Makes Valets wear their Swords, Sir ;
Nay, Pimps oft look as big and great
As many Dukes or Lords, Sir.

S O N G CCCCXIII.

Sung by Mr. Dennis and Miss Reynolds at Sadler's Wells, in the HARLOT'S PROGRESS.

Mr. Dennis.

COME hither, pretty Maid,
Never scruple to sit down ;
With my fa, la, la, &c.

R 5

Miss

Miss Reynolds.

O pray, dear Sir, excuse me,
I would not for a Crown;
With my fa, la, la, &c.

Mr. Dennis.

A Crown, my Dear's a Trifle,
Behold this Purse of Gold;
'Tis all your own, if you'll comply——

Miss Reynolds.

——Why then, Sir, I'll make bold;
With my fa, la, &c.

S O N G CCCCXIV.

*Sung by Mr. Dennis at Sadler's Wells, in the
HARLOT'S PROGRESS.*

BRISK Wine and Women are
The Source of all our Joys;
A Brimmer softens ev'ry Care,
And Beauty never cloy:
Then let us drink and love,
While yet our Hearts are gay;
Women and Wine, by all approv'd,
Are Blessings Night and Day.

S O N G CCCCXV.

*Sung by Miss Reynolds at Sadler's Wells, in the
HARLOT'S PROGRESS.*

O! What a Change in my Fortune is this!
See, see the Sequel of being a Miss;
I who was lately in Splendor and Pride,
Now to a Block in *Bridewell* am ty'd:

Fool

Fool that I was, if my Virtue I'd kept,
 Poor and contented, in Peace I had slept.
 Ladies of Pleasure, beware from my Fall,
 Lest you, like poor *Kitty*, should come to Mill-Doll.

S O N G CCCCXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel at Vauxhall.

Set by Signor Giordani.

HOW blithly all the live-long Day,
 The feather'd Warblers sing;
 On ev'ry Bush they chaunt their Lay,
 Or trill on soaring Wing.

'Tis Joy that fills the vocal Race,
 All unconfin'd and free;
 We'll bless the Roof from Place to Place,
 How sweet is Liberty!

S O N G CCCCXVII.

A favourite RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel at Vauxhall.

Set by Signor Giordani.

FLatt'ring Hopes the Mind deceiving,
 Easy Faith too often cheat;
 Woman fond and all-believing,
 Loves and hugs the dear Deceit.

Empty Show of Pomp and Riches,
Cupid's Trick to catch the Fair;
 Lovely Maid too oft bewitches,
 Flattery is the Beauty's Snare.

Flatt'ring Hopes the Mind, &c.

R 6

S O N G

S O N G CCCCXVIII.

COWDEN KNOWS.

*Sung by Mrs. Smith at Vauxhall.**New set by Mr. Smith.*

WHEN Summer comes, the Swains on *Tweed*
 Sing their successful Loves ;
 Around the Ewes and Lambkins feed,
 And Music fills the Groves :
 But my Lov'd-song is then the Broom,
 So fair on *Cowden Knows* ;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a Bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his Oaten Reed,
 And won my yielding Heart ;
 No Shepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*,
 Could play with half such Art :
 He sung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,
 The Hills and Dales all round,
 Of *Leader-baughts*, and *Leader-side*,
 Oh ! how I blest the Sound.

Yet more delightful is the Broom,
 So fair on *Cowden Knows* ;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a Bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not *Tiviot* Braes so green and gay,
 May with this Broom compare ;
 Not *Yarrow* Banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor Bush a boon *Traquair*.

More pleasing far are *Cowden Knows*,
 My peaceful happy Home ;
 Where I was wont to milk my Ewes,
 At Eve among the Broom :

Ye Pow'rs that haunt the Woods and Plains,
Where *Tweed* and *Tiviot* flows ;
Convey me to the best of Swains,
And my lov'd *Cowden Knows*.

S O N G CCCCXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Hook.

ON ev'ry Tree, in ev'ry Plain,
I trace the jovial Spring in vain ;
A sickly Langour veils mine Eyes,
And fast my waining Vigour flies :
Nor flow'ry Plain, nor budding Tree,
That smile on others, smile on me.
Mine Eyes from Death shall court Repose,
Nor shed a Tear before they close.

What Bliss to me can Seasons bring,
Or what the needless Pride of Spring ?
The Cypress Bow that suits the Bier,
Retains its Verdure all the Year :
'Tis true, my Vine so fresh and fair,
Might claim awhile my wonted Care ;
My rural Store some Pleasure yield,
So white a Flock, so green a Field.

S O N G CCCCXX.

VENUS and DIANA. A CANTATA.

Sung by Mrs. Smith at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Smith.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

FAIR *Venus* left her blest Abodes, they say,
And to the Woodlands once pursu'd her Way ;
There sought *Diana*, and in soothing Strains,
She thus implor'd the Queen of Woods and Plains.

A I R.

A I R.

The Chace's Joys I wish to know,
 Like *Dian* to be drest ;
 With thee, thro' Toils oh let me go !
 An Huntress all confest !
 Take, take me in thy chearful Train,
 (Let *Cupid* share the Day !)
 I long to hunt the Wood and Plain,
 O'er Hill and far away.

D I A N A.

A I R.

Forbear to ask me, Queen of Love !
 (*Diana* quick replies)
 Oh ! hie thee to thy *Paphian* Grove,
 To taste of softer Joys.
 Our Din would hurt thy tender Ear,
 Thy Feet are slow of Pace :
 Our Toils wou'd fill thy Heart with Fear ;
 Forego the fatal Chace.
 Keep, keep thee with thy Son away,
 Nor urge the Suit in vain ;
 No more my Nymphs would own my Sway,
 If Love shou'd join my Train.

S O N G CCCCXXI.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Hook.

MAIDENS, let your Lovers languish,
 If you'd have them constant prove ;
 Doubts and Fears, and Sighs and Anguish,
 Are the Chains that fasten Love.

Jockey

Jockey woo'd, and I consented,
 Soon as e'er I heard his Tale,
 He with Conquest quite contented,
 Boasting, rov'd around the Vale.

Maidens, let your Lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful *Molly*,
 Who rejects him with Disdain;
 Love's a strange bewitching Folly,
 Never pleas'd without some Pain.

Maidens, let your Lovers, &c.

S O N G CCCCXXII.

A H U N T I N G S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Reynoldson at Marybone.

R E C I T A T I V E.

H A R K, the Horn salutes the Ear,
 The Hunters ready, Morning clear;
 Come, the happy Hours embrace,
 Join the ever-jovial Chace.

A I R.

See the Stag, how he bounds
 O'er the neighbouring Grounds,
 His Speed still increas'd by his Fear;
 Hills and Dales are soon past,
 See his Swiftnefs so vast,
 The Huntsmen he leaves in the Rear.

'Twas *Nimrod* of old,
 By the Poets, we're told,
 Began first the Sports of the Chace;
 Tho' so great was his Fame,
 There's a Slur on his Name,
 As Men he pursu'd in the Chace.

But

But such Tyrants the Chace
 Will its Pleasures disgrace,
 Yet Friendship shall still be our Guide;
 With the Sound of the Horn
 Call forth each in the Morn,
 Our Sports there shall nothing divide.

But again he's in View,
 And we nearer pursue,
 His Spirits decrease as he flies;
 Now they've pull'd him to Ground,
 And the Dogs have him bound,
 Ah! see how he trembles and dies.

Now our Pleasure's compleat,
 Hark, the Horn sounds Retreat,
 Our Sports does our Health still maintain;
 To the Bowl next away,
 We'll with Joy crown the Day,
 And then be as merry again.

S O N G CCCCXXIII.

Sung by Miss Radley in the PADLOCK.

Set by Mr. Dibdin.

WAS I a Shepherd's Maid, to keep
 On yonder Plains a Flock of Sheep;
 Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long Day
 My Ewes at feed, my Lambs at play:
 Or, would some Bird that Pity brings,
 But for a Moment lend its Wings;
 My Parents they might rave and scold,
 My Guardian strive my Will to hold;
 Their Words are harsh, his Walls are high,
 But spite of all, away I'd fly.

S O N G

S O N G CCCCXXIV.

Sung by Miss Radley in the PADLOCK.

SAY, little foolish flutt'ring Thing,
Whither, ah ! whither would you wing
Your airy Flight ?

Stay here and sing,
Your Mistress to delight.

No, no, no,

Sweet Robin, you shall not go.
Where, you Wanton, could you be
Half so happy, as with me ?

S O N G CCCCXXV.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin in the PADLOCK.

DEAR Heart ! what a terrible Life am I led ?
A Dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed ;

Night and Day 'tis the same,

My Pain is dere Game ;

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,

Poor Black must run ;

Mungo here, Mungo dere,

Mungo every where.

Above or below,

Sirrah, come, Sirrah, go ;

Do so, and do so.

Oh ! Oh !

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

S O N G CCCCXXVI.

B A L L A D.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Arnold.

TH O' Sol hath left the Western Skies,
 And bid the World good Night ;
 The Radiance of *Belinda's* Eyes,
 Affords sufficient Light.
 In her the Graces all unite,
 The Loves around her play ;
 What Mortal can, at such a Sight,
 Regret the absent Day ?

Should ev'ry Flow'ret hide its Head,
 And wither in its Bloom ;
 Her roseate Breath, diffusive spread,
 Would yield a rich Perfume.
 Should Music cease to charm the Ear,
 In Symphony or Song ;
 'Twould be enchanting still to hear
 The Music of her Tongue.

Ye Fair, forgive me, if I seem
 Too lavish of her Praise ;
 Nor let my fond enraptur'd Theme,
 Your Indignation raise.
 For tho' *Belinda*, (all confess)
 The coldest Heart can warm ;
 These Shades * a Thousand Objects bless,
 Replete with ev'ry Charm.

* Alluding to *Vauxhall Gardens*.

S O N G CCCCXXVII.

PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon and Mrs. Smith at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Smith.

H E.

WHAT tempts you so late, my sweet Maiden,
to rove,
So far and alone, to this deep haunted Grove ?
Night comes on apace, and with me you shall go,
'Tis not safe to be here, and you must not say no.

S H E.

Rude Shepherd, forbear, and this Moment begone,
How dare you come near me ; nay, let me alone ;
All Day have I waited my *Thyrsis* to meet !
Hark ! I think I can hear the sweet Sound of his
Feet !

H E.

Some Rival now keeps your false Shepherd away,
In the Vale I expected my Nymph all the Day :
Since cheated alike, let us try to agree,
I'll take you for *Sylvia*, for *Thyrsis* take me.

S H E.

O ! fill not my Bosom with Jealousy's Pain !
How can I so soon think so ill of my Swain ?
But if he is false to his Nymph in the Grove,
What, what can I do with a Shepherd or Love ?

H E.

Is not that the good *Thyrsis* who trips it along ?
How fond he of *Daphne*, and *Daphne's* sweet Song !
You sure must believe what so plainly you 'spy,
Come, say that you now are as willing as I.

S H E.

S H E.

Then take me at once, whilst I'm yet in the Mind,
Thro' Spite I say yes, but in Time may be kind;
I'll love, when I can, if you swear to be true,
Now, Shepherd, I'm ready; false *Thyrsis*, adieu!

B O T H.

'Tis best, ye gay Shepherds and Nymphs, not to
mind
If a *Sylvia* or *Thyrsis* is false and unkind;
For Chance in a Moment the Loss may repair,
You may do full as well, 'tis a Crime to despair.

S O N G CCCCXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. A. Fisher.

GENTLE Shepherd, sooth my Sorrow,
Kindly, kindly come To-morrow;
Let no loitering Cares delay thee,
Let no other Pleasures stay thee.

Soon return with Joy to charm me,
Come, lest painful Thoughts alarm me:
Smiling Love, restore my Rover,
Haste, thou kind, yet cruel Lover.

Gentle Shepherd, &c.

S O N G CCCCXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Baumgarten.

STREAMS that softly, murm'ring flow,
At the fertile Mountain's Foot;
Flow'rs that sweetly, beauteous grow,
At th' exalted Beech's Root:

When

When the Northern Blasts roar high,
And the Thunder-storm is near;
Raise their Heads towards the Sky;
See its Threat'nings without Fear.

Thus Humility may calmly smile,
When Ambition trembling meets the Spoil.

S O N G CCCCXXX.

Y O U N G C O L I N .

Sung by Mr. Reynoldson at Marybone Gardens.

The Words by Mr. Tewsey.

YO U N G *Colin*, long a tuneful Swain,
Had strove his *Sylvia's* Heart to gain,
And ev'ry Method try'd,
By Presents, Pray'rs and Tears, to move
The Fair-one to reward his Love,
But nought could move her Pride.

With other Swains she'd toy and play,
And listen all the live-long Day
Beneath each fragrant Shade;
But if poor *Colin* ever spoke,
She'd laugh, and vow 'twas all a Joke,
Nor heed one Word he said.

Resolv'd one Artifice to try,
If that would make the Maid comply,
Another Fair he woo'd;
What Love long Time had strove to gain,
Did Jealousy with Ease obtain,
And *Sylvia's* Heart subdu'd.

S O N G

S O N G CCCCXXXI.

D A M O N and P H I L L I S.

*Sung by Mr. Reynoldson at Marybone Gardens.**The Words by Mr. Tewsey.*

SEE, see yon' fair Prospect, how lovely it seems,
How bright on the River shines Sol's Silver
Beams?

What a Concert is here with the Lark and the
Thrush,

With Linnets that warble and sing from each Rush?
But well may they warble, and Nature look gay,
Since *Damon* and *Phillis* were wedded To-day.

'Tis now just a Month, that as crossing the Plain,
That *Phillis* first saw, and was seen by the Swain;
Some Glances they chang'd—The Youth saw her
Home,

And soon, very soon, did they Lovers become:
He press'd her to marry—She bid him to stay;
If she found him in Earnest, she'd fix on a Day.

She prov'd it a Truth: He was faithful and kind,
For Shepherds are not like false Lovers inclin'd;
Nor like a Coquet, void of Feeling and Sense,
Was the Nymph, as she seem'd to keep him in
Suspense:

The next Time he ask'd her, she did not say nay,
So *Damon* and *Phillis* were wedded To-day.

'Tis here in the Village true Peace reigns alone,
Here only the Sweets of Contentment are known;
The Swains are sincere, and the Nymphs are all
kind;

True Love only wins them—To Int'rest they're
blind: When-

Whene'er that invites them, its Call they obey,
Uniting like *Damon* and *Phillis* To-day.

S O N G CCCCXXXII.

A Favourite CANTATA.

Sung by Mrs. Weischel. Set by Mr. Phil. Hayes.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

WHERE'ER I turn my ravish'd Eyes,
Enchanting Scenes of Vision rise;
As gay as erst in golden Times,
When Nature blest'd alike all Climes.

A I R.

See how the beauteous blushing Rose
In vernal Pride unrival'd glows!
And Flow'rs spontaneously dispense
Unwonted Fragrance to the Sense.

RECITATIVE Accompanied.

But hark! what Music strikes mine Ear!
Such charming Sounds methinks I hear,
As sure bespeak the Goddess near:
And see! fair *Flora* on her Way
Advance, to chaunt the Hymn of *May*!

A I R.

Hail bounteous *May*, that dost inspire
Mirth and Youth, and warm Desire!
Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale doth boast thy Blessing.

A I R.

Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

SONG

SONG CCCCXXXIII.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

Set and sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall.

STREPHON arose at early Dawn,
 And fought as wont his fleecy Care ;
 His fleecy Care, alas! were gone,
 Nor knew the hapless Shepherd where :
 In vain each Hill, in vain each Dale,
 Each Dell, each Brake he travers'd round ;
 Each pathless Wood and flow'ry Vale,
 But not one Lambkin could be found.

Cælia, he cry'd, my Flocks are fled,
 How shall I e'er thy Grief assuage ?
 How shall I cheer thy drooping Head,
 If Poverty should mark my Age ?
 Said she, My Love, Misfortune's Dart
 Is pointed, and is spent in vain ;
 While I possess my Shepherd's Heart,
 I laugh at Ills and smile at Pain.

Tho' ev'ry Lambkin devious stray,
 And grace our envious Neighbours Folds,
 Nought can the *Cælia's* Soul dismay,
 While *Strepheon* to her Breast she holds :
 Said he, My warmest Thanks, O take,
 Hence shalt thou be my only Care ;
 If I thy Virtues e'er forsake,
 May Heav'n regardless hear my Pray'r.

If from thy lovely Form mine Eyes
 Should swerve but in the least Degree ;
 Thy dear Idea will arise,
 And lead the Wand'rer back to thee.

Thus

Thus long they liv'd and long they lov'd,
As oft I've heard the Story told ;
Kind Heav'n their Fortitude approv'd,
And amply fill'd the Shepherd's Fold.

S O N G CCCCXXXIV.

A H I N T to the F A I R S E X.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Potter.

LAST May-Day I rambled the Meadows along,
To hear the sweet Linnet's and Goldfinch's
Song ;

When, just by the close shaded Jessamine Grove,
I met with young *Phillis*, the Goddess of Love :
Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a Smile,
I ask'd the dear Nymph if she'd tarry awhile ;
O! no, she reply'd ; therefore leave me, I pray,
For here 'tis unsafe for a Maiden to stay.

Dear *Phillis*, I cry'd, don't refuse my Request,
Of all Nymphs in the Village, 'tis you I love best ;
Then why be afraid with your Shepherd to go
To the Jessamine Bow'r ? Still she answer'd, No,
no.

You Men are Deceivers, and love to ensnare,
And my Mother oft told me of Men to beware :
No longer persuade me, pursue your own Way,
For here 'tis unsafe for a Maiden to stay.

Lord bless me ! cry'd I, you're of late grown a
Prude,

Do you think, my dear Girl, I'll attempt to be
rude ?

'Tis the Season for Love. To the Grove let's along,
Where I'll tell you a Tale, or I'll sing you a Song ;
S Prithee,

Prithee, *Damon*, she cry'd, don't attempt to persuade,

Or by Cunning beguile a poor innocent Maid :
The Grove may have Charms, now the Season is
gay,

But there 'tis unsafe for a Maiden to stay.

Well pleas'd with her Virtue, I tenderly cry'd,
Have nothing to fear, for I'll make you my Bride,
For long I've beheld you the Girl to my Mind ;
Then to Church let us go—and my *Phyllis* be kind.
My Tale, O ye Fair, is a Lesson for you,
'Tis Marriage alone that will prove the Swain true ;
If before to the Grove you're too easily won,
The Swain may be false, and the Maiden undone.

S O N G CCCCXXXV.

MUSIC, LOVE, and WINE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Potter.

IF Music can charm, and if Love can invite,
No less, rosy *Bacchus*, thou giv'st me Delight ;
I love them, 'tis true ; but my Bottle, I swear,
Is at once my best Friend, and Physician of Care.
But would a gay Mortal taste Rapture divine,
Apollo and *Venus* with *Bacchus* must join.

S O N G CCCCXXXVI.

THE DOUBTFUL LOVER. *A favourite Scotch Ballad.*

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Potter.

LOVE asserts his pow'rful Reign,
Like a Tyrant owns his Sway ;
Love, tho' sweet, oft gives us Pain,
Sometimes sad, and sometimes gay :

Since

Since the Age of sweet Sixteen,
 When the Men do most adore ;
 I to Love a Slave have been,
 Kifs'd and courted o'er and o'er.

Jockey is a bonny Swain,
 And has stol'n my Heart away ;
 Still I feel an anxious Pain,
 If he's absent but a Day :
 But whene'er the blooming Boy
 Comes at Night upon the blooming Green,
 Then my Heart is fill'd with Joy,
 Then I'm happy as a Queen.

When the Charmer talks of Love,
 Doubts and Fears disturb my Breast ;
 Should he e'er inconstant prove,
 This poor Heart will ne'er have Rest :
 He of late is fonder grown,
 And has sworn to love for Life ;
 If he'll take me for his own,
 I must be young *Jockey's* Wife.

SONG CCCCXXXVII.

THE PRUDENT SHEPHERDESS.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Potter.

AS I went to the Wake that is held on the Green,
 I met with young *Phæbe*, as blithe as a Queen ;
 A Form so divine might an Anchoret move,
 And I found (tho' a Clown) I was smitten with Love :
 So I ask'd for a Kiss, but she blushing reply'd,
 Indeed, gentle Shepherd, you must be deny'd.

Lovely *Phæbe*, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy,
 I vow I will kiss you—Here's nobody by ;

No matter for that, she reply'd ; 'tis the same,
 For know, silly Shepherd, I value my Fame :
 So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd ;
 Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kiss'd.

Lord bless me ! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you refuse,
 A few harmless Kisses but serve to amuse ;
 The Month it is *May*, and the Season for Love,
 So come, my dear Girl, to the Wake let us rove :
 No, *Damon*, she cry'd, I must first be your Wife,
 You then shall be welcome to kiss me for Life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the Church let us go,
 But after dear *Phæbe* must never say no.
 Do you prove but true, (she reply'd) you shall find
 I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd and kind.
 So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she won't,
 And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

S O N G CCCCXXXVIII.

LOVE and INNOCENCE.

Sung by Mr. Du-Bellamy at Covent-Garden Theatre.

ANGELIC Fair, beneath yon' Pine,
 On grassy Verdure let's recline,
 And like the Morn be gay :
 See how *Aurora* smiles on Spring,
 See how the Larks arise and sing,
 To hail the Infant Day.

Musick shall wake the Morn—The Day
 Shall roll unheeded as we play
 In Wiles, impell'd by Love :
 When weary, we shall deign to rest
 Alternate on each other's Breast,
 While *Cupid* guards the Grove.

Wha

What Prince can boast more Happiness
Than I (possessing thee) possess?

All Care is banish'd hence.

Say, Mortals, who our Deeds despise,
In what superior Pleasure lies,
Than Love and Innocence?

S O N G CCCCXXXIX.

A Favourite Song in L E T H E.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE Card invites, in Crowds we fly,
To join the jovial routful Cry;
What Joy—from Cares and Plagues all Day,
To hie to the Midnight Hark away?
Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Griefs, nor Care,
Nor dronish Husbands enter there;
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the Midnight Hark away.

Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock,
And drowsy Watchmen idly knock;
Till Daylight peeps, we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly Hark away.
When tir'd with Sport, to Bed we creep,
And kill the tedious Day with Sleep,
To-morrow's welcome Call obey,
And again to the Midnight Hark away.

S O N G CCCCXL.

RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Smith at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Smith.

TO the conscious Groves I hie me,
Where I late was blithe and gay ;
Try to fancy *Colin* nigh me,
So to pass the Hours away.

But can Scenes like those delight me,
When my Swain's no longer there ?
Hill nor Dale, nor Stream invite me,
Now no more they're worth my Care.

To the conscious Groves, &c.

Come thyself without delaying,
In those Shades I find no Ease ;
But with thee whilst fondly straying,
Ev'ry Place is sure to please.

To the conscious Groves, &c.

S O N G CCCCXLI.

The BACCHANALIAN.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Topping.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this World more afford,
Than a Girl that will sociably sit on my Knee,
And a Cellar that's plenteously stor'd ?

See ! my Vault-door is open, descend ev'ry Guest,
Tap the Cask, for the Wine we will try ;
'Tis as sweet as the Lips of your Love to your Taste,
And as bright as her Cheeks to your Eye.

In

In a Piece of Slit-hoop, I my Candle have stuck,
 'Twill light us each Bottle to hand ;
 The Foot of my Glas for the Purpose I've broke,
 For I hate that a Bumper should stand.

Sound that Pipe——'tis in Tune, and the Bins
 are well fill'd,

View that Heap of *Champaigne* in the Rear ;
 Those Bottles are *Burgundy*—see how they're pil'd,
 Like Artillery—Tier over Tier.

My Cellar's my Camp, and my Soldiers my Flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in Review ;
 When I cast my Eyes round, I consider my Casks
 As Kingdoms I've got to subdue.

'Tis my Will, when I die, not a Tear shall be shed,
 No *Hic jacet* be grav'd on my Stone ;
 But pour on my Coffin a Bottle of Red,
 And say that my Drinking is done.

S O N G CCCCXLII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Smith.

SONS of Ease, be blithe and gay,
 Lull the Cares of Life away :
 Fly to peaceful whispering Groves,
 To the Graces and the Loves.

But my Soul disdains the Joys,
 Pants for Deeds of deathless Noise :
 Love and Wine wou'd court my Stay,
 Glory calls, and I obey.

Softer Pleasures I disclaim,
 Welcome Honour, welcome Fame !
 Meaner Objects I resign,
 But be vast Ambition mine !

SONG CCCCXLIII.

The IMPRODENT SHEPHERDESS.
A BALLAD.

Sung by Mrs. Weichfel at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. A. Fisher.

YE blithest Lads and Lasses gay,
Come listen to my Tale:
As I one Evening sleeping lay,
Within the flow'ry Vale,
Young *Strephon* passing thro' the Mead,
By Chance did me espy,
He took his Bonnet off his Head,
And gently sat down by.

The Swain, tho' I most dearly priz'd,
Yet now I would not know;
But with a Frown my Face disguis'd,
And strove away to go:
But fondly he still nearer prest,
And at my Feet did lye;
His beating Heart it thump'd so fast,
I thought the Lad would die.

But still resolving to deny,
(The surer him to gain)
I bid the love-sick Shepherd fly,
In Words of high Disdain.
He left me, never to return,
And to young *Jenny* flew;
While I my Folly daily mourn,
For slighting one so true.

S O N G CCCCXLIV.

*A favourite Song in the EPHESIAN MATRON.**Sung at Ranelagh.*

IF I was a Wife,
 And my dearest dear Life
 Took it into his Noddle to die;
 E'er I took the Whim
 To be bury'd with him,
 I think I'd know very well why.

If poignant my Grief,
 I'd search for Relief,
 Nor sink with the Weight of my Care;
 A Salve might be found,
 No doubt, above Ground,
 And I think I know very well where.

Another kind Mate
 Should give me what Fate
 Would not from the former allow;
 With him, I'd amuse
 The Hours you abuse,
 And I think I know very well how.

'Tis true, I'm a Maid,
 And so't may be said,
 No Judge of the conjugal Lot;
 Yet Marriage, I ween,
 Has a Cure for the Spleen,
 And I think I know very well what.

S O N G CCCCXLV.

Sung by Mrs. Smith at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Potter.

GENTLE Breezes, waft him over
 To the distant sultry Isle;
 Love will shield from Harm the Rover,
 Fame be kind, and Fortune smile.

For an Age you must not leave me,
 Nor to farthest Climates run;
 Don't too soon of Joy bereave me,
 Hope must bring the Wand'rer home.

Think of her you left behind ye,
 And to tender Vows be true;
 Constant, fond, you still shall find me,
 Peace, poor Heart—Fond Youth, adieu.

S O N G CCCCXLVI.

*Sung by Master Brown at Marybone Gardens.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous Passion,
 Source of all sublime Delight;
 Which with mutual Inclination,
 Two fond Hearts in one unite.

What are Titles, Pomp, or Riches,
 When compar'd with true Content?
 That false Joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless Passion brings Vexation,
 But a chaste and constant Love,
 Is a glorious Emulation
 Of the blissful State above.

SONG CCCCXLVII.

PHILLIS. A New Song.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall.

A Youth whom the Bounty of Nature had grac'd
With Elegance, Ease, and Refinement of
Taste,

Resolv'd by the Precepts of Wisdom to move,
And early proclaim'd a Defiance with Love;
He swore 'twas all Weakness to sigh, wish, or care,
Yet own'd with great Frankness, that *Phillis* was
fair.

The Virgin was piqu'd at the Infidel's Boast,
And vow'd her Revenge with the Air of a Toast;
Not that all he had said could her Passions perplex,
But the confident Thing had attack'd the whole Sex:
Her Charms then for Conquest she 'gan to prepare,
And smil'd when she heard him say, *Phillis* was fair.

To Learning for Refuge and Comfort he ran,
To Learning—The Bus'ness and Pleasure of Man;
But *Phillis* disturb'd all the Authors he read,
While she glanc'd by his Study, and nodded her
Head:

The Labours of Ages soon vanish'd in Air,
No Idea remain'd, save, that *Phillis* was fair.

To Glory he fancy'd the Passion must yield,
And a Vot'ry of Glory he sprung to the Field;
But under his Breast-plate, the little God's Dart
Convey'd ev'ry Moment a Hint to his Heart;
And forc'd him to own, in a Fit of Despair,
That he bled but to prove that his *Phillis* was fair.

To

To *Bacchus* at last he submitted his Claim,
 But soon was convinc'd, that Wine cherish'd the
 Flame;

Then to *Phillis* he came, all his Errors confess'd,
 He knelt at her Feet, and begg'd to be bless'd :
 The Maid gave her Hand with a negligent Air,
 And own'd she'd be kind, since he said she was fair.

SONG CCCCXLVIII.

HEALTH. A TRIO. Set to Music by Dr. Bach.

CHORUS.

TAKE us in thy rosy Train,
 Lovely Health, thou Queen of Joy!
 Hence, unwelcome Care and Pain!
 What can then our Bliss annoy?
 Health, to thee our Hopes we raise,
 Court thy Pow'r, and sing thy Praise.

AIR. Mr. Vernon.

Hark! the brisk enliv'ning Horn
 Calls to fly o'er Hill and Dale!
 Glad we rouse the ling'ring Morn;
 Take new Life at ev'ry Gale:
 Rural Goddess! deign t'appear,
 All we wish will then be here.

CHORUS.

Rural Goddess! deign t'appear,
 All we wish will then be here.

AIR. Mrs. Smith.

What the Sweets of Wood and Plain,
 Fortune's Smiles, and Youth and Fame?
 Thou not by, they shine in vain,
 Tasteless, all, an empty Name:

Rural

Rural Goddess! deign t'appear,
All we wish will then be here.

CHORUS.

Rural Goddess! deign t'appear,
All we wish will then be here.

AIR. Mrs. Weichsel.

Sickly Rest we drive away!

Wood Nymphs now, the Groves we trace;
Toil shall make us brisk and gay,

Wake each Charm and blooming Grace:

Sickly Rest we drive away,

Toil shall make us brisk and gay.

CHORUS.

Take us in thy rosy Train,
Lovely Health, &c.

SONG CCCCXLIX.

MAY-DAY. A TRIO.

Set to Music by Mr. Worgan.

CHORUS.

SEE, the rosy-finger'd Hours
Call to ev'ry pleasing Care,

Flora decks the Way with Flow'rs,

Melting Music fills the Air:

Hark! a Voice cries, Come away!

Taste the Joys of sprightly May.

AIR. Mrs. Smith.

Now's the blissful Time to rove,

Where the bubbling Waters glide;

Thro' the Mead, or secret Grove,

Each a Mate to grace his Side.

Come

Come and taste the Charms of *May*,
Love's sweet Joys begin To-day.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away !
Taste the Joys of sprightly *May* !

AIR. *Mr. Vernon.*

Scornful Nymphs may Love deride,
Dare his Will to disobey ;
Soon he laughs at all their Pride,
Glad they own his welcome Sway :
Shout ye Nymphs and blithsome Swains,
Love begins to rule the Plains.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away !
Taste the Joys of sprightly *May* !

AIR. *Mrs. Weichsel.*

Come, ye happy rural Throng,
Keep this festive Month of *May*,
Sportive Dance, and merry Song,
Now shall wake and close the Day :
Haste, each smiling Nymph and Swain,
Love begins his gentle Reign !

CHORUS.

Come away, come away !
Taste the Joys of sprightly *May* !

S O N G CCCCL.

ODE TO SUMMER. A TRIO.

Set to Music by Mr. Potter.

CHORUS.

WELCOME, vernal Summer, here,
Nought but Mirth shall now appear:
Music, Dance, and Song and Play,
Wake the Morn and crown the Day.

AIR. *Mrs. Smith.*

Britain! now with Rapture smile,
See, what Charms adorn thy Isle;
Ceres' Gifts are scatter'd round,
Flora decks th' enamell'd Ground.

CHORUS.

Welcome, &c.

AIR. *Mr. Vernon.*

Hark! the Birds on ev'ry Spray,
How they chaunt their am'rous Lay;
Pleasure fills each warbling Grove,
Ev'ry Breath's the Breath of Love.

CHORUS.

Welcome, &c.

AIR. *Mrs. Weichsel.*

Azure Summer's gaily dress,
Waving Fields with Plenty blest;
All conspire to give us Joy,
Let us then the Gifts employ.

CHORUS.

Welcome, &c.

S O N G

SONG CCCCLI.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Bates.*

WAS Nanny but a rural Maid,
 And I her only Swain,
 To tend her Flocks in verdant Mead,
 And on the verdant Plain;
 Oh! how I'd pipe upon my Reed,
 To please my lovely Maid;
 While of all Sense of Care we're freed,
 Beneath an oaken Shade.

When Lambkins under Hedges bleat,
 And Rain seems in the Sky;
 Then to our oaken safe Retreat,
 We'd both together hie!

There I'd repeat my Vows of Love
 Unto my charming Fair,
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring Heart would prove
 A Mind like mine sincere.

Let others fancy courtly Joys,
 I'd live in rural Ease;

Then Grandeur, Buffle, Pride, and Noise,
 Could ne'er my Fancy please:

In Nanny ev'ry Joy combines,
 With Grace and blooming Youth,
 Sincerity and Virtue shines,
 With Modesty and Truth.

SONG CCCCLII.

The SLIGHTED LOVER.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Potter.

LOVELY Maid, fair Beauty's Pride,
 Do not thus my Bliss deny;
 Cease my tender Love to chide,
 Why so cruel, Daphne, why?

Kindly

Kindly to my Wish incline,
 Why will *Daphne* faithless prove?
 Know my Soul is wholly thine,
 And my Heart is form'd for Love.

Why thus slight a faithful Swain,
 Who to Love was ever true?
 Why thus give that Bosom Pain,
 Which so long hath sigh'd for you?

S O N G CCCCLIII.

A favourite Song for two Voices. Set by Signor Gulli.

WHEN first I saw the graceful Maid,
 Ah me! what meant my throbbing Breasts?
 Say, soft Confusion, art thou Love?
 If Love thou art, then farewell Rest.

With gentle Smiles assuage the Pain
 Those gentle Smiles did first create;
 And tho' you may not love again,
 In Pity, ah! forbear to hate.

S O N G CCCCLIV.

SOLICITUDE. A PASTORAL.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHY will you my Passion reprove?
 Why term it a Folly to grieve?

E'er I tell you the Charms of my Love,

She is fairer than you can believe:

With her Mien she enamours the brave;

With her Wit she engages the free;

With her Modesty pleases the grave;

She is ev'ry Way pleasing to me.

When

When *Celadon* tries in the Dance
 Some Favout with *Phillis* to find,
 O! how with one trivial Glance
 Might she ruin the Peace of my Mind!
 In Ringlets he dresses his Hair,
 And his Crook is bestudded around;
 And his Pipe—O may *Phillis* beware
 Of a Magic there is in the Sound.

Let his Crook be with Hyacinths bound,
 So *Phillis* the Trophy despise;
 Let his Forehead with Laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in *Phillis*'s Eyes:
 The Language that flows from the Heart,
 Is a Stranger to *Celadon*'s Tongue;
 Yet may she beware of his Art,
 Or sure I must envy the Song.

SONG CCCCLV.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARLAND.

The MORNING ADDRESS.

To the Ladies.

LET Beauty with the Sun arise,
 To *Shakespeare* Tribute pay,
 With heavenly Smiles and speaking Eyes,
 Give Grace and Lustre to the Day.

Each Smile she gives protects his Name,
 What Face shall dare to frown?
 Not Envy's self can blast the Fame,
 Which Beauty deigns to crown.

SONG CCCCLVI.

ROUNDELA Y.

For the Jubilee, in Honour of *Shakespeare*.

By Mr. J——

SISTERS of the tuneful Strain!
Attend your Parent's jocund Train,
Tis Fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the Jubilee.

On *Avon's* Banks, where *Shakespeare's* Bust
Points out, and guards his sleeping Dust,
The Sons of scenic Mirth decree
To celebrate this Jubilee.

* By *Garrick* led, the grateful Band
Haste to their Poet's native Land,
With Rites of sportive Revelry,
To celebrate his Jubilee.

D. * Come Daughters then, and with you bring
The vocal Reed, and sprightly String,
Wit, and Joke, and Repartee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Come, Daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' Aerial Spire and Fairy Crew,
And the Sister-Graces three,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd Tomb
The broider'd Vest, the nodding Plume,
And the Mask of comic Glee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

N.B. The Stanzas marked with a * were omitted in the singing.

From

From *Birnam Wood*, and *Bosworth's Field*,
 Bring the Standard, bring the Shield,
 With Drums, and martial Symphony,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

In mournful Numbers now relate
 Poor *Desdemona's* hapless Fate,
 With frantic Deeds of Jealousy,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

Nor be *Windfor's* Wives forgot,
 With their harmless, merry Plot,
 The whit'ning Mead, and haunted Tree,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

Now in jocund Strains recite
 The Revels of the braggard *Knight*,
 Fat *Knight*! and ancient *Pistol* he!
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

But see, in Crowds, the gay, the fair,
 To the splendid Scene repair,
 A Scene as fine, as fine can be,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

Yet *Colin* bring, and *Rosalind*,
 Each Shepherd true, and Damsel kind,
 For well with ours their Sports agree,
 To crown the festive Jubilee.

F I N I S.